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DIARY AND LETTERS
OF
MADAME D'ARBLAY.

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OF
MADAME D'ARBLAY

AS EDITED BY HER NIECE
CHARLOTTE BARRETT

VOL. III.—1788 TO 1796.



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DIARY AND LETTERS

OF

MADAME D'ARBLAY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

[1788 *continued.*]

Fondness of George III. for the Duke of York—Mr. Bunbury, the Caricaturist—Plays and Players—Mrs. Jordan—Royal Family at a Country Theatre—Royal Visit to the Bishop of Worcester—Churchill—Hastings's Trial—Excursion to Worcester—Bishop Hurd—The Bishop's Palace—Worcester Music Meeting—Dr. Langhorne—Mr. Mason—Mrs. Montagu—Horace Walpole—The Bishop of Worcester—Loyal Addresses—Music Meeting—Return to Cheltenham—The Princess Elizabeth—Conversation with the Queen—The Cheltenham Theatre—Lord Mountmorris—The Princess Daschkau—Return to Windsor—An Old Acquaintance—Court Routine—Dr. Shepherd—M. de Lalande, the Astronomer—Dr. Maske-lyne—Royal Birthday—The Prince of Wales at Windsor—Return to Kew—Westminster Election—Graciousness of the Queen to her Attendants—D'Alembert's Eloges.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 1ST.—This was a very busy day ; the Duke of York was expected, and his fond father had caused a portable wooden house to be moved from the further end of Cheltenham Town up to join to Fauconberg Hall. The task had employed twenty or thirty men almost ever since our arrival, and so laborious, slow, difficult, and all but impracticable had it proved that it was barely accomplished before it was wanted. There was no room, however, in the King's actual dwelling, and he could not endure not to accommodate his son immediately next himself.

His joy upon his arrival was such joy as I have only seen here when he arrived first from Germany ; I do not mean it was equally violent, or, alas ! equally unmixed, but yet it was next and nearest to that which had been most perfect.

Mr. Bunbury attended his Royal Highness. We had all dispersed from breakfast, but the King came in, and desired me to make him some. Mr. Fairly had brought him to my little parlour, and, having called Columb, and assisted in arranging a new breakfast, he left us, glad, I suppose, of a morning to himself, for his Majesty was wholly engrossed by the Duke.

We talked over his usual theme—plays and players—and he languished to go to the theatre and see Mrs. Jordan. Nor did he languish in vain: his Royal Master, the Duke, imbibed his wishes, and conveyed them to the King; and no sooner were they known than an order was hastily sent to the play-house, to prepare a royal box.

The Queen was so gracious as to order Miss Planta and myself to have the same entertainment. We went into a box near the stage, which is always appropriated for Mr. Delabere, as chief magistrate, whenever he chooses to make use of it.

Very vexatiously, however, my message arrived so late, that my dear Miss P—— and her aunt, &c., were out. Mr. Delabere and the sweet little Anne Dewes accompanied us to their box.

The delight of the people that their King and Queen should visit this country theatre was the most disinterested I ever witnessed; for though they had not even a glance of their Royal countenances, they shouted, huzzaed, and clapped for many minutes. The managers had prepared the front boxes for their reception, and therefore the galleries were over them. They made a very full and respectable appearance in this village theatre. The King, Queen, Duke of York, and three Princesses, were all accommodated with front seats; Lord Harcourt stood behind the King, Lady Harcourt and Mr. Fairly behind the Queen; Lord and Lady Courtown and Lady Pembroke behind the Princesses; and, at the back, Colonel Gwynn and Mr. Bunbury; Mr. Boulby and Lady Mary were also in the back group.

I was somewhat taken up in observing a lady who sat opposite to me, Miss W——. My Susanna will remember that extraordinary young lady at Bath, whose conduct and conversation I have either written or repeated to her.

I could not see her again without being much struck by another recollection, of more recent and vexatious date. Mrs. Thrale, in one of the letters she has published, and which was written just after I had communicated to her my singular rencontre with this lady, says to Dr. Johnson, "Barney has picked up an infidel, and recommended to her to read 'Rasselas.'"

This has a strange sound, but when its circumstances are known its strangeness ceases; it meant Miss W—, and I greatly fear, from the date and the book, she cannot but know the "infidel" and herself are one. I was truly concerned in reading it, and I now felt almost ashamed as well as concerned in facing her, though her infidelity, at that time, was of her own public avowal. Mr. Bunbury is particularly intimate with her, and admires her beyond all women.

The Duke of York, so long expected, declared he could stay but one night; he was forced to be in town on Sunday, by military business; but he would travel all Saturday night, that he might defer his setting off till the day was over.

"I wonder," cried Mr. Fairly very gravely, "how these Princes, who are thus forced to steal even their travelling from their sleep, find time to say their prayers!"

You may imagine, nobody stopped to make out how that might be managed.

Notwithstanding, however, this violent fatigue, the Duke agreed to attend their Majesties on the Saturday to Hartlebury, beyond Worcester, whither they had graciously engaged themselves to the Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Hurd.

When they were gone, Miss Planta and myself, by the Queen's direction, went in a chaise to see Tewkesbury. We were carried to several very beautiful points of view, all terminating with the noble hills of Malvern; and we visited the abbey, which is very ancient, and contains many of the unhappy warriors in the Battles of the Two Roses;—Lord Warwick, the Duke of Clarence, &c. The pews of this church seem the most unsafe, strange, and irregular that were ever constructed; they are mounted up, story after story, without any order, now large, now small, now projecting out wide, now almost indented in back,

nearly to the very roof of the building. They look as if, ready made, they had been thrown up, and stuck wherever they could, entirely by chance.

We returned home just in time to be hastily dressed before the Royals came back. I was a little, however, distressed on being told, as I descended to dinner, that Mr. Richard Burney was in my parlour. The strict discipline observed here, in receiving no visits, made this a very awkward circumstance, for I as much feared hurting him by such a hint, as concurring in an impropriety by detaining him. Miss Planta suffers not a soul to approach her to this house; and Lady Harcourt has herself told me she thinks it would be wrong to receive even her sisters, Miss Vernons, so much all-together is now the house and household!

My difficulty was still increased, when, upon entering the parlour, I found him in boots, a riding-dress, and hair wholly without curl or dressing. Innocently, and very naturally, he had called upon me in his travelling garb, never suspecting that in visiting me he was at all in danger of seeing or being seen by any one else. Had that indeed been the case, I should have been very glad to see him; but I knew, now, his appearance must prove every way to his disadvantage, and I felt an added anxiety to acquaint him with my situation.

Miss Planta looked all amazement; but he was himself all ease and sprightly unconsciousness.

We were obliged to sit down to dinner; he had dined. I was quite in a panic the whole time, lest any of the Royals should come in before I could speak; but, after he had partaken of our dessert, as much *en badinage* as I could, I asked him if he felt stout enough to meet the King? and then explained to him, as concisely as I had power, that I had here no room whatsoever at my own disposal, in such a manner as to enable my having the happiness to receive any of my private friends; even Miss P—— though known to all the Royal Family, I could never venture to invite, except when they were abroad: such being, at present, the universal practice and forbearance of all the attendants in this tour.

He heard me with much surprise, and much laughter at his own elegant equipment for such encounters as those to which he now found himself liable ; but he immediately proposed decamping, and I could not object.

Yet, to soften this disagreeable explanation, I kept him a few minutes longer, settling concerning our further meeting at the concerts at Worcester, and, in this little interval, we were startled by a rap at my door.

He laughed, and started back ; and I, alarmed also, retreated. Miss Planta opened the door, and called out—" 'Tis Mr. Fairly."

I saw him in amaze at sight of a gentleman ; and he was himself immediately retiring, concluding, I suppose, that nothing less than business very urgent could have induced me to break through rules so rigidly observed by himself and all others. I would not, however, let him go ; but as I continued talking with Richard about the music meeting and my cousins, he walked up to the window with Miss Planta.

I now kept Richard as long as I could, to help off his own embarrassment at this interruption. At length he went.

Hearing now the barking of the dogs, I knew the Royals must be going forth to their promenade ; but I found Mr. Fairly either did not hear or did not heed them ; for, upon my having asked some question about Hartlebury, he said, "If you'll give me leave, I'll sit down and tell you the whole of the expedition."

He then gave a most interesting narration of the excursion of their Majesties, and of their delighted reception by the county of Worcester. So immense and so respectful a crowd Mr. Fairly declared he had never seen, and confessed he had been extremely affected by their loyal joy, though now accustomed to such scenes. Their extreme good behaviour had induced him, occasionally, to hang a little back from the Royal group, in order to satisfy the curiosity he heard them expressing of knowing who was who ; and he declared he never saw people so obliged as they all showed themselves, that one of the "uniforms" would come among them, to point out one princess from another, and tell the names of the whole party.

While I expected him every moment to recollect himself, and hasten to the walks, he quietly said, "They are all gone but me. I shall venture, to-night, to shirk—though the King will soon miss me. But what will follow? He will say—'Fairly is tired! How shabby!' Well! let him say so; I *am* tired!"

Miss Planta went off soon after to her walk.

He then said—"Have you done with my little book?"

"Oh yes!" I cried, "and this morning I have sent home the map of Gloucester you were so good as to send us. Though, I believe, I have kept both so long, you will not again be in any haste to lend me either a map of the land, or a poem of the sea!"

I then gave him back the "Shipwreck."

"Shall I tell you," cried I, "a design I have been forming upon you?"

"A design upon me?"

"Yes; and I may as well own it, for I shall be quite as near success as if I disguise it."

I then went to my little drawer, and took out "Akenside."

"Here," I cried, "I intended to have had this fall in your way, by pure accident, on the evening you were called to the conjurer, and I have planned the same ingenious project every evening since, but it has never taken, and so now I produce it fairly!"

"That," cried he, taking it, with a very pleased smile, "is the only way in all things!"

He then began reading "The Pleasures of the Imagination," and I took some work, for which I was in much haste, and my imagination was amply gratified.

How sweet a poem, in parts, it is! I rejoiced never to have read it sooner, unless, indeed, I had read it with my Susan or Fredy. But anything highly beautiful I have almost an aversion to reading alone.

He only looked out for favourite passages, as he has the poem almost by heart, and he read them with a feeling and energy that showed his whole soul penetrated with their force and merit.

After the first hour, however, he grew uneasy ; he asked me when I expected the King and Queen from their walk, and whether they were likely to come into my room ?

"All," I said, "was uncertain."

"Can nobody," he cried, "let you know when they are coming ?"

"Nobody," I answered, "would know till they were actually arrived."

"But," cried he, "can you not bid somebody watch ?"

'Twas rather an awkward commission, but I felt it would be an awkwardness still less pleasant to me to decline it, and therefore I called Columb, and desired he would let me know when the Queen returned.

He was then easier, and laughed a little, while he explained himself, "Should they come in and find me reading here before I could put away my book, they would say we were two blue stockings!"

I am always ready enough to enter into any caution to save that pedantic charge, and therefore we were perfectly agreed. And perhaps he was a little the more anxious not to be surprised to-night, lest his being too tired for walking should be imputed to his literary preference of reading to *a blue*.

At tea Miss Planta again joined us, and instantly behind him went the book. He was very right ; for nobody would have thought it more odd—or more blue.

During this repast they returned home, but all went straight upstairs, the Duke wholly occupying the King : and Mr. Bunbury went to the play. When Miss Planta, therefore, took her evening stroll, "Akenside" again came forth, and with more security,

"There is one ode here," he cried, "that I wish to read to you, and now I think I can."

I told him I did not in general like Akenside's odes, at least what I had chanced to read, for I thought they were too inflated and filled with "liberty cant." "But this, however," cried he "I must read to you, it is so pretty, though it is upon love!"

'Tis addressed to Olympia : I dare say my dearest Fredy recollects it. It is, indeed, most feelingly written ; but we had

only got through the first stanza when the door suddenly opened, and enter Mr. Bunbury.

After all the precautions taken, to have him thus appear at the very worst moment! Vexed as I was, I could really have laughed; but Mr. Fairly was ill disposed to take it so merrily. He started, threw the book forcibly behind him, and instantly took up his hat, as if decamping.

I really believe he was afraid Mr. Bunbury would caricature us! "The sentimental readers!" or what would he have called us?

Luckily this confusion passed unnoticed. Mr. Bunbury had run away from the play to see after the horses, &c., for his Duke, and was fearful of coming too late.

Plays and players now took up all the discourse, with Miss W——, till the Duke was ready to go.

They then left me together, Mr. Fairly smiling drolly enough in departing, and looking at "Akenside" with a very arch shrug, as who should say "What a scrape you had nearly drawn me into, Mr. Akenside!"

SUNDAY, AUGUST 3RD.—This morning I was so violently oppressed by a cold, which turns out to be the influenza, it was with the utmost difficulty I could dress myself. I did indeed now want some assistant most woefully.

The Princess Royal has already been some days disturbed with this influenza. When the Queen perceived it in me she told his Majesty, who came into the room just as she was going to breakfast. Without making any answer, he himself went immediately to call Mr. Clerk, the apothecary, who was then with the Princess Royal.

"Now, Mr. Clerk," cried he, "here's another patient for you."

Mr. Clerk, a modest, sensible man, concluded, by the King himself having called him, that it was the Queen he had now to attend, and he stood bowing profoundly before her; but soon observing she did not notice him, he turned in some confusion to the Princess Augusta, who was now in the group.

"No, no! it's not me, Mr. Clerk, thank God!" cried the gay Princess Augusta.

Still more confused, the poor man advanced to Princess Elizabeth.

"No, no; it's not her!" cried the King.

I had held back, having scarce power to open my eyes, from a vehement head-ache, and not, indeed, wishing to go through my examination till there were fewer witnesses. But his Majesty now drew me out: "Here, Mr. Clerk," he cried, "this is your new patient!"

He then came bowing up to me, the King standing close by, and the rest pretty near.

"You—you are not well, ma'am?" he cried in the greatest embarrassment.

"No, sir, not quite," I answered in ditto.

"Oh, Mr. Clerk will cure you!" cried the King.

"Are—are you feverish, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir, a little."

"I—I will send you a saline draught, ma'am."

"If you please."

And then he bowed and decamped.

Did you ever hear a more perfectly satisfactory examination? The poor modest man was overpowered by such Royal listeners and spectators, and I could not possibly relieve him, for I was little better myself.

I went down to breakfast, but was so exceedingly oppressed I could not hold up my head; and as soon as I could escape I went to my own room, and laid down till my noon attendance, which I performed with so much difficulty I was obliged to return to the same indulgence the moment I was at liberty.

Down at last I went, slow and wrapped up. I found Mr. Fairly alone in the parlour, reading letters with such intentness that he did not raise his head, and with an air of the deepest dejection.

I remained wholly unnoticed a considerable time; but at last he looked up, and with some surprise, but a voice of extreme sadness, he said "Is that Miss Burney? I thought it had been Miss Planta."

I begged him to read on, and not mind me; and I called for tea.

When he had done tea, "See, ma'am," he cried, "I have brought you Carr; and here is a sermon upon the text I mean, when I preach, to choose:—"Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right; for that will bring a man peace at the last."

Sincerely I commended his choice; and we had a most solemn discussion of happiness, not such as coincides with gaiety here, but hope of salvation hereafter. His mind has so religious a propensity, that it seems to me, whenever he leaves it to its natural bent, to incline immediately and instinctively to subjects of that holy nature.

Humility, he said, in conclusion, humility was all in all for tranquillity of mind; with that, little was expected and much was borne, and the smallest good was a call for gratitude and content.

How could this man be a soldier? Might one not think he was bred in the cloisters?

"Well," cried he, again taking up the volume of Carr, "I will just sit and read this sermon, and then quietly go home."

He did so, feelingly, forcibly, solemnly; it is an excellent sermon; yet so read—he so sad, and myself so ill—it was almost too much for me, and I had some difficulty to behave with proper propriety.

To him subjects of this sort, ill or well, bring nothing, I believe, but strength as well as comfort. The voice of dejection with which he began changed to one of firmness ere he had read three pages.

Something he saw of unusual sinking, notwithstanding what I hid; and, with a kind concern, when he had finished the sermon, he said, "Is there anything upon your spirits?"

"No," I assured him, "but I was not well: and mind and body seemed to go together sometimes, when they did not."

"But they do go together," cried he, "and will."

However he took no further notice: he is like me, for myself, in that—that whatever he thinks only bodily is little worth at-

tention ; and I did not care to risk explaining to his strong and virtuous mind the many fears and mixed sensations of mine when brought to a close disquisition of awaiting eternity.

I never, but with Mrs. Delany and Dr. Johnson, have entered so fully and so frequently upon this awful subject as with Mr. Fairly. My dear and most revered Mrs. Delany dwelt upon it continually, with joy, and pure, yet humble hope. My ever-honoured Dr. Johnson recurred to it perpetually, with a veneration compounded of diffidence and terror, and an incessant, yet unavailing plan, of mending all errors, and rising into perfection. Mr. Fairly leans upon it as the staff of his strength—the trust, the hope, the rest of his soul—too big for satisfaction in aught this world has given, or can reserve for him.

He did not, however, “go quietly home” when he had finished the sermon ; on the contrary, he revived in his spirits, and animated in his discourse, and stayed on.

In speaking of the King he suddenly recollected some very fine lines of Churchill, made on his accession to the throne. I wish I could transcribe them, they are so applicable to that good King, from that moment of promise to the present of performance. But I know not in what part of Churchill’s works they may be found.

Finding me unacquainted with his poems he then repeated several passages, all admirably chosen ; but among them his memory called forth some that were written upon Lord H——, which were of the bitterest severity I ever heard :—whether deserved or not, Heaven knows ; but Mr. Fairly said he would repeat them, for the merit of the composition. There was no examining his opinion of their veracity, and he made no comments ; but this Lord H——, was the famous man so often in the House of Commons accused of expending, or retaining, unaccounted millions !

Having run through all he could immediately recollect, he said, with a very droll smile, “Come, now I’ll finish our ode,” and went to my drawer for ‘Akenside.’

His fears of surprise, however, again came upon him so strongly while reading it, that he flung away the book in the utmost com-

motion at every sound, lest any one was entering, always saying in excuse, "We must not be called two blue stockings;" and, "They are so glad to laugh; the world is so always on the watch for ridicule."

I know not by what means, but after this we talked over Mr. Hastings' trial. I find he is very much acquainted with Mr. Wyndham, and I surprised him not a little, I saw, by what I told him of part of my conferences with that gentleman.

This matter having led us from our serious subjects, he took up "Akenside" once more, and read to me the first book throughout. What a very, very charming poem is the "Pleasures of the Imagination!" He stayed to the last moment, and left me all the better for the time he thus rescued from feverish lassitude and suffering.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 5TH.—This morning at breakfast I was much vexed to hear Mr. Fairly, during the whole repast, speaking with that unguarded openness which requires the most perfect understanding of his character, before one who heard all with a literal acceptation, and concluded him next to a rebel, though he is, perhaps, one of the most zealously devoted of rational subjects. But neither his zeal nor his devotion blind him; nor do I think they ever could to any object under heaven,—so clear seems his perception of good and ill, so unbiassed his mind by either partiality or prejudice.

He sat with us some minutes, giving an account of the route we were to take, and what was worth our looking for, and various other useful, though local matters. We were to travel in the evening on account of the heat; we should pass through much beautiful scenery, and there were some parts for which he bid us look, in which he desired us "not to let a blade of grass pass unnoticed."

Miss Planta and I followed, as usual, in the last royal coach, the two wardrobe-women joining us.

The journey to Worcester was very pleasant, and the country through which we passed extremely luxuriant and pretty. We

did not go in by the Barborne road: but all the road, and all avenues leading to it, were lined with people, and when we arrived at the city we could see nothing but faces; they lined the windows from top to bottom, and the pavement from end to end.

We drove all through the city to come to the palace of Bishop Hurd, at which we were to reside. Upon stopping there, the King had an huzza that seemed to vibrate through the whole town; the Princess Royal's carriage had a second, and the equerries a third; the mob then, as ours drew on in succession, seemed to deliberate whether or not we also should have a cheer: but one of them soon decided the matter by calling out, "These are the Maids of Honour!" and immediately they gave us an huzza that made us quite ashamed, considering its vicinity.

Mr. Fairly and Colonel Goldsworthy having performed the royal attendance, waited to hand us out of the carriage; and then the former said he believed he should not be wanted, and would go and make a visit in the town. I should have much liked walking off also, and going to my cousins at Barborne Lodge; but I was no free agent, and obliged to wait for commands.

The Bishop received the Royal Family and all the suite; but lodged himself out of the house, the better to accommodate them.

The house is old and large; part of it looks to the Severn; but the celebrated "Fair Sabrina" was so thick and muddy, that at this time her vicinity added but little to the beauty of the situation.

The utmost care and attention was paid by the good Bishop to the convenience and comfort of his royal guests, and all their people. Our party in this mansion consists of all the Royals, Lady Harecourt, Miss Planta, and myself, with pages, &c. Lady Pembroke, Lord and Lady Courtown, Mr. Fairly, Colonels Goldsworthy and Gwynn, are all lodged in the town. Lord Coventry, as Recorder of Worcester, is here to receive the King, and Lord Oxford is come as Lord in Waiting.

My bed-room is pleasant, with a view of the distant country and the Severn beneath it; but it is through that of the Princess

Royal ; which is an inconvenience her Royal Highness submits to with a grace that would make me ashamed to call it one to myself. The parlour for our eating is large and dark, and old-fashioned. I made tea in it to-night for Lord Courtown and the two Colonels, and Miss Planta, and was so much the better for my journey, that I felt the influenza nearly conquered.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6TH.—I had the pleasure to arrange going to the music meeting with my own family. Notes were immediately interchanged from and to Barborne Lodge, and the Queen was very well pleased that I should have this opportunity of joining my friends. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins and Betsy called for me at the Bishop's.

I was heartily glad to see Betsy and Mrs. Hawkins ; I introduced Miss Planta to them, who was of our party. We sat in what are called the Stewards' places, immediately under their Majesties. The performance was very long, and tolerably tedious, consisting of Handel's gravest pieces and fullest choruses, and concluding with a sermon concerning the institution of the charity, preached by Dr. Langhorne.* I was, however, so glad to be with my cousins, that the morning was very comfortable and pleasant to me. Richard and James joined us occasionally ; the rest of the family are at Shrewsbury.

It was over very late, and we then went about the church, to see King John's tomb, &c. They were very earnest with me to go to Barborne ; but it was impossible. I promised, however, to accompany them to the concert at night, and be of their party to all the morning meetings at the cathedral.

My parlour at the Bishop's afforded me a good deal of entertainment, from observing the prodigious concourse of people from all the tops of houses, and looking over the walls to watch his Majesty's entrance into the court-yard. Poor Lord Courtown, on account of his star, was continually taken for the King, and received so many huzzas and shouts, that he hardly dared show himself except when in attendance.

I was looking at the window after dinner when his Lordship was forced to come out with the other gentlemen, to wait for the

* A celebrated writer and translator, 1735—1799.

King, whom they were all going to attend to the china and other manufactories. Mr. Fairly saw me, and instantly came up to the window, to inquire how I did, and what was become of my influenza? The rest followed, and among them Lord Oxford, and they all stayed, chatting upon Worcester, &c., till his Majesty appeared. The Queen then came also to peep in, and see how I was accommodated. The perfect good humour and graciousness of all the Royal Family in these excursions there is no describing. The Princess Royal regularly, during this Worcester visit, parted the orgeat given her for her own influenza, and with her own fair hands placed half of it by my bedside, where I always found it at night. Could anything be more sweetly condescending?

My cousins called in the evening, and we accompanied them to the concert, where I was much more pleased than in the morning, but obliged to come away at the end of the first act, as it was already ten o'clock, so late did they begin the performance.

When we came home I found my parlour filled with the gentlemen; the crowd had pressed so hard upon the Royal Family in their walk to the manufactories, that they had been obliged to order carriages and return home. It was merely eagerness to see them, for all was perfectly civil and loyal.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 7TH.—This afternoon I could have contrived to go to Barborne Lodge, as all the party attended their Majesties in an expedition to see sights, but my cousins themselves were at the concert, and I would not keep them away.

Poor Lady Harcourt had now the influenza with great severity, and was confined to the house, and, till the evening, to her room, which was immediately within my parlour. When she found all were out except myself (for even Miss Planta was gone off shopping and walking), she sent to propose spending the evening with me. I could not but accept the honour, and she came, muffled up in cloaks and nightcaps, and stayed with me, tête-à-tête, three hours—that is, till I was summoned to the Queen.

We talked over Mr. Mason, Mrs. Montagu, and Mr. Walpole, all of whom she happened to know had admitted me of their

acquaintance. She was very courteous indeed, but the native stiffness of her character and deportment never wears away, and its effect upon me was, I am afraid, sympathetic. How long may a tête-à-tête seem, and how short! Time never goes so quick or so slow as in such duettos.

I had several little conferences with the Bishop of Worcester in the course of the day, which were extremely pleasant to me. He made me sundry little visits, while in waiting at different times for their Majesties.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 8TH.—The Recorder of Worcester, Lord Coventry, and the Mayor and Aldermen, &c., arrived early this morning to conduct the King to the Town Hall, which he had settled to see. His Majesty came to the Queen while I was with her, to desire her to look at the procession from the window. She graciously bid me look also; and the King proposed bringing in Mr. Fairly, who had, I believe, some business with her. He came to my window to look on; and when the procession was passed, I left the room and went down to a cold breakfast, Miss Planta having had hers; for we were here in more confusion as to meals, times, dressings, and meetings, than anywhere.

My cousins came at the usual time, and we all went again to the cathedral. Mara sung very finely, but she is not a favourite singer of my heart's; I had not, therefore, any very exquisite delight, for I am sure there was no other chance for it.

In the evening the Royal Family determined to gratify the Worcester City by appearing at the concert. We were all to attend it also, and obliged to make up caps, forsooth, on the occasion, there having yet been none that required any dress without a hat.

Of course I went with my cousins. Miss Planta joined a lady of her acquaintance, Mrs. Fountain.

The box for the Royals was prepared upstairs, and made very handsome; but there was no sort of resting-place considered for their attendants, who were forced to stand perpendicular the whole time.

Mrs. Hawkins, Betsy, and myself, had places immediately behind the Royal box. The King, Queen, and Princesses had very handsome large chairs; their poor standing attendants were Lady Harcourt, Lord Oxford, Mr. Fairly, and the two Colonels to fill up; for in form and order the equerries are never admitted into the Royal box, but in the country this etiquette is cast aside. Lord Oxford is in waiting as Lord of the Bedchamber.

I was so near them as occasionally to speak with them all, and even to receive from Colonel Goldsworthy one of the Royal books of the words of the concert.

Poor Lady Harcourt was so weakened by her influenza that she was ready to drop, and after the first act was forced to entreat permission to resign her place to Lady Pembroke, who was in the gallery, and, being another Lady of the Bedchamber, was equally proper for it.

The concert was very Handelian, though not exclusively.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9TH.—Her Majesty this morning a little surprised me by gravely asking me what were Mr. Fairly's designs with regard to his going away? I could not tell her I did not know what I was really acquainted with; yet I feared it might seem odd to her that I should be better informed than herself, and it was truly unpleasant to me to relate anything he had told me without his leave. Her question, therefore, gave me a painful sensation; but it was spoken with an air so strongly denoting a belief that I had power to answer it, that I felt no choice in making a plain reply. Simply, then, "I understand, ma'am," I said, "that he means to go to-morrow morning early."

"Will he stay on to-night, then, at Worcester?"

"N—o, ma'am, I believe not."

"I thought he meant to leave us to-day? He said so."

"He—intended it, ma'am,—he would else not have said it."

"I know I understood so, though he has not spoke to me of his designs this great while."

I saw an air bordering upon displeasure as this was said; and how sorry I felt!—and how ashamed of being concluded the person better informed! Yet, as he had really related to me his

plan, and I knew it to be what he had thought most respectful to herself, I concluded it best, thus catechised, to speak it all, and therefore, after some hesitation, uninterrupted by her, I said, "I believe, ma'am, Mr. Fairly had intended fully to begin his journey to-day, but, as your Majesty is to go to the play to-night, he thinks it his duty to defer setting out till to-morrow, that he may have the honour to attend your Majesty as usual."

This, which was the exact truth, evidently pleased her.

Here the inquiry dropped; but I was very uneasy to relate it to Mr. Fairly, that the sacrifice I knew he meant to make of another day might not lose all its grace by wanting to be properly revealed.

Our journey back to Cheltenham was much more quiet than it had been to Worcester, for the royal party took another route to see Malvern Hills, and we went straight forward.

Miss Planta having now caught the influenza, suffered very much all the way, and I persuaded her immediately to lie down when we got to Fauconberg Hall. She could not come down to dinner, which I had alone. The Princess Elizabeth came to me after it, with her Majesty's permission that I might go to the play with my usual party; but I declined it, that I might make some tea for poor Miss Planta, as she had no maid, nor any creature to help her. The Princess told me they were all going first upon the walks, to *promener* till the play time.

I sat down to make my solitary tea, and had just sent up a basin to Miss Planta, when, to my equal surprise and pleasure, Mr. Fairly entered the room. "I come now," he said, "to take my leave."

They were all, he added, gone to the walks, whither he must in a few minutes follow them, and thence attend to the play, and the next morning, by five o'clock, be ready for his post-chaise.

Seeing me, however, already making tea, with his usual and invariable sociability he said he would venture to stay and partake, though he was only come, he gravely repeated, to take his leave.

"And I must not say," cried I, "that I am sorry you are going, because I know so well you wish to be gone that it makes me wish it for you myself."

"No," answered he, "you must not be sorry; when our friends are going to any joy we must think of them, and be glad to part with them."

Readily entering into the same tone, with similar plainness of truth I answered, "No, I will not be sorry you go, though miss you at Cheltenham I certainly must."

"Yes," was his unreserved assent; "you will miss me here, because I have spent my evenings with you; but you will not long remain at Cheltenham."

Oimè! thought I, you little think how much worse will be the quitting it. He owned that the bustle and fatigue of this life were too much both for his health and his spirits.

I told him I wished it might be a gratification to him, in his toils, to hear how the Queen always spoke of him; with what evident and constant complacency and distinction.

"And you may credit her sincerity," I added, "since it is to so little a person as me she does this, and when no one else is present."

He was not insensible to this, though he passed it over without much answer. He showed me a letter from his second son, very affectionate and natural. I congratulated him, most sincerely, on his approaching happiness in collecting them all together.

"Yes," he answered, "my group will increase, like a snow-ball, as I roll along, and they will soon all four be as happy as four little things know how to be."

This drew him on into some reflections upon affection and upon happiness. "There is no happiness," he said, "without participation; no participation without affection. There is, indeed, in affection a charin that leaves all things behind it, and renders even every calamity that does not interfere with it inconsequential; and there is no difficulty, no toil, no labour, no exertion, that will not be endured where there is a view of reaping it."

My concurrence was too perfect to require many words.

"And affection there sometimes is," he continued, "even in this weak world, so pure, so free from alloy, that one is tempted to wonder, without deeply considering, why it should not be permanent, and why it should be vain."

Here I did not quite comprehend his conclusion; but it was a sort of subject I could not probe, for various reasons. Besides, he was altogether rather obscure.

He ruminated some time, and then told me of a sermon he had heard preached some months ago, sensibly demonstrating the total vanity and insufficiency, even for this world, of all our best affections, and proving their fallibility from our most infirm humanity.

My concurrence did not here continue: I cannot hold this doctrine to be right, and I am most sure it is not desirable. Our best affections, I must and do believe, were given us for the best purposes, for every stimulation to good, and every solace in evil.

But this was not a time for argument. I said nothing, while he, melancholy and moralising, continued in this style as long as he could venture to stay.

He then rose and took his hat, saying, "Well, so much for the day; what may come to-morrow I know not; but, be it what it may, I stand prepared."

I hoped, I told him, that his little snowball would be all he could wish it, and I was heartily glad he would so soon collect it.

"We will say," cried he, "nothing of any regrets," and bowed, and was hastening off.

The "we," however, had an openness and simplicity that drew from me an equally open and simple reply. "No," I cried, "but I will say—for that you will have pleasure in hearing—that you have lightened my time here in a manner that no one else could have done, of this party."

To be sure, this was rather a circumscribed compliment, those he left considered; but it was strict and exact truth, and, therefore, like his own dealing.

He said not a word of answer, but bowed, and went away,

leaving me firmly impressed with a belief that I shall find in him a true, an honourable, and even an affectionate friend, for life.

Soon after I went up to poor Miss Planta, and sat with her great part of the evening; and the rest was passed in a visit from Lady Harcourt, who had not been well enough for the play.

SUNDAY, AUG. 10TH.—Major Price was of the breakfast party this morning, to my great contentment. I heartily wish he was again in the King's household, he is so truly attached to his Majesty, and he so earnestly himself wishes for a restoration, not to the Equerryship, which is too laborious an office, but to any attendance upon the King's person of less fatigue.

He opened to me very much upon his situation and wishes. He has settled himself in a small farm near the house of his eldest brother, but I could see too plainly he has not found there the contentment that satisfies him. He sighs for society; he owns books are insufficient for everything, and his evenings begin already to grow wearisome. He does not wish it to be talked of publicly, but he is solicitous to return to the King, in any place attached to his person, of but mild duty. Not only the King, he said, he loved, but all his society, and the way of life in general: and he had no tie whatsoever to Herefordshire that would make him hesitate a moment in quitting it, if any other place could be made adequate to his fortune. His income was quite too small for any absence from his home of more than a few weeks, in its present plight; and, therefore, it could alone be by some post under government that he must flatter himself with ever returning to the scenes he had left.

How rarely does a plan of retirement answer the expectations upon which it is raised! He fears having this suspected, and therefore keeps the matter to himself; but I believe he so much opened it to me, in the hope I might have an opportunity to make it known where it might be efficacious; for he told me, at the same time, he apprehended his Majesty had a notion his fondness for Herefordshire, not his inability to continue Equerry, had occasioned his resignation.

I shall certainly make it my business to hint this to the Queen. So faithful and attached a servant ought not to be

thrown aside, and, after nine years' service, left unrewarded, and seem considered as if superannuated.

When I came from her Majesty, just before she went down to dinner, I was met by a servant who delivered me a letter, which he told me was just come by express. I took it in some alarm, fearing that ill news alone could bring it by such haste, but, before I could open it, he said, "'Tis from Mr. Fairly, ma'am."

I hastened to read it, and will now copy it:—

"Miss Burney, Fauconberg Hall.

"Northleach, Aug. 10th, 1788.

"Her Majesty may possibly not have heard that Mr. Edmund Waller died on Thursday night. He was Master of St. Catherine's, which is in her Majesty's gift. It may be useful to her to have this early intelligence of this circumstance, and you will have the goodness to mention it to her. Mr. W. was at a house upon his own estate within a mile and a-half of this place. Very truly and sincerely yours,

"S. FAIRLY."

How to communicate this news, however, was a real distress to me. I know her Majesty is rather scrupulous that all messages immediately to herself should be conveyed by the highest channels, and I feared she would think this ought to have been sent through her Lady then in waiting, Lady Harcourt. Mr. Fairly, too, however superior to such small matters for himself, is most punctiliously attentive to them for her. I could attribute this only to haste. But my difficulty was not alone to have received the intelligence—the conclusion of the note I was sure would surprise her. The rest, as a message to herself, being without any beginning, would not strike her; but the words "very truly and sincerely yours," come out with such an abrupt plainness, and to her, who knows not with what intimacy of intercourse we have lived together so much during this last month, I felt quite ashamed to show them.

While wavering how to manage, a fortunate circumstance seemed to come in to my relief; the Princess Elizabeth ran up hastily to her room, which is just opposite to mine, before she followed the

Queen down to dinner ; I flew after her, and told her I had just heard of the death of Mr. Waller, the master of St. Catherine's, and I begged her to communicate it to her Majesty.

She undertook it, with her usual readiness to oblige, and I was quite delighted to have been so speedy without producing my note, which I determined now not even to mention unless called upon, and even then not to produce ; for now, as I should not have the first telling, it might easily be evaded by not having it in my pocket.

The moment, however, that the dinner was over, Princess Elizabeth came to summon me to the Queen. This was very unexpected, as I thought I should not see her till night ; but I locked up my note and followed.

She was only with the Princesses. I found the place was of importance, by the interest she took about it. She asked me several questions relative to Mr. Waller. I answered her all I could collect from my note, for further never did I hear ; but the moment I was obliged to stop she said, " Pray have you known him long ?"

" I never knew him at all, ma'am."

" No ? Why, then, how came you to receive the news about his death ?"

Was not this agreeable ? I was forced to say, " I heard of it only from Mr. Fairly, ma'am."

Nothing could exceed the surprise with which she now lifted up her eyes to look at me. " From Mr. Fairly ?—Why did he not tell it me ?"

Oh, worse and worse ! I was now compelled to answer, " He did not know it when he was here, ma'am ; he heard it at North-leach, and, thinking it might be of use to your Majesty to have the account immediately, he sent it over express."

A dead silence so uncomfortable ensued, that I thought it best presently to go on further, though unasked.

" Mr. Fairly, ma'am, wrote the news to me, on such small paper, and in such haste, that it is hardly fit to be shown to your Majesty ; but I have the note upstairs."

No answer ; again all silent ; and then Princess Augusta said, " Ma'mma, Miss Burney says she has the note upstairs."

"If your Majesty pleases to see it——"

She looked up again, much more pleasantly, and said, "I shall be glad to see it," with a little bow.

Out I went for it, half regretting I had not burned it, to make the producing it impossible.

When I brought it to her, she received it with the most gracious smile, and immediately read it aloud, with great complacency, till she came to the end; and then, with a lowered and somewhat altered tone, the "very truly and sincerely yours," which she seemed to look at for a moment with some doubt if it were not a mistake, but in returning it she bowed again, and simply said, "I am very much obliged to Mr. Fairly."

You will be sure how much I was pleased during this last week to hear that the place of the Master of St. Catherine's was given by her Majesty to Mr. Fairly. It is reckoned the best in her gift, as a sinecure. What is the income I know not: reports differ from 400*l.* to 800*l.* per annum.

The night before we left Cheltenham we all went to the play. Miss P—— and myself had far rather have passed the evening together; but it was concluded we should be pleased to go to the theatre, and declining intended kindness is always an ungrateful task.

I was introduced in the box, by his desire, to Lord Mountmorris, who sat behind me, chatting all the night with the freedom of a long acquaintance. He is clever and agreeable, but not very reserved or diffident.

One thing surprised me from him very much. When all was over he offered to hand me out, but as I had a chair bespoke, without a servant, Columb being already set out for Windsor, I wished to decline troubling him, that I might keep back to the last moment with Miss P——. He would not, however, be excused, taking the hand I did not hold out, and when I said I must have my chair called first, "Oh," he cried, "I know your chair!" and then, with a most audible voice, he pronounced, "Here, number twenty-four!" and instantly a chair appeared, which I knew to be right.

How he had got at this number is odd enough. Perhaps, in

deed, he had tried to bespeak it for himself, and so might hear how it was engaged. He has declared a violent resolution for making this acquaintance some time; and he certainly determined the opportunity should not be thrown away. Yet he is not an ill-bred, though a bold man; on the contrary, he is really polite for a character of that sort.

Lord Mountmorris told me some very curious anecdotes of Mrs. Vesey and her *coterie* in former days, particularly of the Russian Princess Daschkoff,* who, he assured me, was meant by O'Keeffe for the Princess Rusty Fusty, in the "Agreeable Surprise!"

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16TH.—We left Cheltenham early this morning. Major Price breakfasted with us, and was so melancholy at the King's departure he could hardly speak a word. All Cheltenham was drawn out into the High-street, the gentles on one side and the commons on the other, and a band, and "God save the King" playing and singing.

My dear Miss P——, with all her friends, was there for a last look, and a sorrowful one we interchanged; Mr. Seward also, whom again I am not likely to meet for another two years at least.

The journey was quite without accident or adventure.

And thus ends the Cheltenham episode. May I not justly call it so, different as it is to all the mode of life I have hitherto lived here, or alas! am in a way to live henceforward?

Melancholy—most melancholy—was the return to Windsor; destitute of all that could solace, compose or delight; replete

* Princess Daschkoff was born at St. Petersburg in 1744. She appears to have been one of the most extraordinary women that ever lived, both for strength of character, force of talents, and extent of acquirements. The part she acted in the revolution of 1762 (when she was only nineteen years of age), which caused the dethronement and assassination of Peter III., and seated the "Great" Catherine on the throne of Russia, was so conspicuous and remarkable as to justify the assertion that she was in fact the leader of that movement, which in some sort changed the face of European politics. In 1782 the Princess was called upon by the Empress to take the sole direction of the "Academy of Arts and Sciences" of St. Petersburg, and she filled this office (so singular a one for a woman and a Princess) with credit and honour to herself, and great advantage to the institution, for several years.

The autobiography of this extraordinary woman, as translated from the original MS. and edited by her friend, Mrs. W. Bradford, at whose instance the work was written, and to whom the MS. was given, is, however, the only record of the writer's singular career.

with whatever could fatigue, harass, and depress! Ease, leisure, elegant society, and interesting communication, were now to give place to arrogant manners, contentious disputation, and arbitrary ignorance! Oh, Heaven! my dearest friends, what scales could have held and have weighed the heart of your F. B. as she drove past the door of her revered, lost comforter, to enter the apartment inhabited by such qualities!

But before I quit this journey let me tell one very pleasant anecdote. When we stopped to change horses at Burford I alighted and went into the inn, to meet Mrs. Gast, to whom I had sent by Mrs. Frodsham a request to be there as we passed through the town.

I rejoiced indeed to see again the sister of our first and wisest friend. My Susanna, who knows her too enthusiastic character, will easily suppose my reception. I was folded in her arms, and bathed in her tears all my little stay, and my own, from reflected tenderness for her ever-honoured, loved, and lamented brother, would not be kept quite back; 'twas a species of sorrowful joy—painful, yet pleasing—that seemed like a fresh tribute to his memory and my affection, and made the meeting excite an emotion that occupied my mind and reflections almost all the rest of my journey.

She inquired most kindly after my dear father and my Susanna, and separately and with interest of all the rest of the family; but her surprise to see me now, by this most unexpected journey, when she had concluded me inevitably shut up from her sight for the remainder of her life, joined to the natural warmth of her disposition, seemed almost to suffocate her. I was very sorry to leave her, but my time was unavoidably short and hurried. I inquired after Chesington, and heard very good accounts.

WINDSOR, SUNDAY, AUGUST 17TH.—This day, after our arrival, began precisely the same as every day preceding our journey. The "Sleeping Beauty in the Wood" could not awake more completely to the same scene; yet I neither have been asleep, nor am *quite* a beauty! O! I wish I were as near to the latter as the former at this minute!

We had all the set assembled to congratulate his Majesty on

his return—Generals and Colonels without end. I was very glad while the large party lasted, its diminution into a solitary pair ending in worse than piquet—a tête-à-tête!—and such a one, too! after being so spoiled!

MONDAY, AUGUST 18TH.—Well, now I have a new personage to introduce to you, and no small one; ask else the stars, moon and planets! While I was surrounded with bandboxes, and unpacking, Dr. Shepherd was announced. Eager to make his compliments on the safe return, he forced a passage through the back avenues and stairs, for he told me he did not like being seen coming to me at the front door, as it might create some jealousies amongst the other Canons! A very commendable circumsppection! but whether for my sake or his own he did not particularize.

M. de Lalande,* he said, the famous astronomer, was just arrived in England, and now at Windsor, and he had expressed a desire to be introduced to me.

Well, while he was talking this over, and I was wondering and evading, entered Mr. Turbulent. What a surprise at sight of the reverend Canon! The reverend Canon, also, was interrupted and confused, fearing, possibly, the high honour he did me might now transpire amongst his brethren, notwithstanding his generous efforts to spare them its knowledge.

Mr. Turbulent, who looked big with heroics, was quite provoked to see he had no chance of giving them vent. They each outstayed the patience of the other, and at last both went off together.

Some hours after, however, while I was dressing, the Canon returned. I could not admit him, and bid Goter tell him at the door I was not visible. He desired he might wait till I was ready, as he had business of importance. I would not let him into the next room, but said he might stay in the eating-parlour.

When I was dressed I sent Goter to bring him in. She came back, grinning and colouring; she had not found him, she said,

* A French astronomer of great genius and celebrity, born in 1732. He was brought up to the study of the law, but early displayed his proficiency in scientific and especially astronomical studies. Died in 1807.

but only Mrs. Schwellenberg, who was there alone, and had called her in to know what she wanted. She answered she came to see for a gentleman.

"There's no gentleman," she cried, "to come into my parlour! it is not permit. When he comes I will have it locked up."

Oh, ho, my poor careful Canon! thought I. However, soon after a tap again at my door introduced him. He said he had been waiting below in the passage, as he saw Madame Schwellenberg in the parlour, and did not care to have her know him; but his business was to settle bringing M. de Lalande to see me in the evening.

I told him I was much honoured, and so forth, but that I received no evening company, as I was officially engaged.

He had made the appointment, he said, and could not break it, without affronting him; besides, he gave me to understand it would be an honour to me for ever to be visited by so great an astronomer.

I agreed as to that, and was forced, moreover, to agree to all the rest, no resource remaining.

I mentioned to her Majesty the state of the case. She thought the Canon very officious, and disapproved the arrangement, but saw it was unavoidable.

But when the dinner came I was asked by the *présidente*, "What for send you gentlemen to my parlour?"

"I was dressing, ma'am, and could not possibly receive company in mine, and thought the other empty."

"Empty or full is the same! I won't have it. I will lock up the room when it is done so. No, no, I won't have no gentlemen here; it is not permit, perticklere when they won't not speak to me!"

I then heard that a "large man, what you call," had entered that sacred domain, and seeing there a lady, had quitted it "bob short!"

I immediately explained all that had passed, for I had no other way to save myself from an imputation of favouring the visits and indiscretion of this most gallant Canon.

"Vell, when he comes so often he might like you. For what won't you not marry him?"

This was coming to the point, and so seriously, I found myself obliged to be serious in answer, to avoid misconstruction, and to assure her, that were he Archbishop of Canterbury, and actually at my feet, I would not become Archbishopess.

"Vell, you been right when you don't not like him ; I don't not like the men neither : not one from them !"

So this settled us very amicably till tea-time, and in the midst of that, with a room full of people, I was called out by Westerhaults to Dr. Shepherd !

Mrs. Schwellenberg herself actually *te-he'd* at this, and I could not possibly help laughing myself, but I hurried into the next room, where I found him with his friend, M. de Lalande. What a reception awaited me ! how unexpected a one from a famed and great astronomer ! M. de Lalande advanced to meet me—I will not be quite positive it was on tiptoe, but certainly with a mixture of jerk and strut that could not be quite flat-footed. He kissed his hand with the air of a *petit maître*, and then broke forth into such an harangue of Eloges, so solemn with regard to its own weight and importanec, and so *fade* with respect to the little personage addressed, that I could not help thinking it lucky for the planets, stars, and sun, they were not bound to hear his comments, though obliged to undergo his calculations.

On my part sundry profound reverences, with now and then an "*Oh, monsieur !*" or "*c'est trop d'honneur,*" acquitted me so well, that the first harangue being finished, on the score of general and grand reputation, *Eloge* the second began, on the excellence with which "*cette célèbre demoiselle*" spoke French !

This may surprise you, my dear friends ; but you must consider M. de Lalande is a great *discoverer*.

Well, but had you seen Dr. Shepherd ! he looked lost in sleek delight and wonder, that a person to whom he had introduced M. de Lalande should be an object for such fine speeches.

This gentleman's figure, meanwhile, corresponds no better with his discourse than his scientific profession, for he is an ugly little wrinkled old man, with a fine showy waistcoat, rich lace ruffles, and the grinaees of a dentist. I believe he chose

to display that a Frenchman of science could be also a man of gallantry.

I was seated between them, but the good doctor made no greater interruption to the florid professor than I did myself: he only grinned applause, with placid, but ineffable satisfaction.

Nothing therefore intervening, *Eloge the third* followed, after a pause no longer than might be necessary for due admiration of *Eloge the second*. This had for *sujet* the fair female sex; how the ladies were now all improved; how they could write, and read, and spell; how a man now-a-days might talk with them and be understood, and how delightful it was to see such pretty creatures turned rational!

And all this, of course, interspersed with particular observations and most pointed applications; nor was there in the whole string of compliments which made up the three *bouquets*, one single one amongst them that might have disgraced any *petit maître* to utter, or any *petite maîtresse* to hear.

The third being ended, a rather longer pause ensued. I believe he was dry, but I offered him no tea. I would not voluntarily be accessory to detaining such great personages from higher avocations. I wished him next to go and study the stars: from the moon he seemed so lately arrived there was little occasion for another journey.

I flatter myself he was of the same opinion, for the fourth *éloge* was all upon his unhappiness in tearing himself away from so much merit, and ended in as many bows as had accompanied his entrance.

I suppose, in going, he said, with a shrug, to the canon, "*M. le Docteur, c'est bien gênant, mais il faut dire des jolies choses aux dames!*"

He was going the next day to see Dr. Maskelyne's* Observatory. Well! I have had him first in mine!

* Dr. Maskelyne was eminent as a mathematician, and his studies were ultimately devoted almost exclusively to astronomy. He was employed by the Government on many occasions connected with that science, both abroad and at home, and was ultimately (on the death of Mr. Bliss) appointed Astronomer Royal. He was the author of several extremely valuable works connected with nautical science, and of many papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*. Born 1732, died 1811.

I was obliged on my return to the tea-room to undergo much dull raillery from my fair companion, and much of wonder that "since the canon had soch good preferment" I did not "marry him at once," for he "would not come so often if he did not want it."

TUESDAY, AUGUST 18TH.—The Duke of York's birthday was kept this day, instead of Saturday, that Sunday morning might not interfere with the ball.

The Prince of Wales arrived early, while I was yet with the Queen. He kissed her hand, and she sent for the Princesses. Only Princess Elizabeth and Princess Sophia were dressed. Her Majesty went into the next room with Mrs. Sandys, to have her shoes put on, with which she always finishes. The Prince and Princesses then chatted away most fluently. Princess Elizabeth frequently addressed me with great sweetness; but the Prince only with curious eyes. Do not, however, understand that his looks were either haughty or impertinent; far from it; they were curious, however, in the extreme.

The rest of the day was almost all devoted to dressing and attendance, except a dinner, an afternoon, a tea, and an evening tête-à-tête!

I had a most restless and feverish night, attempting to lie down at twelve o'clock and rising at four. The Queen came home from the Castle, where the ball and supper were given, about five; and at six I again laid down till near eight.

We returned to Kew; and in the evening I received my good Mr. Cambridge, who was all kindness and cordiality. I was truly happy in his company, and gave him the history of our journey very fully. His excellent daughter was at Lavant, with both her brothers.

We proceeded to Windsor without Mrs. Schwellenberg, who was unwell, and went to town for advice.

Poor Madame la Fite was my first visitor, and I made her as welcome as possible, to console her a little for the accident that happened to her poor son, at a place where she might reasonably expect nothing but good—dear Norbury.

For the remainder of this month we had General Budé, Colonel Manners, and Mr. Bunbury, on visits most of the time, to aid the Equerry in Waiting, Colonel Goldsworthy.

Colonel Manners made me laugh as if I had been at a farce, by his history of the late Westminster election, in which Lord John Townshend conquered Lord Hood. Colonel Manners is a most eager and active partisan on the side of the Government, but so indiscreet, that he almost regularly gets his head broke at every contested election; and he relates it as a thing of course.

I inquired if he pursued his musical studies, so happily begun with Colonel Welbred? "Why," answered he, "not much, because of the election; but the thing is, to get an ear: however, I think I have got one, because I know a tune when I hear it, if it's one that I've heard before a good many times; so I think that's a proof. But I can never get asked to a concert, and that keeps me a little behind."

"Perhaps," cried I, "your friends conclude you have music enough in your three months' waiting to satisfy you for all the year?"

"Oh, ma'am, as to that, I'd just as lief hear so many pots and pans rattled together; one noise is just as well as another to me."

I asked him whether his electioneering with so much activity did not make his mother, Lady Robert, a little uneasy?—N.B. She is a Methodist.

"Oh, it does her a great deal of good," cried he; "for I could never get her to meddle before; but when I'd had my head broke, it provoked her so, she went about herself canvassing among the good people, and she got us twenty votes."

"So then," cried Colonel Goldsworthy, "there are twenty good people in the world? That's your calculation, is it?"

Mr. Fisher, who just then came in, and knew nothing of what had passed, starting the election, said to Colonel Manners, "So, sir, you have been beat, I hear!"

He meant only his party; but his person having shared the same fate, occasioned a violent shout among the rest at this

innocent speech, and its innocent answer; for Colonel Manners, looking only a little surprised, simply said, "Yes, I was beat, a little."

"A little, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Fisher, "no, a great deal; you were shamefully beat—thrashed thoroughly."

In the midst of a violent second shout, Colonel Manners only said, "Well, I always hated all that party, and now I hate them worse than ever."

"Ay, that I'll be bound for you," cried Colonel Goldsworthy.

"Yes, for having been so drubbed by them," cried Mr. Fisher.

As I now, through all his good humour, saw Colonel Manners colour a little, I said in a low voice to Mr. Fisher, "Pray is it in innocence, or in malice, that you use these terms?"

I saw his innocence by his surprise, and I whispered him the literal state of all he said; he was quite shocked, and coloured in his turn, apologising instantly to Colonel Manners, and protesting he had never heard of his personal ill-usage, but only meant the defeat of his party.

Everybody was full of Mr. Fairly's appointment, and spoke of it with pleasure. General Budé had seen him in town, where he had remained some days to take the oaths, I believe, necessary for his place. General Budé has long been intimate with him, and spoke of his character exactly as it has appeared to me; and Colonel Goldsworthy, who was at Westminster with him, declared he believed a better man did not exist. "This, in particular," cried General Budé, "I must say of Fairly: whatever he thinks right he pursues straightforward; and I believe there is not a sacrifice upon earth that he would not make, rather than turn a moment out of the path that he had an opinion it was his duty to keep in."

They talked a good deal of his late lady; none of them knew her but very slightly, as she was remarkably reserved. "More than reserved," cried General Budé, "she was quite cold. Yet she loved London and public life, and Fairly never had any taste for them; in that they were very *mal assortie*, but in all other things very happy."

"Yes," cried Colonel Goldsworthy, "and how shall we give praise enough to a man that would be happy himself, and make his wife so too, for all that difference of opinion? for it was all his management, and good address, and good temper. I hardly know such another man."

General Budé then related many circumstances of his most exemplary conduct during the illness of his poor suffering wife, and after her loss; everybody, indeed, upon the occasion of this new appointment, has broke forth to do justice to his deserving it. Mrs. Ariana Egerton, who came twice to drink tea with me on my being *senza Cerbera*, told me that her brother-in-law, Colonel Masters, who had served with him at Gibraltar, protested there was not an officer in the army of a nobler and higher character, both professional and personal.

She asked me a thousand questions of what I thought about Miss Fuzilier? She dislikes her so very much, she cannot bear to think of her becoming Mrs. Fairly. She has met with some marks of contempt from her in their official meetings at St. James's, that cannot be pardoned. Miss Fuzilier, indeed, seemed to me formerly, when I used to meet her in company, to have an uncertainty of disposition that made her like two persons; now haughty, silent, and supercilious—and then gentle, composed, and interesting. She is, however, very little liked, the worst being always what most spreads abroad.

The Queen was all graciousness, unmixed, to me, during this recess of *La Compagne*; whenever she did not attend the early prayers she almost regularly gave to me their time, coming to my room, and there staying till the King returned. She lent me books, talked them over, and opened upon a thousand confidential topics; and the excellence of her understanding and acuteness of her observation never fail to make all discourse with her lively and informing.

I saw all I could see of my poor Mrs. Astley, who is settled, by way of keeping the house, in the loved mansion of the most venerable and perfect of human beings—human now no longer—but perfect, I trust, with a perfection above our comprehen-

sion! Nothing, however, is yet arranged as to her pension, &c., which grieves and distresses me beyond measure.

Lady Courtown has had a new place not merely given, but created for her. She was so useful and pleasant to the Queen at Cheltenham, that she has been appointed Lady in Waiting in the Country: by which means she will now regularly attend her Majesty in all country excursions, and during all residences at Windsor and Kew. I am very glad of it, for she is constantly cheerful and obliging, and seems invariably in good humour and good spirits.

I have been reading a volume of D'Alembert's "Eloges," with very great pleasure; the accounts of Massillon, Boileau, Fénelon, De la Motte, and many others, were highly interesting to me, though I cannot but think of what Mr. Fairly said when he borrowed this volume at Cheltenham, in the mere desperation of having no other reading. "I do not like," he said, "these 'Eloges;' they contain what one modest man never could say to another—nor of another." However, I fancy he had read some other author's "Eloges," for these are by no means so adulatory: far otherwise; indeed, they are full of criticism, and, I think, candid strictures.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Baron Trenck—His Adventures and Character—Drawing-room at St. James's—Return to Kew—Royal Birthday—Toil and Toilette—A Dinner Party—A Family Meeting—St. James's and Windsor—Dr. Herschel—Dr. Hunter—Illness of the King—Sir George Baker—The King grows worse—Alarm and Agitation—Return to Windsor—Conference with the King during his illness—Mental character of his Disorder—Affecting Scene with the King in the Queen's Apartments. A Melancholy Birthday—Grief of the Queen—The King grows worse—Confirmed Insanity of the King—Newspaper Reports—Confusion and Dismay of the Household—Arrival of the Prince of Wales—The Palace closed against all Visitors—Paroxysm of the King at Dinner—Conduct of the Queen—The King's Account of his Own Case—Piety of the Queen—Lady Carmarthen—Arrival of Dr. Warren—The King refuses to admit him—The Princesses—Perplexity of the Queen—Conduct of the Prince of Wales—The Queen's kindness and consideration for her Attendants—Details of the new Mode of Life at Windsor, consequent on the King's Illness—All Entrance to the Palace interdicted by the Prince—The Duke of York—The King grows worse—The Prince assumes the Government of the Palace.

SEPTEMBER 1ST.—Peace to the manes of the poor slaughtered partridges!

I finished this morning the "Memoirs of the Baron Trenck," which have given me a great deal of entertainment; I mean in the first volume, the second containing not more matter than might fill four pages. But the singular hardiness, gallantry, ferocity, and ingenuity of this copy of the knights of ancient times, who has happened to be born since his proper epoch, have wonderfully drawn me on, and I could not rest without finishing his adventures. They are reported to be chiefly of his own invention; but I really find an air of self-belief in his relations,

that inclines me to think he has but narrated what he had persuaded himself was true. His ill-usage is such as to raise the utmost indignation in every reader ; and if it really affected his memory and imagination, and became thence the parent of some few embellishments and episodes, I can neither wonder nor feel the interest of his narrative diminished.

Mrs. Ariana Egerton and her mother drank tea with me. I like them on these occasions, when I want lady assistants in doing tea honours.

SEPTEMBER 2ND.—To-day I went to Kew, with the usual three, Mr. Turbulent, Mr. de Luc, and Miss Planta.

Mr. Turbulent was in high rage that I was utterly invisible since my return from Cheltenham ; he protested he had called seven times at my door without gaining admission, and never was able to get in but when " Dr. Shepherd had led the way."

He next began a mysterious attack upon the proceedings of Cheltenham. He had heard, he said, strange stories of flirtations there. I could not doubt what he meant, but I would not seem to understand him : first, because I know not from whom he has been picking up this food for his busy spirit, since no one there appeared collecting it for him ; and secondly, because I would not degrade an acquaintance which I must hope will prove as permanent as it is honourable, by conceiving the word flirtation to be possibly connected with it.

By every opportunity, in the course of the day, he renewed this obscure raillery ; but I never would second it, either by question or retort, and therefore it cannot but die away unmeaningly as it was born. Some effect, however, it seems to have had upon him, who has withdrawn all his own heroics, while endeavouring to develop what I have received elsewhere.

SEPTEMBER 4TH.—To-day there was a drawing-room, and I had the blessing of my dearest father while it lasted ; but not *solus*—he was accompanied by my mother ; and my dear Esther and her little innocent Sophy spent part of the time with us. I am to be god-mother to the two little ones, Esther's and James's. Heaven bless them !

We returned to Kew to a late dinner ; and, indeed, I had one

of the severest evenings I ever passed, where my heart took no share in unkindness and injustice. I was wearied in the extreme, as I always am on these drawing-room days, which begin with full hair-dressing at six o'clock in the morning, and hardly ever allow any breakfast time, and certainly only standing, except while frizzing, till the drawing-room commences; and then two journeys in that decked condition—and then another dressing, with three dressing attendances—and a dinner at near seven o'clock.

Yet, not having power to be very amusing after all this, I was sternly asked by Mrs. Schwellenberg, "For what I did not talk?" I answered simply, "Because I was tired."

"You tired!—what have you done? when I used to do so much more—you tired! what have you to do but to be happy?—have you the laces to buy? have you the wardrobe to part? have you—you tired? Well, what will become next, when you have every happiness!—you might not be tired. No, I can't bear it."

This, and so much more than it would be possible to write, all uttered with a haughtiness and contempt that the lowest servant could not have brooked receiving, awoke me pretty completely, though before I was scarce able to keep my eyelids a moment open; but so sick I turned, that indeed it was neither patience nor effort that enabled me to hear her: I had literally hardly strength, mental or bodily, to have answered her. Every happiness mine!—O gracious heaven! thought I, and is this the companion of my leisure—the associate of my life! Ah, my dear friends, I will not now go on—I turn sick again.

I kept on no more journal till my most loved friends arrived, the 10th of this month, and departed, the 16th. Oh, they will here see, by those last few words, how seasonable was their sweet visit; how necessary to cheer the mournful murmurings of such a livelong life.

Mr. Turbulent is very quiet, and begins, therefore, to grow such an addition to the party—such a life to it, indeed—as his abilities and intelligence must always render him when his flights do not

interfere. One little fit of the old style was just beginning, upon my remaining alone in the parlour at Kew; but on my rising to go to my room upstairs—for I am not at Kew, as at Windsor, forced to keep in the same accessible apartment—he protested he would be perfectly lamb-like if I would stay.

“With all my heart,” I answered, “on that condition; for I had great pleasure in thinking you grown quite tame and good.”

“So I am,” cried he, “and so you shall find me.”

He was as good as his word, and I sat still all the evening, working. His talk was all general, and full of observation and entertainment. Something, however, has occurred, but what I know not, to determine him on keeping a strict guard over himself. I rejoice, be it what it may. He gave me some hints to this purpose, but I could not comprehend them, and did not choose to ask, or let him know I thought any caution or guard necessary; for now, indeed, I flatter myself, not only our scenes of violence and rhodomontading are over, but that his volatile temper will soon lead him to forget they ever passed. He may then prove a truly pleasant acquaintance to me, and a most able relief to the mental monotony of our internal society.

SEPTEMBER 22ND.—This day was all dressing again, to commemorate the Coronation. I hate the parade and trouble of these days, but must surely bear it, for a memorial of the period that gave us such a King—so good he is, so benevolent, so disinterested, so amiable.

All are in preparation for Princess Royal, whose birthday concludes this month; that is, keeping it one day, and resting from it another.

SEPTEMBER 27TH.—Mrs. Schwellenberg not being well enough to come down to tea, I invited Madame de la Fête, as I knew there would be a larger party to be ready for Monday's birthday. And, accordingly, added to Colonel Goldsworthy, who has now his three months' waiting, were General Budé, Mr. Blomberg, and Colonel Welbred.

It quite lightened me to see this last, and he was more lively and animated than usual. He took his old seat, Mr. Turbulent not being present, and gave me a full history how he had passed

his summer ; which, as usual, was in following up beautiful prospects, and bringing home their principal points.

He had been also, he said, to Cheltenham, since our departure : “ And there I was very happy to see how beautiful a view you had from your room upstairs.”

I laughed heartily, and asked “ How he should know my room ?”

“ I know both your rooms,” he cried.

“ It would be hard to say which was least worth your knowing,” cried I, “ for one was a garret, the other a store-room.”

“ Yes, I was sorry for your parlour, but above-stairs the view might compensate for the smallness of the apartment.”

He told me the house was now shown to all travellers, with the names of every inhabitant during the Royal visit.

SEPTEMBER 29TH.—The birthday of our lovely eldest Princess. It happens to be also the birthday of Miss Goldsworthy ; and her Majesty, in a sportive humour, bid me, as soon as she was dressed, go and bring down the two “ Michaelmas geese.” I told the message to the Princess Augusta, who repeated it in its proper words. I attended them to the Queen’s dressing-room, and there had the pleasure to see the *cadeaux* presentations. The birthdays in this house are made extremely interesting at the moment, by the reciprocations of presents and congratulations in this affectionate family. Were they but attended with less of toil (I hate to add *ette*, for I am sure it is not little toil), I should like them amazingly.

At noon I received a note from Mrs. Majendie, begging a hint how to come dressed, as Mrs. Schwellenberg had invited her to dinner.

Mrs. Schwellenberg being too much indisposed to come downstairs, I could not but marvel at her not acquainting me she had invited company to the table of which, perforce, I must be deputy-receiver. However, the marvel rested not here ; for when dinner was called, and I opened my door to be ready to follow Mrs. Majendie, as she descended from making her compliments upstairs to Mrs. Schwellenberg—not Mrs. Majendie alone—had I to follow—Mr. and Mrs. Majendie, Miss Goldsworthy,

Madame la Fite, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Miss Mawr, Mr. Turbulent, and Mdlle. Montmollin.

I disguised my surprise at this great group as well as I could, lest to them it should prove as awkward as to me; and I passed them, to take my seat, with all the ease I could assume. But I think it was a tolerable stroke of power, to invite such a party to a table at which another must preside, without the slightest hint of her purpose.

The dinner, however, was cheerful and lively: they were all intimate with one another, and none pretended to be saddened at the absence.

SEPTEMBER 30TH.—This month concluded with a very singular confidence. I had a private visit from Miss Mawr: she came to borrow a book to while away some of the time she spent in waiting till Mrs. Schwellenberg could receive her, who always summoned her some time before she was ready. But she besought me not to mention she had called; "For, to tell you the truth," she said, "I should never be forgiven if it was known I called for a moment!"

I could not doubt the truth of this, though its plainness surprised me; but she said, relying on my honour, she must tell me something more, that had struck her with such an indignation for me she could not conceal it. The day before, when all her company was assembled upstairs, before dinner, she publicly asked Miss Goldsworthy to do the honours of her table, as she was not well enough to do them herself!

"I was quite glad," she added, "that you knew nothing of it, and so passed on so innocently to your proper place; and I'm sure they were all glad, for everybody stared. But I must beg you never so much as to say I ever called upon you, for she can't bear it! she's so jealous. And now I must go! for if she should hear me here she'll never forgive it, and she's always listening what voices she can hear in your room."

She then confessed she often thought me strangely used in many ways, and slighted, and contradicted, and dealt with very rudely, but it was all from jealousy, and so must be passed over. Yet she owned, for herself, it was a life not to be endured; that

the greatest penance she ever suffered was making these visits, which, also, she never consented to till she had refused as often as she dared.

Something there is, I know not what, of unhappy obligation to her, that compels this intercourse; but she assured me, were it of a sort to last, she should break it, to live on bread and water in preference! and she pitied me, with a good-nature that quite made me friends with her, for so sad a lot as falling into such hands.

To live upon bread and water—ah! were that my only difficulty!

I am glad, however, I did not know this intended affront; it would highly have embarrassed me how to act, and I was embarrassed enough without it. Two years ago I should have rejoiced at any proposition that took from me the presidency of the table; but now, after two years keeping it, whenever its first claimant was absent, it would have been a disgrace in the eyes of the whole house to have had it thus suddenly taken away; and such was its palpable meaning.

After we all came downstairs, except Miss Mawr, she inquired whether Miss Goldsworthy had sat at the head of the table. Miss Mawr was afraid to answer, and she asked Westerhaults, who said No; and she expressed great anger and displeasure that her commands were thus disregarded at her own table!

She felt, however, too strongly, that she here attempted an exertion of caprice and power beyond her right, to venture at speaking of it to me; she knew it was a trial of tyranny as unauthorised as it was unprovoked, and that it could not stand the test of resistance even from the person whom she thinks an object for her to trample upon. She has become, however, both colder and fiercer ever since: I cannot now even meet her eyes—they are almost terrifying.

Nothing upon earth having passed between us, nor the most remote subject of offence having occurred, I have only one thing on which to rest my conjectures, for the cause of this newly-awakened evil spirit, and this is from the gentlemen. They had all of late been so wearied that they could not submit even for a

quarter of an hour to her society : they had swallowed a dish of tea and quitted the room all in five minutes, and Colonel Goldsworthy in particular, when without any companion in his waiting, had actually always fallen asleep, even during that short interval, or at least shut his eyes, to save himself the toil of speaking.

This she brooked very ill, but I was esteemed innocent, and therefore made, occasionally, the confidant of her complaints. But lately, that she has been ill, and kept upstairs every night, she has always desired me to come to her as soon as tea was over, which, she observed, "need not keep me five minutes." On the contrary, however, the tea is now at least an hour, and often more.

I have been constantly received with reproaches for not coming sooner, and compelled to declare I had not been sooner at liberty. This has occasioned a deep and visible resentment, all against them, yet vented upon me, not in acknowledged displeasure—pride there interfered—but in constant ill-humour, ill-breeding, and ill-will.

At length, however, she has broken out into one inquiry, which, if favourably answered, might have appeased all ; but truth was too strongly in the way. A few evenings after her confinement she gravely said, "Colonel Goldsworthy always sleeps with me! sleeps he with you the same?"

In the midst of all my irksome discomfort, it was with difficulty I could keep my countenance at this question, which I was forced to negative.

The next evening she repeated it. "Vell, sleeps he yet with you—Colonel Goldsworthy?"

"Not yet, ma'am," I hesitatingly answered.

"O! ver vell! he will sleep with nobody but me! O, I von't come down."

And a little after she added, "I believe he vill marry you!"

"I believe not, ma'am," I answered.

And then, very gravely, she proposed him to me, saying he only wanted a little encouragement, for he was always declaring he wished for a wife, and yet wanted no fortune—"so for what won't you not have him?"

I assured her we were both perfectly well satisfied apart, and equally free from any thoughts of each other.

"Then for what," she cried, "won't you have Dr. Shepherd?"

She is now in the utmost haste to dispose of me! and then she added she had been told that Dr. Shepherd would marry me!

She is an amazing woman! Alas, I might have told her I knew too well what it was to be tied to a companion ill-assorted and unbeloved, where I could not help myself, to make any such experiment as a volunteer!

If she asks me any more about Colonel Goldsworthy and his sleeping, I think I will answer I am too near-sighted to be sure if he is awake or not!

However, I cannot but take this stroke concerning the table extremely ill; for though amongst things of the very least consequence in itself, it is more openly designed as an affront than any step that has been taken with me yet.

I have given the Colonel a hint, however—that he may keep awake in future.

Perhaps a part of this increased ill-will may arise from my having been of the Cheltenham party, where she could not go, from want of room for her four servants. And however little I may have to do with these regulations, I am quite the most convenient person to receive the ill fruits of her disappointments.

Well, the month is passed, however, and here ends its recital.

OCTOBER 2ND.—What a sweet noon had I this day—my beloved father, my tender Susanna, my little darling Fanny!—How should I love the drawing-room days, with all their toil, had they more frequently such cheers. Dearest, dearest Susanna! Oh, how my heart dwelt upon the little sight all the rest of the softened day! And I had leisure for repose to the poor mind, since I returned to Kew *senza Cerbera*.

Mrs. Schwellenberg, very ill indeed, took leave of the Queen at St. James's, to set off for Weymouth, in company with Mrs. Hastings. I was really very sorry for her; she was truly in a situation of suffering, from bodily pain, the most pitiable. I thought, as I looked at her, that if the ill-humours I so often experience could relieve her, I would consent to bear them un-

repiuing, in preference to seeing or knowing her so ill. But it is just the contrary; spleen and ill-temper only aggravate disease, and while they involve others in temporary participation of their misery, twine it around themselves in bandages almost stationary. She was civil, too, poor woman. I suppose when absent she could not well tell why she had ever been otherwise.

OCTOBER 3RD.—We returned to Windsor at noon. Mrs. de Luc sent me a most pressing invitation to tea, and to hear a little music. Two young ladies, Misses S——, were to perform at her house in a little concert.

I am always happy to see this excellent woman, and I could make myself much comfort from her kindness, which is of the very warmest sort; but she also fears to show it, lest it involve Mr. de Luc in ill-consequences. She therefore only comes to me by stealth, making all her public visits above-stairs, and then gliding softly down, as carefully, though not quite so terrified, as Miss Mawr.

The Misses S—— I had seen formerly at Brighthelmstone, and their mother, who came to remind me of having there met her.

Dr. Herschel was there, and accompanied them very sweetly on the violin; his new-married wife was with him, and his sister. His wife seems good-natured; she was rich, too! and astronomers are as able as other men to discern that gold can glitter as well as stars.

Dr. Hunter* was also there, who has lately written a Biographical Commentary on the Bible, but I had no conversation with him.

This little visit was not quite so well understood as I had expected, so I shall take the same step no more—that's all!

OCTOBER 6TH.—General Grenville is now stationed here, his own regiment being quartered at Windsor. I begin to find I shall like him better; his extreme *ennui* and shy indolence do him injustice: there seems worth and good-humour, and even a disposition to sport, veiled under this listless mist.

* Dr. Henry Hunter, born in 1741 at Culross, in Perthshire. He early distinguished himself for his scholarship. Appointed Pastor of a Scotch Church in London in 1771. Died in 1802.

OCTOBER 9TH.—I go on now pretty well; and I am so much acquainted with my party, that when no strangers are added, I begin to mind nothing but the first *entrée* of my male visitants. My Royal mistress is all sweetness to me; Miss Planta is most kind and friendly; General Budé is ever the same, and ever what I do not wish to alter; Colonel Goldsworthy seems coming round to good-humour; and even General Grenville begins to grow sociable. He has quitted the corner into which he used to cast his long figure, merely to yawn and lounge; and though yawn and lounge he does still, and must, I believe, to the end of the chapter, he yet does it in society, and mixes between it loud sudden laughter at what is occasionally said, and even here and there a question relative to what is going forward. Nay—yes—terday he even seated himself at the tea-table, and amused himself by playing with my work-box, and making sundry inquiries about its contents.

So now, I believe, I am entered into good-fellowship with them all. I have also a good deal of leisure, and it is quiet and uncontrolled. So, altogether, things never have been smoother though serenity cannot well have less of interest in it. Serenity, however, it is, and gratefully I welcome it.

OCTOBER 10TH.—This evening, most unwittingly, I put my new neighbour's good-humour somewhat to the test. He asked me whether I had walked out in the morning? Yes, I answered, I always walked. "And in the Little Park?" cried he. Yes, I said, and to Old Windsor, and round the park wall, and along the banks of the Thames, and almost to Beaumont Lodge, and in the avenue of the Great Park, and in short, in all the vicinage of Windsor. "But in the Little Park?" he cried.

Still I did not understand him, but plainly answered, "Yes, this morning; and indeed many mornings."

"But did you see nothing—remark nothing there?"

"No, not that I recollect, except some soldiers drilling."

You never heard such a laugh as now broke forth from all—for, alas for my poor eyes, there had been in the Little Park General Grenville's whole regiment, with all his officers, and himself at their head!

Fortunately it is reckoned one of the finest in the King's service: this I mentioned, adding that else I could never again appear before him.

He affected to be vehemently affronted, but hardly knew how, even in joke, to appear so; and all the rest helped the matter on, by saying they should know now how to distinguish his regiment, which henceforth must always be called "the drill."

The truth is, as soon as I perceived a few red-coats I had turned another way, to avoid being marched at, and therefore their number and splendour had all been thrown away upon me.

SUNDAY, 12TH.—At the cathedral this morning the good Mdle. Montmollin told me she had just got thirteen Swiss friends who were come to Windsor to see her, and they all would like to see me. I made my excuse pretty honestly, but she urged me to do it with a simplicity very amusing, crying, "Oh, if you won't know my friends, you don't love me! my dear Miss Burney! and that is very a little ingrate, for I love you so moch! 'pon m'honneur, my dear Miss Burney!"

Still I assured her I could not encounter so many strangers. "Well, look then, now, and they will see you a littel!" I told her I could not distinguish them across the cathedral.

"Oh," she said, "you have such short eyes!"

I have made Madame la Fite very happy by inviting her for next Friday evening to tea, to meet Mr. Fairly. He is the only person of the establishment that she thinks has any merit beyond the chace; and she can never forget his having said of her, just before we went to Cheltenham, "Why, what have you done to Madame la Fite? she used to be so prim! and now she is foremost in conversation." She is charmed to have a change remarked that she is always addressing to me as a compliment, and she says, in return, *que ce M. Fairly a le même goût, puisque* she never remembered him so full of discourse.

TUESDAY, 14TH.—This evening I had again one of my old newspaper vexations. I observed my beaux communicating something one from the other, but softly, just as they were retiring to the concert-room, Colonel Goldsworthy marched up to my tea-table, and hastily saying "There, ma'am," he put a news-

paper on the table, and hurried out of the room with the greatest speed.

I read this paragraph:—"The literary silence of Miss Burney at present is much to be regretted. No novelist of the present time has a title to such public commendation as that lady; her characters are drawn with originality of design and strength of colouring, and her morality is of the purest and most elevated sort."

You will say, perhaps, Why be vexed? Why, my dearest friends, because every mention alarms me; I know not what may follow; and the original repugnance to being known returns with every panic. Indeed the more and the longer I look around me, the greater appears the danger of all public notice! Panegyric is as near to envy as abuse is to disgrace.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17TH.—Our return to Windsor is postponed till to-morrow. The King is not well; he has not been quite well some time, yet nothing I hope alarming, though there is an uncertainty as to his complaint not very satisfactory; so precious, too, is his health.

Miss Cambridge spent the whole morning with me, in kindness and confidence. My true value for her makes me always tenderly rejoice to see her.

I passed much of the day with the sweet Queen, who is now reading Hunter's "Lectures"* with me. They are very good, though not very striking.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18TH.—The King was this morning better. My Royal mistress told me Sir George Baker was to settle whether we returned to Windsor to-day or to-morrow.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19TH.—The Windsor journey is again postponed, and the King is but very indifferent. Heaven preserve him! there is something unspeakably alarming in his smallest indisposition.

I am very much with the Queen, who, I see, is very uneasy, but she talks not of it. She reads Hunter's "Discourses,"* and talks chiefly upon them.

I showed her to-day an excellent and very original letter I

* *Vide supra*, p. 45.

have received from good Mr. Hutton; but he concludes it, "I am, dear miss, your affectionate humble servant."

"Affectionate?" she repeated, "I did not know he was so tender."

We are to stay here some time longer, and so unprepared were we for more than a day or two, that our distresses are prodigious, even for clothes to wear; and as to books, there are not three amongst us; and for company, only Mr. de Luc and Miss Planta; and so, in mere desperation for employment, I have just begun a tragedy. We are now in so spiritless a situation that my mind would bend to nothing less sad, even in fiction. But I am very glad something of this kind has occurred to me; it may while away the tediousness of this unsettled, unoccupied, unpleasant period.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 20TH.—The King was taken very ill in the night, and we have all been cruelly frightened; but it went off, and, thank Heaven! he is now better.

I had all my morning devoted to receiving inquiring visits. Lady Effingham, Sir George Howard, Lady Frances Howard, all came from Stoke to obtain news of the King; his least illness spreads in a moment. Lady Frances Douglas came also. She is wife of the Archibald Douglas who caused the famous Hamilton trial in the House of Peers, for his claim to the Douglas name. She is fat, and clunch, and heavy, and ugly; otherwise, they say, agreeable enough.

Mr. Turbulent has been sent for, and he enlivens the scene somewhat. He is now all he should be, and so altered! scarce a flight left. He has opened his mind to me very much with regard to his affairs, &c., and this is a species of confidence I encourage to the utmost: it has that style of friendliness that interests with propriety, and it gives safe yet animating matter for tête-à-têtes, and those are unavoidable at times, situated as we now are.

TUESDAY, OCT. 21ST.—The good and excellent King is again better, and we expect to remove to Windsor in a day or two.

THURSDAY, OCT. 23RD.—The King continues to mend, thank

God! Saturday we hope to return to Windsor. Had not this composition fit seized me, societyless, and bookless, and viewless as I am, I know not how I could have whiled away my being; but my tragedy goes on, and fills up all vacancies.

SATURDAY, OCT. 25TH.—Yesterday was so much the same, I have not marked it; not so to-day. The King was so much better that our Windsor journey at length took place, with permission of Sir George Baker, the only physician his Majesty will admit. Miss Cambridge was with me to the last moment.

I have been hanging up a darling remembrance of my revered, incomparable Mrs. Delany. Her Sacharissa is now over my chimney. I could not at first bear it, but now I look at it, and call her back to my mind's eye perpetually. This, like the tragedy I have set about, suits the turn of things in this habitation.

I had a sort of conference with his Majesty, or rather I was the object to whom he spoke, with a manner so uncommon, that a high fever alone could account for it; a rapidity, a hoarseness of voice, a volubility, an earnestness—a vehemence, rather—it startled me inexpressibly; yet with a graciousness exceeding even all I ever met with before—it was almost kindness!

Heaven—Heaven preserve him! The Queen grows more and more uneasy. She alarms me sometimes for herself, at other times she has a sedateness that wonders me still more.

I commune now with my dearest friends every morning, upon the affairs of the preceding day. Alas! how little can I commune with them in any other way!

SUNDAY, OCT. 26TH.—The King was prevailed upon not to go to chapel this morning. I met him in the passage from the Queen's room; he stopped me, and conversed upon his health near half an hour, still with that extreme quickness of speech and manner that belongs to fever; and he hardly sleeps, he tells me, one minute all night; indeed, if he recovers not his rest, a most delirious fever seems to threaten him. He is all agitation, all emotion, yet all benevolence and goodness, even to a degree that makes it touching to hear him speak. He assures everybody of his health; he seems only fearful to give uneasiness to

others, yet certainly he is better than last night. Nobody speaks of his illness, nor what they think of it.

The Bishop of Peterborough is made Dean of Durham, and I am glad, for old acquaintance sake.

OCT. 29TH.—The dear and good King again gains ground, and the Queen becomes easier.

To-day Miss Planta told me she heard Mr. Fairly was confined at Sir R—— F——'s, and therefore she would now lay any wager he was to marry Miss F——.

In the evening I inquired what news of him of General Budé. he told me he was still confined at a friend's house, but avoided naming where—probably from suggesting that, however little truth there may yet have been in the report, more may belong to it from this particular intercourse.

SATURDAY, NOV. 1ST.—Our King does not advance in amendment; he grows so weak that he walks like a gouty man, yet has such spirits that he has talked away his voice, and is so hoarse it is painful to hear him. The Queen is evidently in great uneasiness. God send him better!

She read to me to-day a lecture of Hunter's. I have named that work, I believe: it is a Biographical Commentary on the Old Testament, extremely well done with respect to orthodox principles and moral inferences, and in pleasing and alluring language; a book worth much commendation, but of no genius; there is nothing original in the statement of facts, or in the reflections they produce. I would not recommend it to Mr. Locke, but I read it without murmuring at loss of time myself, and I would heartily recommend it to my Fredy, for her own little congregation, as it is all good, and *there* would not be all obvious.

During the reading this morning, twice, at pathetic passages, my poor Queen shed tears. "How nervous I am!" she cried; "I am quite a fool! Don't you think so?"

"No, ma'am!" was all I dared answer.

She revived, however, finished the lecture, and went upstairs and played upon the Princess Augusta's harpsichord.

The King was hunting. Her anxiety for his return was

greater than ever. The moment he arrived he sent a page to desire to have coffee and take his bark in the Queen's dressing-room. She said she would pour it out herself, and sent to inquire how he drank it.

The King is very sensible of the great change there is in himself, and of her disturbance at it. It seems, but Heaven avert it! a threat of a total breaking up of the constitution. This, too, seems his own idea. I was present at his first seeing Lady Effingham on his return to Windsor this last time. "My dear Effy," he cried, "you see me, all at once, an old man."

I was so much affected by this exclamation, that I wished to run out of the room. Yet I could not but recover when Lady Effingham, in her well-meaning but literal way, composedly answered, "We must all grow old, sir; I am sure I do."

He then produced a walking-stick which he had just ordered. "He could not," he said, "get on without it; his strength seemed diminishing hourly."

He took the bark, he said; "But the *Queen*," he cried, "is my physician, and no man need have a better; she is my *Friend*, and no man *can* have a better."

How the Queen commanded herself I cannot conceive; but there was something so touching in this speech, from his hoarse voice and altered countenance, that it overset me very much.

Nor can I ever forget him in what passed this night. When I came to the Queen's dressing-room he was still with her. He constantly conducts her to it before he retires to his own. He was begging her not to speak to him when he got to his room, that he might fall asleep, as he felt great want of that refreshment. He repeated this desire, I believe, at least a hundred times, though, far enough from needing it, the poor Queen never uttered one syllable! He then applied to me, saying he was really very well, except in that one particular, that he could not sleep.

The kindness and benevolence of his manner all this time was most penetrating: he seemed to have no anxiety but to set the Queen at rest and no wish but to quiet and give pleasure to

all around him. To me he never yet spoke with such excess of benignity : he appeared even solicitous to satisfy me that he should do well, and to spare all alarm ; but there was a hurry in his manner and voice that indicated sleep to be indeed wanted. Nor could I, all night, forbear foreseeing "He sleeps now, or to-morrow he will be surely delirious!"

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2ND.—The King was better, and prevailed upon to give up going to the early prayers. The Queen and Princesses went. After they were gone, and I was following towards my room, the King called after me, and he kept me in discourse a full half-hour ; nearly all the time they were away.

It was all to the same purport ; that he was well, but wanted more rest ; yet he said he had slept the last night like a child. But his manner, still, was so touchingly kind, so softly gracious, that it doubled my concern to see him so far from well.

I invited Miss Ariana Egerton this evening, to assist me with my officers ; General Sir William Fawcett being added to Generals Grenville and Budé and Colonel Goldsworthy. We all do mighty well, and General Grenville is now the most social amongst them ! Having once thrown aside his disposition to be *loup-garou*, he seems to enjoy the change himself, and very pleasantly makes it enjoyed by us all. He comes regularly to my tea-table, though tea he holds bad for his nerves, and never drinks ; he examines whatever I am about, and amuses himself with questions and comments, extremely dry and ridiculous. Yesterday, in a fit of *nonchalance*, he took my Fredy's work-box, which is my repository for all public stores, and fairly untied the lid and opened it ; and then began taking up its contents, one by one, and looking into its several compartments, not aware, I believe, of what he was doing, till Colonel Goldsworthy exclaimed "Pray who gave you leave to do that ?—upon my word—very familiar ?"

He laughed very heartily, but shut it up ; taking, the next minute, a threaded needle from my work, and beginning to sew his own fingers.

"Look you there, now !" cried the Colonel, "Oh, poor gentleman, far gone indeed !—he is sewing his own fingers !"

"'Tis only a little *galanterie*," cried he, "to have something to carry about me of Miss Burney's."

"And you'll take care," cried General Budé, "Miss Burney shall have something to remember you by, without a memorandum, for you have put all her work into confusion."

He is now waiting for the King to review his regiment, the Welsh Fusileers, which I so unfortunately took for a few soldiers drilling! But the King has not yet been well enough to fix a day.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3RD. — The birthday of the Princess Sophia. I had received the beautiful birthday offering yesterday from my Fredy, and this morning I carried it to the Lower Lodge, where it was very prettily welcomed.

I have exerted myself to do the honours a little in the establishment on Saturday next the 8th, for the Princess Augusta's birthday. I have invited Miss Gomme and Mdlle. Montmoulin to dinner, and poor Madame la Fite, who is also to stay the evening. For me, this is being very grand; but the truth is, I find it wholly expected amongst the household on the elder birthdays.

However, we are all here in a most uneasy state. The King is better and worse so frequently, and changes so, daily, backwards and forwards, that everything is to be apprehended, if his nerves are not some way quieted. I dreadfully fear he is on the eve of some severe fever. The Queen is almost overpowered with some secret terror. I am affected beyond all expression in her presence, to see what struggles she makes to support serenity. To-day she gave up the conflict when I was alone with her, and burst into a violent fit of tears. It was very, very terrible to see! How did I wish her a Susan or a Fredy! To unburthen her loaded mind would be to relieve it from all but inevitable affliction. Oh, may Heaven in its mercy never, never drive me to that solitary anguish more! — I have tried what it would do; I speak from bitter recollection of past melancholy experience.

Sometimes she walks up and down the room without uttering a word, but shaking her head frequently, and in evident distress

and irresolution. She is often closeted with Miss Goldsworthy, of whom, I believe, she makes inquiry how her brother has found the King, from time to time.

The Princes both came to Kew, in several visits to the King. The Duke of York has also been here, and his fond father could hardly bear the pleasure of thinking him anxious for his health. "So good," he says, "is Frederick!"

To-night, indeed, at tea-time, I felt a great shock, in hearing from General Budé, that Dr. Heberden had been called in. It is true more assistance seemed much wanting, yet the King's rooted aversion to physicians makes any new-comer tremendous. They said, too, it was a rely for counsel, not that his Majesty was worse.

Ah, my dearest friends! I have no more fair running journal: I kept not now even a memorandum for some time, but I made them by recollection afterwards, and very fully, for not a circumstance could escape a memory that seems now to retain nothing but present events.

I will copy the sad period, however, for my Susan and Fredy will wish to know how it passed; and, though the very prospect of the task involuntarily dejects me, a thousand things are connected with it that must make all that can follow unintelligible without it.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4TH.—Passed much the same as the days preceding it; the Queen in deep distress, the King in a state almost incomprehensible, and all the house uneasy and alarmed. The drawing-room was again put off, and a steady residence seemed fixed at Windsor.

WEDNESDAY. NOVEMBER 5TH.—Oh dreadful day! My very heart has so sickened in looking over my memorandums, that I was forced to go to other employments. I will not, however, omit its narration. 'Tis too interesting ever to escape my own memory, and my dear friends have never yet had the beginning of the thread which led to all the terrible scenes of which they have variously heard.

I found my poor Royal Mistress, in the morning, sad and

sadder still; something horrible seemed impending, and I saw her whole resource was in religion. We had talked lately much upon solemn subjects, and she appeared already preparing herself to be resigned for whatever might happen.

I was still wholly unsuspecting of the greatness of the cause she had for dread. Illness, a breaking up of the constitution, the payment of sudden infirmity and premature old age for the waste of unguarded health and strength—these seemed to me the threats awaiting her; and great and grievous enough, yet how short of the fact!

I had given up my walks some days; I was too uneasy to quit the house while the Queen remained at home, and she now never left it. Even Lady Effingham, the last two days, could not obtain admission; she could only hear from a page how the Royal Family went on.

At noon the King went out in his chaise, with the Princess Royal, for an airing. I looked from my window to see him; he was all smiling benignity, but gave so many orders to the postilions, and got in and out of the carriage twice, with such agitation, that again my fear of a great fever hanging over him grew more and more powerful. Alas! how little did I imagine I should see him no more for so long—so black a period!

When I went to my poor Queen, still worse and worse I found her spirits. She had been greatly offended by some anecdote in a newspaper—the “Morning Herald”—relative to the King’s indisposition. She declared the printer should be called to account. She bid me burn the paper, and ruminated upon who could be employed to represent to the editor that he must answer at his peril any further such treasonable paragraphs. I named to her Mr. Fairly, her own servant, and one so peculiarly fitted for any office requiring honour and discretion. “Is he here then?” she cried. “No,” I answered, but he was expected in a few days.

I saw her concurrence with this proposal. The Princess Royal soon returned. She came in cheerfully, and gave, in German, a history of the airing, and one that seemed comforting.

Soon after, suddenly arrived the Prince of Wales. He came into the room. He had just quitted Brighthelmstone. Some-

thing passing within seemed to render this meeting awfully distant on both sides. She asked if he should not return to Brighthelmstone? He answered yes, the next day. He desired to speak with her; they retired together.

I had but just reached my own room, deeply musing on the state of things, when a chaise stopped at the rails; and I saw Mr. Fairly and his son Charles alight, and enter the house. He walked lamely, and seemed not yet recovered from his late attack.

Though most happy to see him at this alarming time, when I knew he could be most useful, as there is no one to whom the Queen opens so confidentially upon her affairs, I had yet a fresh start to see, by his anticipated arrival, though still lame, that he must have been sent for and hurried hither.

Only Miss Planta dined with me. We were both nearly silent: I was shocked at I scarcely knew what, and she seemed to know too much for speech. She stayed with me till six o'clock, but nothing passed, beyond general solicitude that the King might get better.

To keep my promise with Madame la Fite, I made Columb go and watch her coming to Princess Elizabeth, and invite her for tea.

Meanwhile, a stillness the most uncommon reigned over the whole house. Nobody stirred; not a voice was heard; not a motion. I could do nothing but watch, without knowing for what: there seemed a strangeness in the house most extraordinary.

At seven o'clock Columb came to tell me that the music was all forbid, and the musicians ordered away!

This was the last step to be expected, so fond as his Majesty is of his Concert, and I thought it might have rather soothed him: I could not understand the prohibition; all seemed stranger and stranger.

At eight o'clock Madame la Fite came. She had just left the Princess Elizabeth, and left her very miserable, but knew not why. The Queen, too, she said, was ill. She was herself in the dark, or thought it necessary so to seem.

Very late came General Budé. He looked extremely uncomfortable. I could have made inquiries of him with ease, as to the order about the Court; but he loves not to open before poor Madame La Fite.

Later still came Colonel Goldsworthy: his countenance all gloom, and his voice scarce articulating no or yes. General Grenville was gone to town.

General Budé asked me if I had seen Mr. Fairly; and last of all, at length he also entered.

How grave he looked! how shut up in himself! A silent bow was his only salutation; how changed I thought it—and how fearful a meeting, so long expected as a solace!

Scarcely a word was spoken, except by poor Madame la Fite, who made some few attempts to renew her acquaintance with her favourite, but they were vain. He was all absorbed in distant gravity.

Colonel Goldsworthy was called away: I heard his voice whispering some time in the passage, but he did not return.

Various small speeches now dropped, by which I found the house was all in disturbance, and the King in some strange way worse, and the Queen taken ill!

Poor Madame la Fite, disappointed of a long-promised evening, and much disturbed by the general face of things, when she had drunk her tea, rose to go. I could not oppose, and Mr. Fairly hastened to help her on with her cloak, and to open the door.

A little less guardedly now, the two gentlemen spoke of the state of the house, but in terms so alarming, I had not courage to demand an explanation; I dreadfully awaited to catch their meaning, gradually, as I could, unasked.

At length, General Budé said he would go and see if any one was in the music-room. Mr. Fairly said he thought he had better not accompany him, for as he had not yet been seen, his appearance might excite fresh emotion. The General agreed and went.

We were now alone. But I could not speak: neither did Mr. Fairly; I worked—I had begun a hassock for my Fredy. A

long and serious pause made me almost turn sick with anxious wonder and fear, and an inward trembling totally disabled me from asking the actual situation of things ; if I had not had my work, to employ my eyes and hands, I must have left the room to quiet myself.

I fancy he penetrated into all this, though, at first, he had concluded me informed of everything ; but he now, finding me silent, began an inquiry whether I was yet acquainted how bad all was become, and how ill the King ?

I really had no utterance for very alarm, but my look was probably sufficient ; he kindly saved me any questions, and related to me the whole of the mysterious horror !

Oh, my dear friends, what a history ! The King, at dinner, had broken forth into positive delirium, which long had been menacing all who saw him most closely ; and the Queen was so overpowered as to fall into violent hysterics. All the Princesses were in misery, and the Prince of Wales had burst into tears. No one knew what was to follow—no one could conjecture the event.

He spoke of the poor Queen in terms of the most tender compassion ; he pitied her, he said, from the bottom of his soul ; and all her sweet daughters, the lovely Princesses—there was no knowing to what we might look forward for them all !

I was an almost silent listener ; but, having expressed himself very warmly for all the principal sufferers, he kindly, and with interest, examined me. "How," he cried, "are you ? Are you strong ? are you stout ?—can you go through such scenes as these ? you do not look much fitted for them."

"I shall do very well," I cried, "for, at a time such as this, I shall surely forget myself utterly. The Queen will be all to me. I shall hardly, I think, feel myself at liberty to be unhappy !"

He was not yet well himself ; he had had an attack of gout upon the road. He had quitted his sister, and, in a visit in the journey back, he was seized. He had the advantage, there, of very good medical help. He got on to town as soon as it was possible, and meant there to have nursed himself well by Saturday,

had not the ill accounts from Windsor hastened him hither at once.

He stayed with me all the evening, during which we heard no voice, no sound ! all was deadly still ! At ten o'clock I said, "I must go to my own room, to be in waiting." He determined upon remaining downstairs, in the Equerries' department, there to wait some intelligence. We parted in mutual expectation of dreadful tidings. In separating, he took my hand, and earnestly recommended me to keep myself stout and firm.

If this beginning of the night was affecting, what did it not grow afterwards ! Two long hours I waited—alone, in silence, in ignorance, in dread ! I thought they would never be over ; at twelve o'clock I seemed to have spent two whole days in waiting. I then opened my door, to listen, in the passage, if anything seemed stirring. Not a sound could I hear. My apartment seemed wholly separated from life and motion. Whoever was in the house kept at the other end, and not even a servant crossed the stairs or passage by my rooms.

I would fain have crept on myself, anywhere in the world, for some inquiry, or to see but a face, and hear a voice, but I did not dare risk losing a sudden summons.

I re-entered my room, and there passed another endless hour, in conjectures too horrible to relate.

A little after one, I heard a step—my door opened—and a page said I must come to the Queen.

I could hardly get along—hardly force myself into the room ; dizzy I felt, almost to falling. But the first shock passed, I became more collected. Useful, indeed, proved the previous lesson of the evening : it had stilled, if not mortified my mind, which had else, in a scene such as this, been all tumult and emotion.

My poor Royal mistress ! never can I forget her countenance—pale, ghastly pale she looked ; she was seated to be undressed, and attended by Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave and Miss Goldsworthy ; her whole frame was disordered, yet she was still and quiet.

These two ladies assisted me to undress her, or rather I

assisted them, for they were firmer, from being longer present ; my shaking hands and blinded eyes could scarce be of any use.

I gave her some camphor julep, which had been ordered her by Sir George Baker.* “How cold I am !” she cried, and put her hand on mine ; marble it felt ! and went to my heart’s core !

The King, at the instance of Sir George Baker, had consented to sleep in the next apartment, as the Queen was ill. For himself, he would listen to nothing. Accordingly, a bed was put up for him, by his own order, in the Queen’s second dressing-room, immediately adjoining to the bed-room. He would not be further removed. Miss Goldsworthy was to sit up with her, by the King’s direction.

I would fain have remained in the little dressing-room, on the other side the bed-room, but she would not permit it. She ordered Sandys, her wardrobe-woman, in the place of Mrs. Thielky, to sit up there. Lady Elizabeth also pressed to stay ; but we were desired to go to our own rooms.

How reluctantly did I come away ! how hardly to myself leave her ! Yet I went to bed, determined to preserve my strength to the utmost of my ability, for the service of my unhappy mistress. I could not, however, sleep. I do not suppose an eye was closed in the house all night.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6TH.—I rose at six, dressed in haste by candle-light, and unable to wait for my summons in a suspense so awful, I stole along the passage in the dark, a thick fog intercepting all faint light, to see if I could meet with Sandys, or any one, to tell me how the night had passed.

When I came to the little dressing-room, I stopped, irresolute what to do. I heard men’s voices ; I was seized with the most cruel alarm at such a sound in her Majesty’s dressing-room. I waited some time, and then the door opened, and I saw Colonel Goldsworthy and Mr. Battersecomb. I was relieved from my first apprehension, yet shocked enough to see them there at this early hour. They had both sat up there all night, as well as Sandys. Every page, both of the King and Queen, had also sat

* Physician in Ordinary to the King, born in Devon, 1722, created a baronet in 1766. Died in 1809.

up, dispersed in the passages and ante-rooms; and O what horror in every face I met!

I waited here, amongst them, till Sandys was ordered by the Queen to carry her a pair of gloves. I could not resist the opportunity to venture myself before her. I glided into the room, but stopped at the door: she was in bed, sitting up; Miss Goldsworthy was on a stool by her side!

I feared approaching without permission, yet could not prevail with myself to retreat. She was looking down, and did not see me. Miss Goldsworthy, turning round, said, "'Tis Miss Burney, ma'am."

She leaned her head forward, and in a most soft manner said, "Miss Burney, how are you?"

Deeply affected, I hastened up to her, but, in trying to speak burst into an irresistible torrent of tears.

My dearest friends, I do it at this moment again, and can hardly write for them; yet I wish you to know all this piercing history right.

She looked like death—colourless and wan; but nature is infectious; the tears gushed from her own eyes, and a perfect agony of weeping ensued, which, once begun, she could not stop; she did not, indeed, try; for when it subsided, and she wiped her eyes, she said, "I thank you, Miss Burney—you have made me cry; it is a great relief to me—I had not been able to cry before, all this night long."

Oh what a scene followed! what a scene was related! The King, in the middle of the night, had insisted upon seeing if his Queen was not removed from the house; and he had come into her room, with a candle in his hand, opened the bed-curtains, and satisfied himself she was there, and Miss Goldsworthy by her side. This observance of his directions had much soothed him; but he stayed a full half hour, and the depth of terror during that time no words can paint. The fear of such another entrance was now so strongly upon the nerves of the poor Queen that she could hardly support herself.

The King—the Royal sufferer—was still in the next room, attended by Sir George Baker and Dr. Heberden, and his pages,

with Colonel Goldsworthy occasionally, and as he called for him. He kept talking unceasingly; his voice was so lost in hoarseness and weakness, it was rendered almost inarticulate; but its tone was still all benevolence—all kindness—all touching graciousness.

It was thought advisable the Queen should not rise, lest the King should be offended that she did not go to him; at present he was content, because he conceived her to be nursing for her illness.

But what a situation for her! She would not let me leave her now; she made me remain in the room, and ordered me to sit down. I was too trembling to refuse. Lady Elizabeth soon joined us. We all three stayed with her; she frequently bid me listen, to hear what the King was saying or doing. I did, and carried the best accounts I could manage, without deviating from truth, except by some omissions. Nothing could be so afflicting as this task; even now, it brings fresh to my ear his poor exhausted voice. "I am nervous," he cried; "I am not ill, but I am nervous: if you would know what is the matter with me, I am nervous. But I love you both very well; if you would tell me truth: I love Dr. Heberden best, for he has not told me a lie: Sir George has told me a lie—a white lie, he says, but I hate a white lie! If you will tell me a lie, let it be a black lie!"

This was what he kept saying almost constantly, mixed in with other matter, but always returning, and in a voice that truly will never cease vibrating in my recollection.

The Queen permitted me to make her breakfast and attend her, and was so affectingly kind and gentle in her distress, that I felt a tenderness of sorrow for her that almost devoted my whole mind to her alone!

Miss Goldsworthy was a fixture at her side; I therefore provided her breakfast also.

Lady Elizabeth was sent out on inquiries of Colonel Goldsworthy, and Mr. Batterscomb, and the pages, every ten minutes; while I, at the same intervals, was ordered to listen to what passed in the room, and give warning if anything seemed to threaten another entrance.

The behaviour of Lady Elizabeth was a pattern of propriety for her situation. She was quiet, gentle, serene, full of respect and attention, and kind concern.

She got some breakfast, standing, in the little dressing-room, while waiting for an answer to one of her messages; she wished me to do the same, but I could not eat. She afterwards told the Queen I had had nothing, and I was then ordered to go and make reparation in my room.

The Queen bid me bring the Prayer-Book and read the morning service to her. I could hardly do it, the poor voice from the next room was so perpetually in my ears.

You may suppose a thousand things to be said and to pass that I never would write; all I have put down was known to other witnesses.

When I came to my room, about twelve o'clock, for some breakfast, I found a letter from Lady Carmarthen.* It was an answer to my congratulation upon her marriage, and written with honest happiness and delight. She frankly calls herself the luckiest of all God's creatures; and this, if not elegant, is sincere, and I hope will be permanently her opinion.

While swallowing my breakfast, standing and in haste, and the door ajar, I heard Mr. Fairly's voice, saying, "Is Miss Burney there? is she alone?" and then he sent in Columb, to inquire if he might come and ask me how I did.

I received him with as much gladness as I could then feel, but it was a melancholy reception. I consulted with him upon many points in which I wanted counsel: he is quick and deep at once in expedients where anything is to be done, and simple and clear in explaining himself where he thinks it is best to do nothing. Miss Goldsworthy herself had once stolen out to consult with him. He became, indeed, for all who belonged to the Queen, from this moment the oracle.

Dr. Warren had been sent for express, in the middle of the night, at the desire of Sir George Baker, because he had been taken ill himself, and felt unequal to the whole toil.

* Catharine, daughter of Thomas Anguish, Esq. In October, 1788, she became the second wife of Francis Godolphin, Marquis of Carmarthen.

I returned speedily to the room of woe. The arrival of the physicians was there grievously awaited, for Dr. Heberden and Sir George would now decide upon nothing till Dr. Warren* came. The poor Queen wanted something very positive to pass, relative to her keeping away, which seemed thought essential at this time, though the courage to assert it was wanting in everybody.

The Princesses sent to ask leave to come to their mother. She burst into tears, and declared she could neither see them, nor pray, while in this dreadful situation, expecting every moment to be broken in upon, and quite uncertain in what manner, yet determined not to desert her apartment, except by express direction from the physicians. Who could tell to what height the delirium might rise? There was no constraint, no power: all feared the worst, yet none dared take any measures for security.

The Princes also sent word they were at her Majesty's command, but she shrunk still more from this interview: it filled her with a thousand dreadful sensations, too obvious to be wholly hid.

At length news was brought that Dr. Warren was arrived. I never felt so rejoiced; I could have run out to welcome him with rapture.

With what cruel impatience did we then wait to hear his sentence! An impatience how fruitless! It ended in information that he had not seen the King, who refused him admittance.

This was terrible. But the King was never so despotic; no one dared oppose him. He would not listen to a word, though, when unopposed, he was still all gentleness and benignity to every one around him.

Dr. Warren was then planted where he could hear his voice and all that passed, and receive intelligence concerning his pulse, &c., from Sir George Baker.

We now expected every moment Dr. Warren would bring her Majesty his opinion; but he neither came nor sent. She waited

* Dr. Richard Warren was born about 1732, and attained great eminence in his profession. He was a Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and was Physician in Ordinary to George III. and the Prince of Wales. He died in 1797.

in dread incessant. She sent for Sir George—he would not speak alone: she sent for Mr. Hawkins, the household surgeon; but all referred to Dr. Warren.

Lady Elizabeth and Miss Goldsworthy earnestly pressed her to remove to a more distant apartment, where she might not hear the unceasing voice of the unhappy King; but she would only rise and go to the little dressing-room, there to wait in her night-clothes Dr. Warren's determination what step she should take.

At length Lady Elizabeth learnt among the pages that Dr. Warren had quitted his post of watching.

The poor Queen now, in a torrent of tears, prepared herself for seeing him.

He came not.

All astonished and impatient, Lady Elizabeth was sent out on inquiries.

She returned, and said Dr. Warren was gone.

"Run! stop him!" was the Queen's next order. "Let him but let me know what I am to do."

Poor, poor Queen! how I wept to hear those words!

Abashed and distressed, poor Lady Elizabeth returned. She had seen Colonel Goldsworthy, and heard Dr. Warren, with the other two physicians, had left the house too far to be recalled; they were gone over to the Castle, to the Prince of Wales.

I think a deeper blow I had never witnessed. Already to become but second, even for the King! The tears were now wiped: indignation arose, with pain, the severest pain, of every species.

In about a quarter of an hour Colonel Goldsworthy sent in to beg an audience. It was granted, a long cloak only being thrown over the Queen.

He now brought the opinion of all the physicians in consultation, "That her Majesty would remove to a more distant apartment, since the King would undoubtedly be worse from the agitation of seeing her, and there could be no possibility to prevent it while she remained so near."

She instantly agreed, but with what bitter anguish! Lady Elizabeth, Miss Goldsworthy, and myself attended her; she went

to an apartment in the same row, but to which there was no entrance except by its own door. It consisted of only two rooms, a bed-chamber, and a dressing-room. They are appropriated to the lady-in-waiting, when she is here.

At the entrance into this new habitation the poor wretched Queen once more gave way to a perfect agony of grief and affliction; while the words "What will become of me! What will become of me!" uttered with the most piercing lamentation, struck deep and hard into all our hearts. Never can I forget their desponding sound; they implied such complicated apprehensions.

Instantly now the Princesses were sent for. The three elder hastened down. Oh, what a meeting! They all, from a habit that is become a second nature, struggled to repress all outward grief, though the Queen herself, wholly overcome, wept even aloud.

They all went into the bedroom, and the Queen made a slight dressing, but only wore a close gauze cap, and her long dressing-gown, which is a dimity chemise.

I was then sent back to the little dressing-room, for something that was left; as I opened the door, I almost ran against a gentleman close to it in the passage.

"Is the Queen here?" he cried, and then I saw the Prince of Wales.

"Yes," I answered, shuddering at this new scene for her. "should I tell her Majesty your Royal Highness is here?"

This I said lest he should surprise her. But he did not intend that: he was profoundly respectful, and consented to wait at the door while I went in, but called me back, as I turned away, to add, "You will be so good to say I am come by her orders."

She wept a deluge of tears when I delivered my commission, but instantly admitted him.

I then retreated. The other two ladies went to Lady Elizabeth's room, which is next the Queen's new apartments.

In the passage I was again stopped; it was by Mr. Fairly. I would have hurried on, scarce able to speak, but he desired to know how the Queen did. "Very bad" was all I could say, and

on I hastened to my own room, which, the next minute, I would as eagerly have hastened to quit, from its distance from all that was going forward; but now once the Prince had entered the Queen's rooms, I could go thither no more unsummoned.

Miserable, lonely, and filled with dreadful conjectures, I remained here till a very late dinner brought Miss Planta to the dining-parlour, where I joined her.

After a short and dismal meal we immediately parted: she to wait in the apartments of the Princesses above stairs, in case of being wanted; I to my own solitary parlour.

The Prince of Wales and Duke of York stayed here all the day, and were so often in and out of the Queen's rooms that no one could enter them but by order. The same etiquette is observed when the Princes are with the Queen as when the King is there—no interruption whatever is made. I now, therefore, lost my only consolation at this calamitous time, that of attending my poor Royal Mistress.

Alone wholly, without seeing a human being, or gathering any, the smallest intelligence of what was going forwards, I remained till tea-time.

Impatient then for information, I planted myself in the eating-parlour; but no one came. Every minute seemed an hour. I grew as anxious for the tea-society as heretofore I had been anxious to escape it; but so late it grew, and so hopeless, that Columb came to propose bringing the water.

No; for I could swallow nothing voluntarily.

In a few minutes he came again, and with the compliments of Mr. Fairly, who desired him to tell me he would wait upon me to tea whenever I pleased.

A little surprised at this single message, but most truly rejoiced, I returned my compliments, with an assurance that all time was the same to me.

He came directly, and indeed his very sight, at this season of still horror and silent suspense, was a repose to my poor aching eyes.

"You will see," he said, "nobody else. The physicians being now here, Colonel Goldsworthy thought it right to order tea for

the whole party in the music-room, which we have now agreed to make the general waiting-room for us all. It is near the King, and we ought always to be at hand."

Our tea was very sad. He gave me no hope of a short seizure; he saw it, in perspective, as long as it was dreadful: perhaps even worse than long, he thought it—but that he said not. He related to me the whole of the day's transactions, but my most dear and most honourable friends will be the first to forgive me when I promise that I shall commit nothing to paper on this terrible event that is told me in confidence.

He did not stay long: he did not think it right to leave his waiting friends for any time, nor could I wish it, valued as I know he is by them all, and much as they need his able counsel.

He left me plunged in a deep gloom, yet he was not gloomy himself; he sees evils as things of course, and bears them, therefore, as things expected. But he was tenderly touched for the poor Queen and the Princesses.

Not till one in the morning did I see another face, and then I attended my poor unhappy Queen. She was now fixed in her new apartments, bedroom and dressing-room, and stirred not a step but from one to the other. Fortunately all are upon the ground-floor, both for King and Queen; so are the two Lady Waldegraves' and mine; the Princesses and Miss Planta, as usual, are upstairs, and the gentlemen lodge above them.

Miss Goldsworthy had now a bed put up in the Queen's new bedroom. She had by no means health to go on sitting up, and it had been the poor King's own direction that she should remain with the Queen. It was settled that Mrs. Sandys and Miss Macenton should alternately sit up in the dressing-room.

The Queen would not permit me to take that office, though most gladly I would have taken any that would have kept me about her. But she does not think my strength sufficient. She allowed me, however, to stay with her till she was in bed, which I had never done till now; I never, indeed, had even seen her in her bedroom till the day before. She has always had the kindness and delicacy to dismiss me from her dressing-room as soon as I have assisted her with her night-clothes; the wardrobe-

woman then was summoned, and I regularly made my curtsey. It was a satisfaction to me, however, now to leave her the last, and to come to her the first.

Her present dressing-room is also her dining-room, her drawing-room, her sitting-room; she has nothing else but her bedroom!

I left her with my fervent prayers for better times, and saw her nearer to composure than I had believed possible in such a calamity. She called to her aid her religion, and without it what, indeed, must have become of her? It was near two in the morning when I quitted her.

In passing through the dressing-room to come away, I found Miss Goldsworthy in some distress how to execute a commission of the Queen's: it was to her brother, who was to sit up in a room adjoining to the King's; and she was undressed, and knew not how to go to him, as the Princes were to and fro everywhere. I offered to call him to her; she thankfully accepted the proposal. I cared not, just then, whom I encountered, so I could make myself of any use.

When I gently opened the door of the apartment to which I was directed, I found it was quite filled with gentlemen and attendants, arranged round it on chairs and sofas, in dead silence.

It was a dreadful start with which I retreated; for anything more alarming and shocking could not be conceived: the poor King within another door, unconscious any one was near him, and thus watched, by dread necessity, at such an hour of the night! I pronounced the words "Colonel Goldsworthy," however, before I drew back, though I could not distinguish one gentleman from another, except the two Princes, by their stars.

I waited in the next room; but instead of Colonel Goldsworthy, my call was answered by Mr. Fairly. I acquainted him with my errand. He told me he had himself insisted that Colonel Goldsworthy should go to bed, as he had sat up all the preceding night, and he had undertaken to supply his place.

I went back to Miss Goldsworthy with this account. She begged me to entreat Mr. Fairly would come to her, as she must

now make the commission devolve on him, and could less than ever appear herself, as they were all assembled in such a party.

Mr. Fairly most considerately had remained in this quiet room, to see if anything more might be wanted, which spared me the distress of again intruding into the public room.

I begged him to follow, and we were proceeding to the dressing room, when I was stopped by a gentleman, who said, "Does the Queen want anybody?"

It was the Prince of Wales. "Not the Queen, sir," I answered, "but Miss Goldsworthy has desired to see Mr. Fairly."

He let me pass, but stopped Mr. Fairly; and, as he seemed inclined to detain him some time, I only told Miss Goldsworthy what had retarded him, and made off to my own room, and soon after two o'clock, I believe, I was in bed.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7TH.—I was now arrived at a sort of settled regularity of life more melancholy than can possibly be described. I rose at six, dressed, and hastened to the Queen's apartments, uncalled, and there waited in silence and in the dark till I heard her move or speak with Miss Goldsworthy, and then presented myself to the bedside of the unhappy Queen. She sent Miss Goldsworthy early every morning, to make inquiry what sort of night his Majesty had passed; and in the middle of the night she commonly also sent for news by the wardrobe-woman, or Miss Macenton, whichever sat up.

She dismissed Miss Goldsworthy, on my arrival, to dress herself. Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave accommodated her with her own room for that purpose.

I had then a long conference with this most patient sufferer; and equal forbearance and quietness during a period of suspensive unhappiness never have I seen, never could I have imagined.

At noon now I never saw her, which I greatly regretted; but she kept on her dressing-gown all day, and the Princes were continually about the passages, so that no one unsummoned dared approach the Queen's apartments.

It was only therefore at night and morning I could see her; but my heart was with her the livelong day. And how long, good Heaven! how long that day became! Endless I used to

think it, for nothing could I do—to wait and to watch—starting at every sound, yet revived by every noise.

While I was yet with my poor Royal sufferer this morning the Prince of Wales came hastily into the room. He apologised for his intrusion, and then gave a very energetic history of the preceding night. It had been indeed most affectingly dreadful! The King had risen in the middle of the night, and would take no denial to walking into the next room. There he saw the large congress I have mentioned: amazed and in consternation, he demanded what they did there? Much followed that I have heard since, particularly the warmest eulogium on his dear son Frederick, his favourite, his friend. "Yes," he cried, "Frederick is my friend!"—and this son was then present amongst the rest, but not seen!

Sir George Baker was there, and was privately exhorted by the gentlemen to lead the King back to his room; but he had not courage: he attempted only to speak, and the King penned him in a corner, told him he was a mere old woman—that he wondered he had ever followed his advice, for he knew nothing of his complaint, which was only nervous!

The Prince of Wales, by signs and whispers, would have urged others to have drawn him away, but no one dared approach him, and he remained there a considerable time, "Nor do I know when he would have been got back," continued the Prince, "if at last Mr. Fairly had not undertaken him. I am extremely obliged to Mr. Fairly indeed. He came boldly up to him, and took him by the arm, and begged him to go to bed, and then drew him along, and said he must go. Then he said he would not, and cried 'Who are you?' 'I am Mr. Fairly, sir,' he answered, 'and your Majesty has been very good to me often, and now I am going to be very good to you, for you must come to bed, sir: it is necessary to your life.' And then he was so surprised that he let himself be drawn along just like a child; and so they got him to bed. I believe else he would have stayed all night!"

Mr. Fairly has had some melancholy experience in a case of this sort, with a very near connexion of his own. How fortunate he was present!

At noon I had the most sad pleasure of receiving Mr. and Mrs. Smelt. They had heard in York of the illness of the King, and had travelled post to Windsor. Poor worthy, excellent couple!—ill and infirm, what did they not suffer from an attack like this—so wonderfully unexpected upon a patron so adored!

They wished the Queen to be acquainted with their arrival, yet would not let me risk meeting the Princes in carrying the news. Mr. Smelt I saw languished to see his King: he was persuaded he might now repay a part of former benefits, and he wished to be made his page during his illness, that he might watch and attend him hourly.

The good Mrs. Smelt was even anxious to part with him for this purpose; and I had not a doubt, myself, he would perform it better than anybody, his personal tenderness for the King being aided by so intimate a knowledge of his character and sentiments.

They determined to wait till the last, in hopes some accident would occasion my being summoned.

Poor Mr. de Luc soon joined us: he has forgot all his own complaints; his very heart and soul are consigned to the King, and have room for nought beside.

Mr. Smelt, seeing Dr. Warren pass my window, hastened out to confer with him; and, just after, a rap at my door produced Mr. Fairly.

I never gave him a better welcome. I had heard, I told him, what he had done, and if he could instigate others to such methods I should call him our nation's guardian.

He had a long story, he said, for me; but from slightness of acquaintance with Mrs. Smelt, he forbore at present to enter into particulars, and only—Cheltenham fashion—asked me to lend him pen and ink to write a note. We left him to that, and pursued our discourse.

I had had a message in the morning by Mr. Gorton, the clerk of the kitchen, to tell me the Prince of Wales wished our dining-parlour to be appropriated to the physicians, both for their dinner and their consultations. I was therefore obliged to order dinner for Miss Planta and myself in my own sitting-parlour,

which was now immaterial, as the Equerries did not come to tea, but continued altogether in the music-room.

Mr. Fairly had, I believe, forgot this new regulation, for the moment he had written his note he hastened away, saying, "In the evening I shall come to tea, of course."

I stopped him, then, to explain the loss of the tea-room, but added, if he found any time, I should be most happy to receive him in my own.

As I had no summons, I contrived to speak to Mr. Albert, the Queen's page, and begged him to acquaint her Majesty Mr. and Mrs. Smelt were here.

He did; but no message followed, and, therefore, at three o'clock, with bleeding hearts, they left this miserable house.

In the evening, of course, came Mr. Fairly, but it was only to let me know it would be of course no longer. He then rang the bell for my tea-urn, finding I had waited, though he declined drinking tea with me; but he sat down, and stayed half-an-hour, telling me the long story he had promised, which was a full detail of the terrible preceding night. The transactions of the day also he related to me, and the designs for the future. How alarming were they all! yet many particulars, he said, he omitted, merely because they were yet more affecting, and could be dwelt upon to no purpose.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8TH.—This was, if possible, the saddest day yet passed: it was the birthday of Princess Augusta, and Mrs. Siddons had been invited to read a play, and a large party of company to form the audience. What a contrast from such an intention was the event!

When I went, before seven o'clock in the morning, to my most unhappy Royal Mistress, the Princes were both in the room. I retreated to the next apartment till they had finished their conference. The Prince of Wales upon these occasions has always been extremely well-bred and condescending in his manner, which, in a situation such as mine, is no immaterial circumstance.

The poor Queen then spoke to me of the birthday present she had designed for her most amiable daughter. She hesitated a

little whether or not to produce it, but at length meekly said, "Yes, go to Miss Planta and bring it. Do you think there can be any harm in giving it now?"

"O, no!" I said, happy to encourage whatever was a little less gloomy, and upstairs I flew. I was met by all the poor Princesses and the Duke of York, who inquired if he might go again to the Queen. I begged leave first to execute my commission. I did; but so engrossed was my mind with the whole of this living tragedy, that I so little noticed what it was I carried as to be now unable to recollect it. I gave it, however, to the Queen, who then sent for the Princesses, and carried her gift to her daughter, weeping, who received it with a silent curtsy, kissing and wetting with her gentle tears the hand of her afflicted mother.

During my mournful breakfast poor Mr. Smelt arrived from Kew, where he had now settled himself. Mr. de Luc also joined us, and they could neither prevail upon themselves to go away all the morning.

Mr. Smelt had some thoughts of taking up his abode in Windsor till the state of things should be more decisive. The accounts of the preceding night had been most cruel, and to quit the spot was scarce supportable to him. Yet he feared the Princes might disapprove his stay, and he well knew his influence and welcome at Court was all confined to the sick-room: thence there could now issue no mandate.

Yet I encouraged him to stay, so did Mr. de Lue; and while he was still wavering, he saw Dr. Warren in the court-yard, and again hastened to speak with him. Before he returned the Prince of Wales went out and met him; and you may imagine how much I was pleased to observe from the window that he took him by the arm, and walked up and down with him.

When he came to us, he said the Princee had told him he had better stay, that he might see the Queen. He determined, therefore, to send off an express to Mrs. Smelt, and go and secure an apartment at the inn.

This was very soothing to me, who so much needed just such consolation as he could bestow; and I begged he would come

back to dinner, and spend the whole day in my room during his stay.

What, however, was my concern and amaze, when, soon after, hastily returning, he desired to speak to me alone, and, as Mr. de Luc moved off, told me he was going back immediately to Kew! He spoke with a tremor that alarmed me. I entreated to know why such a change? He then informed me that the porter, Mr. Humphreys, had refused him re-entrance, and sent him his great-coat! He had resented this impertinence, and was told it was by the express order of the Prince! In utter astonishment he then only desired admittance for one moment to my room, and having acquainted me with this circumstance, he hurried off, in a state of distress and indignation that left me penetrated with both.

He made Mr. de Luc promise to write to him, as he knew I had received injunctions to send no accounts from the house; but he said he would come no more.

And, after such an unmerited—a wanton affront, who could ask him? I can make no comments.

From this time, as the poor King grew worse, general hope seemed universally to abate; and the Prince of Wales now took the government of the house into his own hands. Nothing was done but by his orders, and he was applied to in every difficulty. The Queen interfered not in anything; she lived entirely in her two new rooms, and spent the whole day in patient sorrow and retirement with her daughters.

CHAPTER XXXVL

Total Seclusion of the Royal Family—Dr. Warren—Public Prayers for the King's Recovery—The Archbishop of Canterbury—The King grows worse—The Bishop of Worcester—The Prince of Wales at Windsor—Hopes of Recovery—Sir Lucas Pepys—The Duke of York—The King's Conduct during his Illness—Bad Accounts of the King—His Desire to see his Children—His Conduct to his Equerries—The Queen—New Regulations respecting the King's Treatment—The King's dread of being removed to Kew—Total Seclusion—Dr. Stillingfleet called in—Excitement of the People respecting the King's Illness—Threatening Letters to the Physicians—Sir George Baker stopped by the Mob—The Queen and the Chancellor—The Physicians before the Privy Council—Conduct of Pitt—The King's dread of Removal—Preparations for leaving Windsor—The Queen's Departure for Kew—The Princesses—Removal of the King to Kew—Prospect of a Regency.

THE next news that reached me, through Mr. de Luc, was, that the Prince had sent his commands to the porter, to admit only four persons into the house on any pretence whatever: these were Mr. Majendie, Mr. Turbulent, General Harcourt, and Mr. de Luc himself; and these were ordered to repair immediately to the Equerry-room below stairs, while no one whatsoever was to be allowed to go to any other apartment.

From this time commenced a total banishment from all intercourse out of the house, and an unrelenting confinement within its walls.

Poor Mr. de Luc, however, could not forego coming to my room. He determined to risk that, since he was upon the list of those who might enter the house.

I was glad, because he is a truly good man, and our senti-

ments upon this whole melancholy business were the same. But otherwise, the weariness of a great length of visit daily from a person so slow and methodical in discourse, so explanatory of everything and of nothing, at this agitating period, was truly painful to endure. He has often talked to me till my poor burthened head has seemed lost to all understanding.

I had now, all tea-meetings being over, no means of gaining any particulars of what was passing, which added so much to the horror of the situation, that by the evening I was almost petrified. Imagine, then, alike my surprise and satisfaction at a visit from Mr. Fairly. He had never come to me so unexpectedly. I eagerly begged an account of what was going on, and, with his usual readiness and accuracy, he gave it me in full detail. And nothing could be more tragic than all the particulars; every species of evil seemed now hanging over this unhappy family.

He had had his son with him in his room upstairs; "And I had a good mind," he said, "to have brought him to visit you."

I assured him he would have been a very welcome guest; and when he added that he could no longer have him at the Equerry table to dinner, as the Prince of Wales now presided there, I invited him for the next day to mine.

He not only instantly accepted the proposal, but cried, with great vivacity, "I wish—you would invite me too."

I thought he was laughing, but said, "Certainly, if such a thing might be allowed;" and then, to my almost speechless surprise, he declared, if I would give him permission, he would dine with me next day.

He then proceeded to say that the hurry, and fatigue, and violent animal spirits of the other table quite overpowered him, and a respite of such a quiet sort would be of essential service to him. Yet he paused a little afterwards, upon the propriety of leaving the Prince of Wales's table, and said "He would first consult with General Budé, and hear his opinion."

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9TH. — No one went to church; not a creature now quits the house: but I believe devotion never less

required the aid and influence of public worship. For me, I know, I spent almost my whole time between prayer and watching. Even my melancholy resource, my tragedy, was now thrown aside; misery so actual, living, and present, was knit too closely around me to allow my depressed imagination to fancy any woe beyond what my heart felt.

In coming early from the Queen's apartment this morning I was addressed by a gentleman who inquired how I did, by my name; but my bewilderment made him obliged to tell his own before I could recollect him. It was Dr. Warren.

I eagerly expressed my hopes and satisfaction in his attendance upon the poor King, but he would not enter upon that subject. I suppose he feared, from my zeal, some indiscreet questions concerning his opinion of the case; for he passed by all I could start, to answer only with speeches relative to myself—of his disappointment in never meeting me, though residing under the same roof; his surprise in not dining with me when told he was to dine in my room, and the strangeness of never seeing me when so frequently he heard my name.

I could not bring myself to ask him to my apartment, when I saw, by his whole manner, he held it imprudent to speak with me about the only subject on which I wished to talk—the King; and just then seeing the Duke of York advancing, I hastily retreated.

While I was dressing, Mr. Fairly rapped at my door. I sent out Goter, who brought me his compliments, and, if it would not be inconvenient to me, he and his son would have the pleasure of dining with me.

I answered, I should be very glad of their company, as would Miss Planta.

Miss Goldsworthy had now arranged herself with the Lady Waldegraves.

Our dinner was as pleasant as a dinner at such a season could be. Mr. Fairly holds cheerfulness as a duty in the midst of every affliction that can admit it; and, therefore, whenever his animal spirits have a tendency to rise, he encourages and sustains them. So fond, too, is he of his son, that his very sight is

a cordial to him; and that mild, feeling, amiable boy quite idolizes his father, looking up to him, hanging on his arm, and watching his eye to smile and be smiled upon, with a fondness like that of an infant to its maternal nurse.

Repeatedly Mr. Fairly exclaimed, "What a relief is this, to dine thus quietly!"

What a relief should I, too, have found it, but for a little circumstance, which I will soon relate.

We were still at table, with the dessert, when Columb entered and announced the sudden return from Weymouth of Mrs. Schwollenberg.

Up we all started; Miss Planta flew out to receive her, and state the situation of the house; Mr. Fairly, expecting, I believe, she was coming into my room, hastily made his exit without a word; his son eagerly scampered after him, and I followed Miss Planta upstairs.

My reception, however, was such as to make me deem it most proper to again return to my room.

What an addition this to the gloom of all! and to begin at once with harshness and rudeness! I could hardly tell how to bear it.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 10TH.—This was a most dismal day. The dear and most suffering King was extremely ill, the Queen very wretched, poor Mrs. Schwollenberg all spasm and horror, Miss Planta all restlessness, the house all mystery, and my only informant and comforter distanced.

Not a word, the whole day through, did I hear of what was passing or intending. Our dinner was worse than an almost famished fasting; we parted after it, and met no more. Mrs. Schwollenberg, who never drinks tea herself, hearing the general party was given up, and never surmising that there had ever been any particular one, neither desired me to come to her, nor proposed returning to me. She took possession of the poor Queen's former dressing-room, and between that and the adjoining apartments she spent all the day, except during dinner.

This was my only little satisfaction, that my solitude had not the evening's interruption I expected. Alas! I now found even

its dreariness acceptable, in preference to such a companion as must have dispelled it. But what a day! how endless every hour!

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11TH.—This day passed like the preceding; I only saw her Majesty in the morning, and not another human being from that hour till Mrs. Schwollenberg and Miss Planta came to dinner. Nor could I then gather any information of the present state of things, as Mrs. Schwollenberg announced that nothing must be talked of.

To give any idea of the dismal horror of passing so many hours in utter ignorance, where every interest of the mind was sighing for intelligence, would not be easy: the experiment alone could give it its full force; and from that, Heaven ever guard my loved readers!

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12TH.—To-day a little brightened upon us; some change appeared in the loved Royal sufferer, and though it was not actually for the better in itself, yet any change was pronounced to be salutary, as, for some days past, there had been a monotonous continuation of the same bad symptoms, that had doubly depressed us all.

My spirits rose immediately; indeed, I thank God, I never desponded, though many times I stood nearly alone in my hopes.

In the passage, in the morning, I encountered Colonel Gwynn. I had but just time to inform him I yet thought all would do well, ere the Princes appeared. All the Equerries are now here except Major Garth, who is ill; and they have all ample employment in watching and waiting. From time to time they have all interviews; but it is only because the poor King will not be denied seeing them: it is not thought right. But I must enter into nothing of this sort—it is all too closely connected with private domestic concerns for paper.

After dinner, my chief guest, *la Présidente*, told me, "If my room was not so warm, she would stay a littel with me." I felt this would be rather too superlative an obligation; and therefore I simply answered that "I was too chilly to sit in a cold

room;" and I confess I took no pains to temper it according to this hint.

Finding there was now no danger of disagreeable interviews, Mr. Fairly renewed his visits as usual. He came early this evening, and narrated the state of things; and then, with a laugh, he inquired what I had done with my head companion, and how I got rid of her?

I fairly told him my malice about the temperature.

He could not help laughing, though he instantly remonstrated against an expedient that might prove prejudicial to my health. "You had better not," he cried, "try any experiments of this sort: if you hurt your nerves, it may prove a permanent evil; this other can only be temporary."

He took up the "Task"* again; but he opened, by ill luck, upon nothing striking or good; and soon, with distaste, flung the book down, and committed himself wholly to conversation.

He told me he wished much he had been able to consult with me on the preceding evening, when he had the Queen's orders to write, in her Majesty's name, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to issue out public prayers for the poor King, for all the churches.

I assured him I fancied it might do very well without my aid. There was to be a privy council summoned, in consequence of the letter, to settle the mode of compliance.

How right a step in my ever-right Royal Mistress is this! If you hear less of her now, my dearest friends, and of the internal transactions, it is only because I now rarely saw her but alone, and all that passed, therefore, was in promised confidence. And, for the rest, the whole of my information concerning the Princes, and the plans and the proceedings of the house, was told me in perfect reliance on my secrecy and honour.

I know this is saying enough to the most honourable of all confidants and friends to whom I am writing. All that passes with regard to myself is laid completely before them.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13TH.—This was the fairest day we have passed since the first seizure of the most beloved of

* Cowper's Poem of "The Task," then newly published.

monarchs. He was considerably better. Oh what a ray of joy lightened us, and how mildly did my poor Queen receive it!

FRIDAY, 14TH.—Still all was greatly amended, and better spirits reigned throughout the house.

Mr. Fairly—I can write of no one else, for no one else did I see—called early, to tell me he had received an answer relative to the prayer for his Majesty's recovery, in consequence of which he had the Queen's commands for going to town the next day, to see the Archbishop.

This was an employment so suited to the religious cast of his character, that I rejoiced to see it fall into his hands.

He came again in the evening, and said he had now got the prayer. He did not entirely approve it, nor think it sufficiently warm and animated. I petitioned to hear it, and he readily complied, and read it with great reverence, but very unaffectedly and quietly. I was very, very much touched by it; yet not, I own, quite so much as once before by another, which was read to me by Mr. Cambridge, and composed by his son, for the sufferings of his excellent daughter Catherine. It was at once so devout, yet so concise—so fervent, yet so simple, and the many tender relations concerned in it—father, brother, sister—so powerfully affected me, that I had no command over the feelings then excited, even though Mr. Cambridge almost reproved me for want of fortitude; but there was something so tender in a prayer of a brother for a sister.

Here, however, I was under better control; for though my whole heart was filled with the calamitous state of this unhappy monarch, and with deepest affliction for all his family, I yet knew so well my reader was one to severely censure all failure in calmness and firmness, that I struggled, and not ineffectually, to hear him with a steadiness like his own. But, fortunately for the relief of this force, he left the room for a few minutes to see if he was wanted, and I made use of his absence to give a little vent to those tears which I had painfully restrained in his presence.

When he returned we had one of the best (on his part) conversations in which I have ever been engaged, upon the highest

and most solemn of all subjects, prayers and supplications to heaven. He asked my opinion with earnestness, and gave his own with unbounded openness.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH.—This morning my poor Royal Mistress herself presented me with one of the prayers for the King. I shall always keep it; how—how fervently did I use it!

Whilst I was at breakfast Mr. Fairly once more called before he set off for town; and he brought me also a copy of the prayer. He had received a large packet of them from the Archbishop, Dr. Moore, to distribute in the house.

The whole day the King continued amended.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16TH.—This morning I ventured out to church. I did not like to appear abroad, but yet I had a most irresistible earnestness to join the public congregation in the prayer for the King. Indeed nothing could be more deeply moving: the very sound of the cathedral service, performed in his own chapel, overset me at once; and every prayer in the service in which he was mentioned brought torrents of tears from all the suppliants that joined in them. I could scarcely keep my place, scarce command my voice from audible sobs. To come to the House of prayer from such a house of woe! I ran away when the service was over, to avoid inquiries. Mrs. Kennedy ran after me, with swollen eyes; I could not refuse her a hasty answer, but I ran the faster after it, to avoid any more.

The King was worse. His night had been very bad; all the fair promise of amendment was shaken; he had now some symptoms even dangerous to his life. Oh, good Heaven, what a day did this prove! I saw not a human face, save at dinner; and then, what faces! gloom and despair in all, and silence to every species of intelligence.

The good Bishop of Worcester came, but he could only see the Queen; overwhelmed with grief for the situation of his unhappy King and patron, he could bear no interview he had power to shun.

Mr. Smelt came to Windsor, and, by means of certain manage-

ment, dined here, but hastened to Kew immediately afterwards. In how many ways had I reason to repine at his most ungrateful treatment!

So full of horror was my mind that I could not even read; books of devotion excepted, I found it impossible even to try to read, for I had not courage to take anything in hand. At the cathedral a sort of hymn had occurred to me, and that I wrote down on my return; and that alone could divide my attention with listening for footsteps at the door. No footsteps, however, approached: my only friend and intelligencer gone, not another in the house could even dream of the profound ignorance in which, during his absence, I was kept. My morning attendance upon the Queen, indeed, was informing, as far as it was tête-à-tête, but after that I saw her no more till night, and then never alone.

It was melancholy to see the crowds of former welcome visitors who were now denied access. The Prince reiterated his former orders; and I perceived from my window those who had ventured to the door returning back in deluges of tears. Amongst them to-day I perceived poor Lady Effingham, the Duchess of Ancaster, and Mr. Bryant; the last sent me in, afterwards, a mournful little letter, to which he desired no answer. Indeed I was not at liberty to write a word.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH.—The account of the dear King this morning was rather better.

Sir Lucas Pepys was now called in, and added to Dr. Warren, Dr. Heberden, and Sir George Baker. I earnestly wished to see him, and I found my poor Royal Mistress was secretly anxious to know his opinion. I sent to beg to speak with him, as soon as the consultation was over; determined, however, to make that request no more if he was as shy of giving information as Dr. Warren.

Poor Mr. de Luc was with me when he came; but it was necessary I should see Sir Lucas alone, that I might have a better claim upon his discretion: nevertheless I feared he would have left me, without the smallest intelligence, before I was able to make my worthy, but most slow companion comprehend the necessity of his absence.

The moment we were alone, Sir Lucas opened upon the subject in the most comfortable manner. He assured me there was nothing desponding in the case, and that his Royal Patient would certainly recover, though not immediately.

Whilst I was in the midst of the almost speechless joy with which I heard this said, and ready to kiss the very feet of Sir Lucas for words of such delight, a rap at my door made me open it to Mr. Fairly, who entered, saying, "I must come to ask you how you do, though I have no good news to bring you; but——"

He then, with the utmost amaze, perceived Sir Lucas. In so very many visits he had constantly found me alone, that I really believe he had hardly thought it possible he should see me in any other way.

They then talked over the poor King's situation, and Sir Lucas was very open and comforting. How many sad meetings have I had with him heretofore; first in the alarming attacks of poor Mr. Thrale, and next in the agonizing fluctuations of his unhappy widow!

Ah, my dearest friends, whom shall we pity so much as those who neglect to habituate those imperious assaulters of all virtue and all self-denial, *the Passions*, to the control of Patience? For that, I begin to think, is more properly their Superior than Reason, which, in many cases, finds it hard not to join with them.

Sir Lucas wished to speak with me alone, as he had something he wanted, through me, to communicate to the Queen; but as he saw Mr. Fairly not disposed to retire first, by his manner of saying "Sir Lucas, you will find all the breakfast ready below stairs," he made his bow, and said he would see me again.

Mr. Fairly then informed me he was quite uneasy at the recluse life led by the Queen and the Princesses, and that he was anxious to prevail with them to take a little air, which must be absolutely necessary to their health. He was projecting a scheme for this purpose, which required the assistance of the Duke of York, and he left me, to confer upon it with his Royal Highness, promising to return and tell its success.

Sir Lucas soon came back, and then gave me such unequivocal

assurances of the King's recovery, that the moment he left me I flew to demand a private audience of the Queen, that I might relate such delightful prognostics.

The Duke of York was with her. I waited in the passage, where I met Lady Charlotte Finch, and tried what I could to instil into her mind the hopes I entertained: this, however, was not possible; a general despondency prevailed throughout the house, and Lady Charlotte was infected by it very deeply.

Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave then passed, and made me go and wait in her room with her sister till the Duke left the Queen. Nothing can deserve more commendation than the steady good conduct and propriety of Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, who seems more uniformly to do precisely what is right, and neither more nor less, than almost any character I have met.

At length I gained admission and gave my account, which was most meekly received by the most patient of sorrowers.

At night came Mr. Fairly again; but, before he entered into any narrations he asked, "Do you expect Sir Lucas?"

"No," I said, "he had been already."

"I saw him rise early from table," he added, "and I thought he was coming to you."

He has taken no fancy to poor Sir Lucas, and would rather, apparently, avoid meeting him. However, it is to me so essential a comfort to hear his opinions, that I have earnestly entreated to see him by every opportunity.

The equerries now had their own table as usual, to which the physicians were regularly invited, downstairs, and our eating-parlour was restored. The Princes established a table of their own at the Castle, to which they gave daily invitations to such as they chose, from time to time, to select from the Lodge.

The noise of so large a party just under the apartment of the Queen occasioned this new regulation, which took place by her Majesty's own direction.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH.—Poor Miss Goldsworthy was now quite ill, and forced to retire and nurse. No wonder, for she had suffered the worst sort of fatigue, that of fearing to sleep, from the apprehension the Queen might speak, and want

her; for, though the Queen was all graciousness and consideration, the situation could not admit of ease and repose.

Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave now took her place of sleeping in the Queen's room, but the office of going for early intelligence how his Majesty had passed the night devolved upon me.

Exactly at seven o'clock I now went to the Queen's apartment; Lady Elizabeth then rose and went to her own room to dress, and I received the Queen's commands for my inquiries.

I could not, however, go myself into the room where they assembled, which Miss Goldsworthy, who always applied to her brother, had very properly done: I sent in a message to beg to speak with General Budé, or whoever could bring an account.

Mr. Charles Hawkins came; he had sat up, Oh, how terrible a narrative did he dryly give of the night!—short, abrupt, peremptorily bad, and indubitably hopeless!

I did not dare alter, but I greatly softened this relation, in giving it to my poor Queen. I had been, indeed, too much shocked by the hard way in which I had been told it, to deliver it in the same manner; neither did I, in my own heart, despair.

I saw Sir Lucas afterwards, who encouraged all my more sanguine opinions. He told me many new regulations had been made. His Majesty was to be kept as quiet as possible, and see only physicians, except for a short and stated period in every day, during which he might summon such among his gentlemen as he pleased.

Mr. Fairly came also early, and wrote and read letters of great consequence relative to the situation of affairs; and he told me he was then to go to the King, who had refused his assent to the new plan, and insisted upon seeing him when he came in from his ride, which, to keep him a little longer quiet, they made him believe he was then taking. The gentlemen had agreed to be within call alternately, and he meant to have his own turn always in the forenoon, that his evenings might have some chance for quiet.

The rest of the day was comfortless; my coadjutrix was now grown so fretful and affronting that, though we only met at dinner, it was hard to support her most unprovoked harshness.

At night, while I was just sealing a short note to my dear Miss Cambridge, who had an anxiety like that of my own Susan and Fredy lest I should suffer from my present fatigues, I heard the softest tap at my door, which, before I could either put down my letter or speak, was suddenly but most gently opened.

I turned about and saw a figure wrapt up in a great coat, with boots and a hat on, who cautiously entered, and instantly closed the door.

I stared, and looked very hard, but the face was much hid by the muffling of the high collar to the great coat. I wondered, and could not conceive who it could be. The figure then took off his hat and bowed, but he did not advance, and the light was away from him. I curtsied, and wondered more, and then a surprised voice exclaimed, "Don't you know me?" and I found it was Mr. Fairly.

"I cannot," he said, "stop now, but I will come again; however, you know it, perhaps, already?"

"Know what?"

"Why—the—news."

"What news?"

"Why—that the King is much better, and——"

"Yes, Sir Lucas said so, but I have seen nobody since."

"No? And you have heard nothing more?"

"Nothing at all; I cannot guess what you mean."

"What then, have not you heard—how much the King has talked? And—and, have not you heard the charge?"

"No; I have heard not a word of any charge."

"Why, then, I'll tell you."

A long preamble, uttered very rapidly, of "how much the King had been talking," seemed less necessary to introduce his intelligence than to give him time to arrange it; and I was so much struck with this, that I could not even listen to him, from impatience to have him proceed.

Suddenly, however, breaking off, evidently from not knowing how to go on, he exclaimed, "Well, I shall tell it you all by and by: you come in for your share!"

Almost breathless now with amaze, I could hardly cry, "Do I?"

"Yes, I'll tell you," cried he; but again he stopped, and, hesitatingly said, "You—you won't be angry?"

"No," I answered, still more amazed, and even almost terrified, at what I had now to expect.

"Well, then," cried he, instantly resuming his first gay and rapid manner, "the King has been calling them all to order for staying so long away from him. 'All the equerries and gentlemen here,' he said, 'lost their whole time at the table, by drinking so much wine and sitting so long over their bottle, which constantly made them all so slow in returning to their waiting, that when he wanted them in the afternoon they were never ready; and—and—and Mr. Fairly,' says he, 'is as bad as any of them; not that he stays so long at table, or is so fond of wine, but yet he's just as late as the rest; for he's so fond of the company of learned ladies, that he gets to the tea-table with Miss Burney, and there he stays and spends his whole time.'"

He spoke all this like the velocity of lightning; but, had it been with the most prosing slowness, I had surely never interrupted him, so vexed I was, so surprised, so completely disconcerted.

Finding me silent, he began again, and as rapidly as ever; "I know exactly," he cried, "what it all means—what the King has in his head—exactly what has given rise to the idea—'tis Miss Fuzilier."

Now, indeed, I stared afresh, little expecting to hear her named by him. He went on in too much hurry for me to recollect his precise words, but he spoke of her very highly, and mentioned her learning, her education, and her acquirements, with great praise, yet with that sort of general commendation that disclaims all peculiar interest; and then, with some degree of displeasure mixed in his voice, he mentioned the report that had been spread concerning them, and its having reached the ears of the King before his illness. He then lightly added something I could not completely hear, of its utter falsehood, in a way that seemed to hold even a disavowal too important for it, and then concluded with saying, "And this in the present confused state of his mind is altogether, I know, what he means by the learned ladies."

When he had done he looked earnestly for my answer, but finding I made none, he said, with some concern, "You won't think any more of it?"

"No," I answered, rather faintly.

In a lighter manner then, as if to treat the whole as too light for a thought, he said, as he was leaving the room to change his dress, "Well, since I have now got the character of being so fond of such company, I shall certainly"—he stopped short, evidently at a loss how to go on; but quickly after, with a laugh, he hastily added, "come and drink tea with you very often;" and then, with another laugh, which he had all to himself, he hurried away.

He left me, however, enough to think upon; and the predominant thought was an immediate doubt whether or not, since his visits had reached the King, his Majesty's observation upon them ought to stop their continuance?

Upon the whole, however, when I summed up all, I found not cause sufficient for any change of system. No raillery had passed upon me: and, for him, he had stoutly evinced a determined contempt of it. Nothing of flirtation had been mentioned for either; I had merely been called a learned lady, and he had merely been accused of liking such company. I had no other social comfort left me but Mr. Fairly, and I had discomforts past all description or suggestion. Should I drive him from me, what would pay me, and how had he deserved it? and which way could it be worth while? His friendship offered me a solace without hazard; it was held out to me when all else was denied me; banished from every friend, confined almost to a state of captivity, harrowed to the very soul with surrounding afflictions, and without a glimpse of light as to when or how all might terminate, it seemed to me, in this situation, that Providence had benignly sent in my way a character of so much worth and excellence, to soften the rigour of my condition, by kind sympathy and most honourable confidence.

This idea was sufficient; and I thence determined to follow as he led, in disdaining any further notice, or even remembrance, if possible, of this learned accusation.

FRIDAY, NOV. 21ST.—All went better and better to-day, and I received from the King's room a more cheering account to carry to my poor Queen. We had now hopes of a speedy restoration : the King held long conferences with all his gentlemen, and, though far from composed, was so frequently rational as to make any resistance to his will nearly impossible. Innumerable difficulties attended this state, but the general promise it gave of a complete recovery recompensed them all.

Sir Lucas Pepys came to me in the morning, and acquainted me with the rising hopes of amendment. But he disapproved the admission of so many gentlemen, and would have limited the license to only the Equerry in waiting, Colonel Goldsworthy, and Mr. Fairly, who was now principal throughout the house, in universal trust for his superior judgment.

The King, Sir Lucas said, now talked of everybody and everything he could recollect or suggest.

So I have heard, thought I.

And, presently after, he added, "No one escapes; you will have your turn."

Frightened lest he knew I had had it, I eagerly exclaimed, "Oh, no; I hope not."

"And why?" cried he, good-humouredly; "what need you care? He can say no harm of you."

I ventured then to ask if yet I had been named?

He believed not yet.

This doubled my curiosity to know to whom the "learned ladies" had been mentioned, and whether to Mr. Fairly himself, or to some one who related it; I think the latter, but there is no way to inquire.

Very early in the evening I heard a rap at my door. I was in my inner room, and called out, "Who's there?" The door opened and Mr. Fairly appeared.

He had been so long in attendance this morning with our poor sick monarch, that he was too much fatigued to join the dinner-party. He had stood five hours running, besides the concomitant circumstances of attention. He had instantly laid down when he procured his dismissal, and had only risen to

eat some cold chicken before he came to my room. During that repast he had again been demanded, but he charged the gentlemen to make his excuse, as he could go through nothing further.

I hope the King did not conclude him again with the learned.

This was the most serene, and even cheerful evening I had passed since the poor King's first seizure.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22ND.—When I went for my morning inquiries, Colonel Manners came out to me. He could give me no precise account, as the sitters-up had not yet left the King, but he feared the night had been bad. We mutually bewailed the mournful state of the house. He is a very good creature at heart, though as unformed as if he had just left Eton or Westminster. But he loves his Master with a true and faithful heart, and is almost as ready to die as to live for him, if any service of that risk was proposed to him.

While the Queen's hair was dressing, though only for a close cap, I was sent again. Colonel Manners came out to me, and begged I would enter the music-room, as Mr. Keate, the surgeon, had now just left the King, and was waiting to give me an account before he laid down.

I found him in his night-cap: he took me up to a window, and gave me but a dismal history; the night had been very unfavourable, and the late amendment very transient.

I heard nothing further till the evening, when my constant companion came to me. All, he said, was bad: he had been summoned and detained nearly all the morning, and had then rode to St. Leonard's to get a little rest, as he would not return till after dinner.

He had but just begun his tea when his name was called aloud in the passage: up he started, seized his hat, and with a hasty bow, decamped.

I fancy it was one of the Princes; and the more, as he did not come back.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23RD.—A sad day this! I was sent as usual for the night account, which I had given to me by Mr. Fairly, and a very dismal one indeed. Yet I never, upon this

point, yield implicitly to his opinion, as I see him frequently of the despairing side, and as for myself, I thank God, my hopes never wholly fail. A certain faith in his final recovery has uniformly supported my spirits from the beginning.

I ventured once more to the cathedral, to join in the public prayer. There I was seen by poor Madame la Fite, who lamented her banishment from the house in bitter complaints. I could but tell her it was universal. "But, my chère Madame," cried she, "do you see moch ee Monsieur si digne, ee Mr. Fairly?"

"Yes," I answered, "when he had any spare time." And promised, in happier days, she also should see him; to her great content.

Dr. Duval preached a sermon, from Job, very applicable and very well, all exhorting to trust in God, however hopeless in man.

Sir Lucas came to me on my return, and was still very comfortable. How much I owe him for his cheer at such a season! There now remained no other on the side of hope; all were dispirited, and the King undoubtedly worse.

In the evening, a small tap at my door, with "Here I am again," ushered in Mr. Fairly. He seemed much hurried and disturbed, and innately uncomfortable; and very soon he entered into a detail of the situation of affairs that saddened me in the extreme. The poor King was very ill indeed, and so little aware of his own condition, that he would submit to no rule, and chose to have company with him from morning till night, sending out for the gentlemen one after another without intermission, and chiefly for Mr. Fairly, who, conscious it was hurtful to his Majesty, and nearly worn out himself, had now no chance of respite or escape but by leaving the house and riding out.

Seeing me much depressed, he began to cheer himself; and, asking for my book, declared we must dwell on the sad subject no longer. "Let us do," he cried, "all we can; and that done. turn to other objects, and not suffer ourselves to sink."

My book was, "Ogden." I begged him to let me choose him a sermon, and gave him the second, on Belief. It is one of the most spirited and pointedly to the matter I have ever read. But

his mind was too much preoccupied to enter into its merits; he read on rapidly, though in general he is a very slow reader, and evidently sought to lead my thoughts into a new channel, without the power of diverting his own.

I have never seen him so wearied, or so vexed, I know not which. "How shall I rejoice," he cried, "when all this is over, and I can turn my back to this scene."

I should rejoice, I said, for him when he could make his escape; but his use here, in the whole round, is infinite; almost nothing is done without consulting him.

"I wish," he cried, while he was making some memorandums, "I could live without sleep; I know not how to spare my night."

He then explained to me various miscellaneous matters of occupation, and confessed himself forced to break from the confused scene of action as much as possible, where the tumult and bustle were as overpowering as the affliction, in the more quiet apartments, was dejecting. Then, by implication, what credit did he not give to my poor still room, which he made me understand was his only refuge and consolation in this miserable house!

This could not but be a gratification to me; and the whole of his confidential discourse was in so openly friendly and unaffected a style, that it was a gratification without any drawback.

He soon put down the book, acknowledging he could not command any attention. "But I hope," he cried, "in a few days to see you more comfortably."

How sincerely did I join in that hope!

He then hurried off to execute some business for her Majesty.

About ten o'clock, however, he came back, accompanied by Lady Charlotte Finch, and each of them begging a million of pardons, but telling me they had a commission to execute for the Queen, and no place not crowded with Princes, physicians, or pages, in which they could utter a word undisturbed.

I rejoiced to make my apartment of any use at such a period, and hastened into my bedroom, though they would have me remain still. But I had no claim upon the confidence of Lady

Charlotte: and I was sure, if I stayed, Mr. Fairly would forget I had none also upon his. I took, therefore, a book and a candle, and left them.

When they had finished their consultation Lady Charlotte came for me, and Mr. Fairly went away. We then talked over affairs in general, but without any comfort. She is no hoper; she sees nothing before us but despair and horror. I believe myself, indeed, the only regular hoper of any one resident in the house. Mr. Fairly himself now evidently leans to the darker side, though he avoids saying so.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24TH.—Very bad again was the night's account, which I received at seven o'clock this morning from Mr. Dundas. I returned with it to my poor royal mistress, who heard it with her usual patience.

While I was still with her, Lady Elizabeth came with a request from Mr. Fairly, for an audience before her Majesty's breakfast. As soon as she was ready she ordered me to tell Lady Elizabeth to bring him.

Soon after, with a hasty rap, came Mr. Fairly. He brought his writing to my table, where I was trying to take off impressions of plants. I saw he meant to read me his letter; but before he had finished it Lady Charlotte Finch came in search of him. It was not for the Queen, but herself; she wished to speak and consult with him upon the King's seeing his children, which was now his vehement demand.

He was writing for one of the King's messengers, and could not stop till he had done. Poor Lady Charlotte, overcome with tenderness and compassion, wept the whole time he was at his pen; and when he had put it down, earnestly remonstrated on the cruelty of the present regulations, which debarred his Majesty the sight of the Princesses.

I joined with her, though more firmly, believe me; my tears I suppress for my solitude. I have enough of that to give them vent, and, with all my suppression, my poor aching eyes can frequently scarce see one object from another.

When Mr. Fairly left off writing he entered very deeply into

argument with Lady Charlotte. He was averse to her request ; he explained the absolute necessity of strong measures, and of the denial of dangerous indulgences, while the poor King was in this wretched state. The disease, he said, was augmented by every agitation, and the discipline of forced quiet was necessary till he was capable of some reflection. At present he spoke everything that occurred to him, and in a manner so wild, unreasonable, and dangerous, with regard to future constructions, that there could be no kindness so great to him as to suffer him only to see those who were his requisite attendants.

He then enumerated many instances very forcibly, in which he showed how much more properly his Majesty might have been treated, by greater strength of steadiness in his management. He told various facts which neither of us had heard ; and, at last, in speaking of the most recent occurrences, he fell into a narrative relating to himself.

The King, he said, had almost continually demanded him of late, and with the most extreme agitation ; he had been as much with him as it was possible for his health to bear. "Five hours," continued he, "I spent with him on Friday, and four on Saturday, and three and a-half yesterday ; yet the moment I went to him last night, he accused me of never coming near him. He said I gave him up entirely ; that I was always going out, always dining out, always going to Mrs. Harcourt's—riding to St. Leonard's ; but he knew why—'twas to meet Miss Fuzilier."

Lady Charlotte stared, surprised, I saw, at his naming that lady, and in a voice and manner so entirely disclaiming the King's imputation. I had heard him before, and my surprise, therefore, was over.

"Then," continued he, "he raved about my little boy, whom he said I loved better than him ; and—and—so he went on in that sort of way for a considerable time, quite enraged."

Poor Lady Charlotte was answered, and, looking extremely sorry, went away.

He then read me his messenger's letter. 'Twas upon a very delicate affair, relative to the Prince of Wales, in whose service he told me, he first began his court preferment.

When he had made up his packet he returned to the subject of the King's rage, with still greater openness. He had attacked him, he said, more violently than ever about Miss Fuzilier; which, certainly, as there had been such a report, was very unpleasant. "And when I seriously assured him," he added, "that there was nothing in it, he said I had made him the happiest of men."

I found the Queen at night very much disturbed, and all I could learn assured me how complicate were her reasons for disturbance; though I heard no particulars, as I did not see Mr. Fairly again at night.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH.—My morning account was from General Budé, and a very despairing one. He has not a ray of hope for better days.

My poor Queen was so much pleased with a sort of hymn for the King, which she had been reading in the newspapers, that I scrupled not to tell her of one in manuscript, which, of course, she desired to read; but I stipulated for its return, though I could not possibly stay in the room while she looked at it. I would copy it here for my dear readers, who will exclaim and declaim against me that I do not; but, in truth, at this moment in which I am writing, I know not where to find it.

When the Queen had finished her short dressing, and a long conference, she sent me for Lady Charlotte Finch. I found her in the music-room with Colonel Welbred, whom I had not before met. He looked very sallow and ill; these night watches, and this close attendance, disagree with them all. Lady Charlotte went, but Colonel Welbred stopped me for a little conversation. We condoled upon the state of things: I found him wholly destitute of all hope, and persuaded the malady was a seizure for life.

How happy for me that I am made of more sanguine materials! I could not think as they think, and be able to wade through the labours of my office.

In the evening Mr. Fairly came, entering with a most gently civil exclamation of "How long it is since I have seen you!"

I could not answer, it was only one evening missed ; for, in truth, a day at this time seems literally a week, and a very slow one too. He had been to town, suddenly sent by the Queen last night, and had returned only at noon.

He gave me a full account of all that was passing and projecting ; and awfully critical everything seemed. "He should now soon," he said, "quit the tragic scene, and go to relax and recruit, with his children, in the country. He regarded his services here as nearly over, since an entirely new regulation was planning, in which the poor King was no longer to be allowed the sight of any of his gentlemen. His continual long conversations with them were judged utterly improper, and he was only to be attended by the medical people and his pages."

He then gave into my hands the office of hinting to the Queen his intention, if he could be dispensed with by her Majesty, to go into the country on the 12th of next month (December), with his boy Charles, who then left Eton for the Christmas holidays.

I knew this would be unwelcome intelligence ; but I wished to forward his departure, and would not refuse the commission.

When this was settled he said he would go and take a circuit, and see how matters stood ; and then, if he could get away after showing himself, return—if I would give him leave to drink his tea with me.

He had not been gone ten minutes before Lady Charlotte came in search of him. She had been told, she said, that he was with me. I laughed, but could not forbear asking if I passed for his keeper, since whenever he was missing I was always called to account for him. Again, however, he came and drank his tea, and stayed an hour, in most confidential discourse.

When the new regulation is established, only one gentleman is to remain—which will be the Equerry in waiting. This is now Colonel Goldsworthy. The rest will disperse.

WEDNESDAY, 26TH.—My seven o'clock account this morning was given me by Mr. Fairly ; and a very gloomy one. He made me come into the waiting-room to hear it by the fire, for it was

very cold, and he was there alone; and, indeed, he had as many questions to ask as to answer, for he thought me unwell myself: but I got on, nervous and feverish now and then, but never thank heaven, confined; and at this time, nothing short of that would, by any other whom I now see, be perceived.

The new plan of operations being settled, my poor Queen was again very calm. She gave me back my verses with very gracious thanks, but desired a copy. I shall trust to the times and their fulness for her forgetting this request.

Mr. Fairly returned and gave me his usual narrative. I found we were all speedily to remove to Kew. This was to be kept profoundly secret till almost the moment of departure. The King will never consent to quit Windsor; and to allure him away by some stratagem occupies all the physicians, who have proposed and enforced this measure. Mr. Fairly is averse to it: the King's repugnance he thinks insurmountable, and that it ought not to be opposed. But the Princes take part with the physicians.

He left me to ride out, but more cordial and with greater simplicity of kindness than ever, he smilingly said in going, "Well, good bye, and God bless you."

"Amen," quoth I, after he had shut the door.

In the afternoon I had a short visit from Sir Lucas, who still sustained the language of hope.

THURSDAY, 27TH.—This morning and whole day were dreadful! My early account was given me by Mr. Charles Hawkins, and with such determined decision of incurability, that I left him quite in horror.

All that I dared, I softened to my poor Queen, who was now harassed to death with state affairs, and impending storms of state dissensions. I would have given the world to have spent the whole day by her side, and poured in what balm of hope I could, since it appeared but too visibly she scarce received a ray from any other.

Universal despondence now pervaded the whole house. Sir Lucas, indeed, sustained his original good opinion, but he was

nearly overpowered by standing alone, and was forced to let the stream take its course with but little opposition.

Even poor Mr. de Luc was silenced; Miss Planta easily yields to fear; and Mrs. Schwellenberg—who thinks it treason to say the King is ever at all indisposed—not being able to say all was quite well, forbade a single word being uttered upon the subject!

The dinners, therefore, became a time of extremest pain—all was ignorance, mystery, and trembling expectation of evil.

In the evening, thank Heaven! came again my sole relief, Mr. Fairly. He brought his son, and they entered with such serene aspects, that I soon shook off a little of my gloom; and I heard there was no new cause, for though all was bad, nothing was worse.

We talked over everything; and that always opens the mind, and softens the bitterness of sorrow.

The prospect before us, with respect to Kew, is indeed terrible. There is to be a total seclusion from all but those within the walls, and those are to be contracted to merely necessary attendants. Mr. Fairly disapproved the scheme, though a gainer by it of leisure and liberty. Only the Equerry in waiting is to have a room in the house; the rest of the gentlemen are to take their leave. He meant, therefore, himself, to go into the country with all speed.

FRIDAY, 28TH.—How woful—how bitter a day, in every part, was this!

My early account was from the King's page, Mr. Stillingfleet and the night had been extremely bad.

I dared not sink the truth to my poor Queen, though I mixed in it whatever I could devise of cheer and hope; and she bore it with the most wonderful calmness, and kept me with her a full half-hour after breakfast was called, talking over "Hunter's Lectures," and other religious books, with some other more confidential matters.

Dr. Addington was now called in: a very old physician, but peculiarly experienced in disorders such as afflicted our poor King, though not professedly a practitioner in them.

Sir Lucas made me a visit, and informed me of all the medical proceedings; and told me, in confidence, we were to go to Kew to-morrow, though the Queen herself had not yet concurred in the measure; but the physicians joined to desire it, and they were supported by the Princees. The difficulty how to get the King away from his favourite abode was all that rested. If they even attempted force, they had not a doubt but his smallest resistance would call up the whole country to his fancied rescue! Yet how, at such a time, prevail by persuasion?

He moved me even to tears, by telling me that none of their own lives would be safe if the King did not recover, so prodigiously high ran the tide of affection and loyalty. All the physicians received threatening letters daily, to answer for the safety of their monarch with their lives! Sir George Baker had already been stopped in his carriage by the mob, to give an account of the King; and when he said it was a bad one, they had furiously exclaimed, "The more shame for you!"

After he left me, a privy council was held at the Castle, with the Prince of Wales; the Chancellor, Mr. Pitt, and all the officers of state were summoned, to sign a permission for the King's removal. The poor Queen gave an audience to the Chancellor—it was necessary to sanctify their proceedings. The Princess Royal and Lady Courtown attended her. It was a tragedy the most dismal!

The Queen's knowledge of the King's aversion to Kew made her consent to this measure with the extremest reluctance; yet it was not to be opposed: it was stated as much the best for him, on account of the garden: as here there is none but what is public to spectators from the terrace, or tops of houses. I believe they were perfectly right, though the removal was so tremendous.

The physicians were summoned to the Privy Council, to give their opinions, upon oath, that this step was necessary.

Inexpressible was the alarm of every one, lest the King, if he recovered, should bear a lasting resentment against the authors and promoters of this journey. To give it, therefore, every possible sanction, it was decreed that he should be seen both by the Chancellor and Mr. Pitt.

The Chancellor went into his presence with a tremor such as, before, he had been only accustomed to inspire; and when he came out, he was so extremely affected by the state in which he saw his Royal master and patron that the tears ran down his cheeks, and his feet had difficulty to support him.

Mr. Pitt was more composed, but expressed his grief with so much respect and attachment, that it added new weight to the universal admiration with which he is here beheld.

All these circumstances, with various others, of equal sadness which I must not relate, came to my knowledge through Sir Lucas, Mr. de Luc, and my noon attendance upon her Majesty, who was compelled to dress for her audience of the Chancellor. And, altogether, with the horror of the next day's removal, and the gloom of the ensuing Kew residence, I was so powerfully depressed, that when Mr. Fairly came in the evening, not all my earnestness to support my firmness could re-animate me, and I gave him a most solemn reception, and made the tea directly, and almost in silence.

He endeavoured, at first, to revive me by enlivening discourse, but finding that fail, he had recourse to more serious means. He began his former favourite topic—the miseries of life—the inherent miseries, he thinks them, to which we are so universally born and bred, that it was as much consonant with our reason to expect as with our duty to support them.

I heard him with that respect his subject and his character alike merited; but I could not answer—my heart was sunk—my spirits were all exhausted: I knew not what to expect next, nor how I might be enabled to wade through the dreadful winter.

He proceeded, however, with one of the best discourses I ever heard upon religious fortitude and cheerful resignation; and his own high practice of those virtues in all his personal misfortunes rendered their recommendation not merely proper, but affecting from him.

Once, attempting a little smile, he said, "If you might choose what frame of mind to be in for a constancy—a gay and lively one, full of buoyant hope and vivacity, or one wholly serious and solemn—which would you take?"

I knew which frame he thought best—the serious; but I know which I prefer—the buoyant: however, I could not argue, and simply said, “You must not question me to-night, Mr. Fairly, for to-night I feel afraid of you!”

“I think,” cried he, “that when the nature of our small earthly happiness is considered, and the danger we are in, while it lasts, of forgetting what most we ought to reflect upon—I think, upon the whole, that a melancholy humour, such as you and I are in just now, is to be preferred. Gaiety has such an aptitude to run into levity, that it can little be relied upon with any security.”

I could have said much upon this subject at another time, but here I had no force. I could only forbear to concur. In this point, indeed, I am wholly dissentient. I am very sorry he harbours opinions so gloomy. They are not consonant to my ideas of that true religion of which I believe him so pure a disciple.

He had not, I saw, one ray of hope to offer me of better times, yet he recommended me to cheer myself; but not by more sanguine expectations—simply and solely by religion. To submit, he said, to pray and to submit, were all we had to do.

He inquired how long I should remain in my parlour? I told him, till summoned to her Majesty—now, commonly, at twelve o'clock. I saw he purposed calling again. But in going, he said, with a smile, he would give me a text for a sermon, “Expect little, be humble, and pray.” This, he said, was his own text in the adversities of fortune, and he recommended to me to make a sermon upon it, which he assured me would be very useful.

I agreed to the excellence of the text; but as to making a sermon, Heaven knows how much more I was a subject for being taught than for teaching!

The voice of the Prince of Wales, in the passage, carried him away. They remained together, in deep conference, all the rest of the evening, consulting upon measures for facilitating the King's removal and obtaining his consent.

I went very late to the Queen, and found her in deep sorrow;

but nothing confidential passed : I found her not alone, nor alone did I leave her. But I knew what was passing in her mind—the removing the King!—its difficulty and danger at present, and the dread of his permanent indignation hereafter.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH.—Shall I ever forget the varied emotions of this dreadful day !

I rose with the heaviest of hearts, and found my poor royal Mistress in the deepest dejection : she told me now of our intended expedition to Kew. Lady Elizabeth hastened away to dress, and I was alone with her for some time.

Her mind, she said, quite misgave her about Kew : the King's dislike was terrible to think of, and she could not foresee in what it might end. She would have resisted the measure herself, but that she had determined not to have upon her own mind any opposition to the opinion of the physicians.

The account of the night was still more and more discouraging : it was related to me by one of the pages, Mr. Brawan ; and though a little I softened or omitted particulars, I yet most sorrowfully conveyed it to the Queen.

Terrible was the morning!—uninterruptedly terrible ! all spent in hasty packing up, preparing for we knew not what, nor for how long, nor with what circumstances, nor scarcely with what view ! We seemed preparing for captivity, without having committed any offence ; and for banishment, without the least conjecture when we might be recalled from it.

The poor Queen was to get off in private : the plan settled between the Princes and the physicians was that her Majesty and the Princesses should go away quietly, and then that the King should be told that they were gone, which was the sole method they could devise to prevail with him to follow. He was then to be allured by a promise of seeing them at Kew ; and, as they knew he would doubt their assertion, he was to go through the rooms and examine the house himself.

I believe it was about ten o'clock when her Majesty departed : drowned in tears, she glided along the passage, and got softly into her carriage, with two weeping Princesses, and Lady Courtown, who was to be her Lady-in-waiting during this dreadful residence.

Then followed the third Princess, with Lady Charlotte Finch. They went off without any state or parade, and a more melancholy scene cannot be imagined. There was not a dry eye in the house. The footmen, the house-maids, the porter, the sentinels—all cried even bitterly as they looked on.

The three younger Princesses were to wait till the event was known. Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave and Miss Goldsworthy had their Royal Highnesses in charge.

It was settled the King was to be attended by three of his gentlemen, in the carriage, and to be followed by the physicians, and preceded by his pages. But all were to depart on his arrival at Kew, except his own Equerry-in-waiting.

It was not very pleasant to these gentlemen to attend his Majesty at such a time, and upon such a plan, so adverse to his inclination, without any power of assistance: however, they would rather have died than refused, and it was certain the King would no other way travel but by compulsion, which no human being dared even mention.

Miss Planta and I were to go as soon as the packages could be ready, with some of the Queen's things. Mrs. Schwellenberg was to remain behind, for one day, in order to make arrangements about the jewels.

Mr. de Luc called to take leave of us, in extreme wretchedness. He, Mr. Turbulent, and Madame la Fite, were left at large.

In what confusion was the house! Princes, Equerries, Physicians, Pages—all conferring, whispering, plotting, and caballing, how to induce the King to set off!

At length we found an opportunity to glide through the passage to the coach; Miss Planta and myself, with her maid and Goter. But the heaviness of heart with which we began this journey, and the dreadful prognostics of the duration of misery to which it led us—who can tell?

We were almost wholly silent all the way.

When we arrived at Kew, we found the suspense with which the King was awaited truly terrible. Her Majesty had determined to return to Windsor at night, if he came not. We were all to forbear unpacking in the meanwhile.

The house was all now regulated by express order of the Prince of Wales, who rode over first, and arranged all the apartments, and writ, with chalk, the names of the destined inhabitants on each door.

My own room he had given to Lady Courtown; and for me, he had fixed on one immediately adjoining to Mrs. Schwollenberg's; a very pleasant room, and looking into the garden, but by everybody avoided, because the partition is so thin of the next apartment, that not a word can be spoken in either that is not heard in both.

While I was surveying this new habitation, the Princess Royal came into it, and, with a cheered countenance, told me that the Queen had just received intelligence that the King was rather better, and would come directly, and therefore I was commissioned to issue orders to Columb to keep out of sight, and to see that none of the servants were in the way when the King passed.

Eagerly, and enlivened, downstairs I hastened, to speak to Columb. I flew to the parlour, to ring the bell for him, as in my new room I had no bell for either man or maid; but judge my surprise, when, upon opening the door, and almost rushing in, I perceived a Windsor uniform! I was retreating with equal haste, when the figure before me started, in so theatric an attitude of astonishment, that it forced me to look again. The arms were then wide opened, while the figure fell back, in tragic paces.

Much at a loss, and unable to distinguish the face, I was again retiring, when the figure advanced, but in such measured steps as might have suited a march upon a stage.

I now suspected it was Mr. Fairly; yet so unlikely I thought it, I could not believe it without speech. "Surely," I cried, "it is not—it is not——" I stopped, afraid to make a mistake.

With arms yet more sublimed, he only advanced, in silence and dumb heroics. I now ventured to look more steadily at the face, and then to exclaim—"Is it Mr. Fairly?"

The laugh now betrayed him: he could hardly believe I had really not known him. I explained that my very little expectation of seeing him at Kew had assisted my near-sightedness to perplex me.

But I was glad to see him so sportive, which I found was owing to the good spirits of bringing good news; he had mounted his horse as soon as he had heard the King had consented to the journey, and he had galloped to Kew, to acquaint her Majesty with the welcome tidings.

I rang, and gave my orders to Columb; and he then begged me not to hurry away, and to give him leave to wait, in this parlour, the King's arrival. He then explained to me the whole of the intended proceedings and arrangements, with details innumerable and most interesting.

He meant to go almost immediately into the country—all was settled with the Queen. I told him I was most cordially glad his recruit was so near at hand.

"I shall, however," he said, "be in town a few days longer, and come hither constantly to pay you all a little visit. You'll let me come to you?"

I stared, a little at a loss from surprise.

"Where is your sitting-room?"

"I—I have none!" cried I.

"But where shall you be? Where can I find you to ask how you do?"

I assured him I had nothing but this very parlour, which was Mrs. Schwellenberg's much more than mine.

He exclaimed, with some energy, he hoped she would not come.

Miss Planta then appeared. A more general conversation now took place, though in its course Mr. Fairly had the malice to give me a start I little expected from him. We were talking of our poor King, and wondering at the delay of his arrival, when Mr. Fairly said, "The King now, Miss Planta, mentions everybody and everything that he knows or has heard mentioned in his whole life. Pray does he know any of your secrets? he'll surely tell them if he does!"

"So I hear," cried she; "but I'm sure he can't tell anything of me! But I wonder what he says of everybody?"

"Why, everything!" cried he. "Have you not heard of yourself?"

"Dear, no! Dear me, Mr. Fairly!"

"And, dear, Miss Planta! why should not you have your share? Have you not heard he spares nobody?"

"Yes, I have; but I can't think what he says of them!"

Fearful of anything more, I arose and looked at the window, to see if any sign of approach appeared, but he dropped the subject without coming any nearer, and Miss Planta dropped it too.

I believe he wished to discover if she had heard of his "learned ladies!"

Dinner went on, and still no King. We now began to grow very anxious, when Miss Planta exclaimed that she thought she heard a carriage. We all listened. "I hope!" I cried. "I see you do!" cried he; "you have a very face of hope at this moment!"—and it was not disappointed. The sound came nearer, and presently a carriage drove into the front court. I could see nothing, it was so dark; but I presently heard the much-respected voice of the dear unhappy King, speaking rapidly to the porter, as he alighted from the coach. Mr. Fairly flew instantly upstairs, to acquaint the Queen with the welcome tidings.

The poor King had been prevailed upon to quit Windsor with the utmost difficulty: he was accompanied by General Harecourt, his aide-de-camp, and Colonels Goldsworthy and Welbred—no one else! He had passed all the rest with apparent composure, to come to his carriage, for they lined the passage, eager to see him once more! and almost all Windsor was collected round the rails, &c., to witness the mournful spectacle of his departure, which left them in the deepest despondence, with scarce a ray of hope ever to see him again.

The bribery, however, which brought, was denied him!—he was by no means to see the Queen!

When I went to her at night she was all graciousness, and kept me till very late. I had not seen her alone so long, except for a few minutes in the morning, that I had a thousand things I wished to say to her. You may be sure they were all, as far as they went, consolatory.

Princess Augusta had a small tent-bed put up in the Queen's bed-chamber: I called her Royal Highness when the Queen dismissed me. She undressed in an adjoining apartment.

I must now tell you how the house is disposed. The whole of the ground-floor that looks towards the garden is appropriated to the King, though he is not indulged within its range. In the side wing is a room for the physicians, destined to their consultations; adjoining to that is the Equerry's dining-room. Mrs. Schwellenberg's parlours, which are in the front of the house, one for dining, the other for coffee and tea, are still allowed us. The other front rooms below are for the pages to dine, and the rest of the more detached buildings are for the servants of various sorts.

All the rooms immediately over those which are actually occupied by the King are locked up; her Majesty relinquishes them, that he may never be tantalized by footsteps overhead. She has retained only the bedroom, the drawing-room, which joins to it, and the gallery, in which she eats. Beyond this gallery are the apartments of the three elder Princesses, in one of which rooms Miss Planta sleeps. There is nothing more on the first floor.

On the second a very large room for Mrs. Schwellenberg, and a very pleasant one for myself, are over the Queen's rooms. Farther on are three bedrooms, one for the surgeon or apothecary in waiting, the next for the Equerry, and the third, lately mine, for the Queen's lady—all written thus with chalk by the Prince.

The inhabitants at present are Mr. Charles Hawkins, Colonel Goldsworthy, and Lady Courtown.

Then follows a very long dark passage, with little bedrooms on each side for the maids, viz. the two Misses Macenton, wardrobe-women to the Princesses, their own maid, Lady Courtown's, Miss Planta's, Mrs. Schwellenberg's two maids, Mrs. Lovel and Arline, and Mr. Chamberlayne, one of the pages. These look like so many little cells of a convent.

Mrs. Sandys has a room nearer the Queen's, and Goter has one nearer to mine.

At the end of this passage there is a larger room, formerly appropriated to Mr. de Luc, but now chalked "The Physicians."

One Physician, one Equerry, and one Surgeon or Apothecary, are regularly to sleep in the house.

This is the general arrangement.

The Prince very properly has also ordered that one of his Majesty's Grooms of the Bedchamber should be in constant waiting; he is to reside in the Prince's house, over the way, which is also fitting up for some others. This gentleman is to receive all inquiries about the King's health. The same regulation had taken place at Windsor, in the Castle, where the gentlemen waited in turn. Though, as the Physicians send their account to St. James's, this is now become an almost useless ceremony, for everybody goes thither to read the bulletin.

The three young Princesses are to be in a house belonging to the King on Kew Green, commonly called Princess Elizabeth's, as her Royal Highness has long inhabited it in her illness. There will lodge Miss Goldsworthy, Madlle. Montmollin, and Miss Gomm. Lady Charlotte Finch is to be at the Prince of Wales's.

I could not sleep all night—I thought I heard the poor King. He was under the same range of apartments, though far distant, but his indignant disappointment haunted me. The Queen, too, was very angry at having promises made in her name which could not be kept. What a day altogether was this!

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH.—Here, in all its dread colours, dark as its darkest prognostics, began the Kew campaign. I went to my poor Queen at seven o'clock: the Princess Augusta arose and went away to dress, and I received her Majesty's commands to go down for inquiries. She had herself passed a wretched night, and already lamented leaving Windsor.

I waited very long in the cold dark passages below, before I could find any one of whom to ask intelligence. The parlours were without fires, and washing. I gave directions afterwards to have a fire in one of them by seven o'clock every morning.

At length I procured the speech of one of the pages, and heard that the night had been the most violently bad of any yet passed!—and no wonder!

I hardly knew how to creep upstairs, frozen both within and without, to tell such news; but it was not received as if unexpected, and I omitted whatever was not essential to be known.

Afterwards arrived Mrs. Schwellenberg, so oppressed between

her spasms and the house's horrors, that the oppression she inflicted ought perhaps to be pardoned. It was, however, difficult enough to bear! Harshness, tyranny, dissension, and even insult, seemed personified. I cut short details upon this subject—they would but make you sick.

I longed to see Sir Lucas Pepys, and hear if any comfort might yet be gathered from his opinion. I went downstairs to wait in the parlour, and watch his entrance or exit; but I saw Colonel Goldsworthy in it, doing the honours to the Howards and some others, who had come with earnest inquiries. He could not take them to the Equerry-room, as it was through that of the physicians.

I believe they were none of them strangers to me, but I had not spirits to encounter such a party, and hastily ran back.

My dear Miss Cambridge sent to me immediately. I saw she had a secret hope she might come and sit with me now and then in this confinement. It would have been my greatest possible solace in this dreary abode: but I hastened to acquaint her of the absolute seclusion, and even to beg she would not send her servant to the house: for I found it was much desired to keep off all who might carry away any intelligence.

We could write, however, by Mr. Dundas the apothecary, who was now in alternate waiting with Mr. Battiscombe, Mr. Charles Hawkins, and Mr. Keate.

She is ever most reasonable, and never thenceforward hinted upon the subject. But she wrote continually long letters, and filled with news and anecdotes of much interest, relating to anything she could gather of *out-house proceedings*, which now became very important—the length of the malady threatening a REGENCY!—a word which I have not yet been able to articulate.

Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, though so near, came not! The Master of the house was not its owner!—they presumed not to enter its doors!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Kew Diary for December—Alarming Accounts—Interviews with the Queen—Her Grief and Resignation—The Prince of Wales—Mrs. Harcourt—News from Home—Personal Kindness of the Queen—Moir's Sermons—Dr. Willis and his Son called in—His first Interview with the King—Gives strong Hopes of Recovery—Cross-Examination—The Regency Question—Marked Improvement of the King under Dr. Willis's Treatment—Its Effect on the Regency Bill—Dr. Willis's Plans obstructed—He contemplates resigning his Charge—Conclusion of the Year.

KEW, MONDAY, DECEMBER 1ST.—Mournful was the opening of the month! My account of the night from Gezewell, the page, was very alarming, and my poor Royal Mistress began to sink more than I had ever yet seen. No wonder; the length of the malady so uncertain, the steps which seemed now requisite so shocking: for new advice, and such as suited only disorders that physicians in general relinquish, was now proposed, and compliance or refusal were almost equally tremendous.

I had half an hour with her alone before she summoned the wardrobe-woman, and after poor Princess Augusta retired to another room to dress. Again, too, at noon, she sent for me before her other attendants, and much of melancholy confidence ensued.

In sadness I returned from her, and, moping and unoccupied, I was walking up and down my room, when Columb came to say Mr. Fairly desired to know if I could see him.

Certainly, I said, I would come to him in the parlour.

He was not at all well, nor did he seem at all comfortable.

He had undertaken, by his own desire, to purchase small carpets for the Princesses, for the house is in a state of cold and discomfort past all imagination. It has never been a winter residence, and there was nothing prepared for its becoming one. He could not, he told me, look at the rooms of their Royal Highnesses without shuddering for them; and he longed, he said, to cover all the naked, cold boards, to render them more habitable. He had obtained permission to execute this as a commission: for so miserable is the house at present that no general orders to the proper people are either given or thought about; and every one is so absorbed in the general calamity, that they would individually sooner perish than offer up complaint or petition. I should never end were I to explain the reasons there are for both.

Mr. Fairly's confidential favour with all the Royal Family enables him to let the benevolence of his character come forth in a thousand little acts and proposals at this cruel period, which, from any other, would be regarded as a liberty or impropriety.

What he must next, he said, effect, was supplying them with sand-bags for windows and doors, which he intended to bring and to place himself. The wind which blew in upon those lovely Princesses, he declared, was enough to destroy them.

When he had informed me of these kind offices, he began an inquiry into how I was lodged. Well enough I said; but he would not accept so general an answer. He insisted upon knowing what was my furniture, and in particular if I had any carpet; and when I owned I had none, he smiled, and said he would bring six, though his commission only extended to three.

We talked over our Royal Mistress, and all the scenes of distress, passed, passing, and expected. How sad, sad a discourse! He meant to see her Majesty before he left Kew, but he had been begged to see Colonels Goldsworthy and Welbred first, who had some inquiry to make, which they had no means to do but by Mr. Fairly. Colonel Welbred has had a room appointed him here, as well as the Equerry in waiting. Neither of them were just then visible.

He did not at all like the parlour, which, indeed, is wretchedly cold and miserable: he wished to bring it a carpet, and new fit it up with warm winter accommodations. He reminded me of my dearest Fredy, when she brought me a decanter of barley-water and a bright tin saucepan, under her hoop. I could not tell him that history in detail, but I rewarded his good-nature by hinting at the resemblance it bore, in its active zeal, to my sweet Mrs. Locke.

This day was far less rigid than the preceding one, as my co-adjutrix began to recover a little more good humour, and as I was called down in the evening to Sir Lucas Pepys, who still supports hope for the end, and again to Mr. Dundas, who gave me a good account of my dear Miss Cambridge, whom he attends, and who had made him promise her that he would actually see me, in order to satisfy her I was really living and looking well. She had suspected I was ill, and her kind heart had taken an alarm which my own letters could not remove.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2ND.—This morning I was blessed with a better account of my poor King, which I received from Mr. Dundas, than I have had for six days past. With what eager joy did I fly with it to my Queen! and I obtained her leave for carrying it on to the Princesses, who otherwise might not have known it till the general breakfast, at nine o'clock.

I took this fair opportunity to propose stepping out to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, as they would not come to the house, and I had received a most melting note from both, expressive of their deep unhappiness. I produced it: it drew tears from the poor Queen—easily now drawn! and she assented to my proposition. I hastened therefore to them, and met the kindest but most melancholy reception: yet I cheered them with my better news, and would have stayed all my short morning to enjoy their valuable society, but that Mrs. Harcourt entered, which, as it stopped our confidential openness, enabled me to depart. Yet she made herself a welcome, for she brought me a dear *alive* from my sisters. It had arrived after our departure from Windsor, and she had called at the Queen's Lodge to see the little Princesses.

I had also a short interview in the parlour with Sir Lucas, but a comfortable one.

The Queen afterwards presented me with a very pretty little new carpet; only a bed-side slip, but very warm. She knew not how much I was acquainted with its history, but I found she had settled for them all six. She gave another to Mrs. Schwollenberg.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3RD.—Worse again to-day was the poor King: the little fair gleam, how soon did it pass away!

I was beginning to grow ill myself, from the added fatigue of disturbance in the night, unavoidably occasioned by my neighbourhood to an invalid who summoned her maids at all hours; and my Royal Mistress, who knew this to have been the case with my predecessor, Mrs. Haggerdorn, spoke to me about it herself; and, fearing I might suffer essentially, she graciously issued orders for a removal to take place.

In consequence of this there were obliged to be two or three other changes. The physician in waiting was removed, and his room made over to me; while that which I had at first occupied was deemed impracticable for a sleeping-room to any one.

My new apartment is at the end of the long dark passage I have mentioned, with bedroom cells on each side of it. It is a very comfortable room, carpeted all over, with one window looking to the front of the house and two into a court-yard. It is the most distant from the Queen, but in all other respects is very desirable. I have made it as neat as I could, and its furniture is far better than that of my own natural apartment, which my Fredy thought so succinct!

I must now relate briefly a new piece of cruelty. I happened to mention to *la première présidente* my waiting for a page to bring the morning accounts.

“And where do you wait?”

“In the parlour, ma’am.”

“In my parlour? Oh, ver well! I will see to that!”

“There is no other place, ma’am, but the cold passages, which, at that time in the morning, are commonly wet as well as dark.”

“Oh, ver well! When everybody goes to my room I might keep an inn—what you call hotel.”

All good humour now again vanished; and this morning, when I made my seven o'clock inquiry, I found the parlour doors both locked!

I returned so shivering to my Queen, that she demanded the cause, which I simply related; foreseeing inevitable destruction from continuing to run such a hazard. She instantly protested there should be a new arrangement.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4TH.—No opportunity offered yesterday for my better security, and therefore I was again exposed this morning to the cold dark damp of the miserable passage. The account was tolerable, but a threat of sore-throat accelerated the reform.

It was now settled that the dining-parlour should be made over to the officers of state who came upon business to the house, and who hitherto had waited in the hall; and the room which was next to Mrs. Schwellenberg's, and which had first been mine, was now made our *salle à manger*.

By this means, the parlour being taken away for other people, and by command relinquished, I obtained once again the freedom of entering it, to gather my account for her Majesty. But the excess of ill-will awakened by my obtaining this little privilege, which was actually necessary to my very life, was so great, that more of personal offence and harshness could not have been shown to the most guilty of culprits.

One of the pages acquainted me his Majesty was not worse, and the night had been as usual. As usual, too, was my day; sad and solitary all the morning—not solitary, but worse during dinner and coffee.

Just after it, however, came the good and sweet Mr. Smelt. The Prince of Wales sent for him, and condescended to apologise for the Windsor transaction, and to order he might regain admission.

How this was brought about I am not clear: I only know it is agreed by all parties that the Prince has the faculty of making his peace, where he wishes it, with the most captivating grace in the world.

It was softening to these rigid days to see Mr. Smelt again, even in ungenial company. But it was only softening to my

sight : I was bowed down once more from all strength of effort, and only sat silent and rejoiced he was there.

Between seven and eight o'clock I stole away. I was of no use, and Mr. Smelt being with Mrs. Schwellenberg, I could no way be missed ; and I wished to keep up the custom lately begun at Windsor, of rescuing a part, at least, of my evenings for myself. Hitherto, however, as I could not leave her alone, I had not left her at all.

Mr. Fairly told me this evening that Dr. Willis, a physician of Lincoln, of peculiar skill and practice in intellectual maladies, had been sent for by express. The poor Queen had most painfully concurred in a measure which seemed to fix the nature of the King's attack in the face of the world ; but the necessity and strong advice had prevailed over her repugnance.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6TH.—The accounts now of the poor King vary but slightly ; neither the better nor the worse are long enough either for permanent joy, or thank God ! alarm.

The Queen told me afterwards that Mr. Fairly had been recommending Moir's Sermons to her ; and she desired me to ask him for a full direction where they were to be had. I readily undertook the little commission, much pleased to see by it her approbation of our conferences. For well do I know, had she disapproved them, even slightly, the last thing in the world she would have done would have been authorising them by a message from one to the other.

As he had told me he should go to town to-day, I was upon the point of sending Columb to him with a message concerning Moir, when, fortunately, he came to me, to borrow pen and ink for a few memorandums.

Notwithstanding much haste, he could not, he said, go till he had acquainted me with the opening of Dr. Willis with his Royal Patient. I told him there was nothing I more anxiously wished to hear.

He then gave me the full narration, interesting, curious, extraordinary ; full of promise and hope. He is extremely pleased both with the doctor and his son, Dr. John. He says they are fine, lively, natural, independent characters. I quite long to see

them. But my accounts are always now from the pages or the apothecaries, Mr. Battiscomb and Mr. Dundas.

This little history gave me a spirit that supported me through the day; and at night, though I had no society, I retired to a little quiet reading. Good Mr. Smelt comes regularly every evening, and takes my place at the card-table.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7TH.—Very bad was this morning's account, and very mournful all the day, except one half-hour, at my breakfast, in which I had the most pleasant surprise of a visit from Mr. Smelt. Mrs. Schwellenberg was not visible, and therefore he ventured to come on to my room, and beg some news. I promised he should always have it if he would always come, which he assured me would be most useful to the peace of his mind. He would not take any breakfast, as Mrs. Smelt was anxiously waiting his return.

Sir Lucas now comes every third day, and I then regularly have a conference with him in Dr. Willis's parlour, as it is now called, which has always been empty.

Lady Charlotte Finch read prayers to the Queen and Princesses, and Lady Courtown, and the rest for themselves. Mr. Fairly wishes her Majesty would summon a chaplain, and let the house join in congregation. I think he is right, as far as the house extends to those who are still admitted into her Majesty's presence.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 8TH.—The accounts began mending considerably, and hope broke in upon all.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9TH.—All gets now into a better channel, and the dear Royal Invalid gives every symptom of amendment. God be praised!

Mr. Smelt now calls every morning at breakfast-time, and I have the infinite comfort of his reviving society for a regular half-hour; and this is as unknown to *la Présidente* as the visits of my other consoler: she would be quite outrageous to hear of either.

Mr. Smelt could not stay this evening, and therefore, as soon as I had made my tea, I returned to Mrs. Schwellenberg, as she was alone, and more civil, and requested it.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10TH.—Still amending, in all but my evenings; which again, except one hour under pretence of drinking tea, are falling into their old train.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11TH.—To-day we have had the fairest hopes; the King took his first walk in Kew garden! There have been impediments to this trial hitherto, that have been thought insurmountable, though, in fact, they were most frivolous. The walk seemed to do him good, and we are all in better spirits about him than for this many and many a long day past.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12TH.—This day passed in much the same manner. Late in the evening, after Mr. Smelt was gone, Mrs. Schwollenberg began talking about Mr. Fairly, and giving free vent to all her strong innate aversion to him. She went back to the old history of the "newseepaper," and gave to his naming it every unheard-of motive of spite, disloyalty, and calumny!—three qualities which I believe equally and utterly unknown to him. He was also, she said, "very *onfeeling*, for she had heard him laugh prodigious with the Lady Waldegraves, *perticleer* with Lady Carlisle, what you call Lady Elizabeth her sister; and this in the King's illness." And, in fine, she could not bear him.

Such gross injustice I could not hear quietly. I began a warm defence, protesting I knew no one whose heart was more feelingly devoted to the Royal Family, except, perhaps, Mr. Smelt; and that as to his laughing, it must have been at something of passing and accidental amusement, since he was grave even to melancholy, except when he exerted his spirits for the relief or entertainment of others.

Equally amazed and provoked, she disdainfully asked me what I knew of him?

I made no answer. I was not quite prepared for the interrogatory, and feared she might next inquire when and where I had seen him.

My silence was regarded as self-conviction of error, and she added, "I know you can't not know him; I know he had never seen you two year and half ago; when you came here he had not heard your name."

"Two years and a half," I answered coolly, "I did not regard as a short time for forming a judgment of any one's character."

"When you don't not see them? You have never seen him, I am sure, but once, or what you call twice."

I did not dare let this pass, it was so very wide from the truth; but calmly said I had seen him much oftener than once or twice.

"And where? when have you seen him?"

"Many times; and at Cheltenham constantly; but never to observe in him anything but honour and goodness."

"Oh, ver well! you don't not know him like me; you can't not know him; he is not from your acquaintance—I know that ver well!"

She presently went on by herself. "You could not know such a person—he told me the same himself: he told me he had not never seen you when you first came. You might see him at Cheltenham; that is true; but nothing others, I am sure. At Windsor there was no tea, not wonce, so you can't not have seen him, only at Cheltenham."

I hardly knew whether to laugh or be frightened at this width of error; nor, indeed, whether it was not all some artifice to draw me out, from pique, into some recital: at all events, I thought it best to say nothing, for she was too affronting to deserve to be set right.

She went on to the same purpose some time, more than insinuating that a person such as Mr. Fairly could never let himself down to be acquainted with me; till, finding me too much offended to think her assertions worth answering, she started, at last, another subject. I then forced myself to talk much as usual. But how did I rejoice when the clock struck ten—how wish it had been twelve!

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13TH.—Accounts are now very tolerable, and the sentiments of Sir Lucas Pepys upon the prospects before us are most encouraging; and I have the happiness to convey them to my Royal Mistress upon every visit he makes here. But I have never yet seen Dr. Willis. I never go downstairs but at seven o'clock in the morning, to speak to the page or apothecary who has sat up with the King.

I had been seized this morning with a bad cold, and therefore I left Mrs. Schwellenberg in the evening, before my usual hour, eight o'clock, to get my tea. Mr. Smelt was with her. I had been, however, but a short time in my room when Mr. Fairly came. He is still here, detained, I suppose, by business of her Majesty. I made tea, and he made talk, till, some time after tea was over, we heard a rap at the door.

"Who's there?" I called out, concluding it some one for Mr. Fairly.

There was no answer, but another rap.

"Come in!" cried Mr. Fairly, hastily; and then apologising, he begged pardon, and asked if he might say so.

Still no answer, and still another rap.

I then went to the door and opened it. Who should be there but Mr. Smelt!

He was prevailed upon to sit down and enter into conversation, but I did not much assist: I left them to entertain each other, and worked almost silently.

They did very well, however, though not very naturally, for both seemed under some constraint. But the general great subject—the King—supplied them with copious materials for discussion; and indeed they are so well fitted for conversing together, that I should have been quite regaled by their meeting and their discourse, had not the opening of the interview been so disagreeable.

But afterwards, when Mr. Smelt asked some question concerning the physicians, which Mr. Fairly either could not or did not choose to answer, he took the opportunity to say, "This, sir, is a point which I do not inquire about; on the contrary, I am glad to get a little out of the way."

They came next to the Parliament, and that opened a most ample field for conjecture and discussion; till at last, Mr. Fairly, turning to me for the first time since the entrance of Mr. Smelt, said, "This is not quite fair, Miss Burney, to work on so hard, and take no part in the conversation."

"I only seem to take no part," cried I, "but I take, in fact, a very essential one—that of hearer!"

He pressed the matter no farther; and they talked on till Mr. Smelt rose to go. Mr. Fairly instantly rising at the same time, said he should now return to the Equerry-room, and see what was doing there.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14TH.—The day passed much as usual, with no sensible change in the King.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 15TH.—This whole day was passed in great internal agitation throughout the house, as the great and important business of the Regency was to be discussed to-morrow in Parliament. All is now too painful and intricate for writing a word. I begin to confine my memorandums almost wholly to my own personal proceedings.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16TH.—Whatsoever might pass in the House on this momentous subject, it sat so late that no news could arrive. Sweeter and better news, however, was immediately at hand than any the whole senate could transmit; the account from the pages was truly cheering. With what joy did I hasten with it to the Queen, who immediately ordered me to be its welcome messenger to the three Princesses. And when Mr. Smelt came to my breakfast, with what rapture did he receive it! seizing and kissing my hand, while his eyes ran over, and joy seemed quite to bewitch him. He flew away in a very few minutes, to share his happiness with his faithful partner.

After breakfast I had a long conference in the parlour with Sir Lucas Pepys, who justly gloried in the advancement of his original prediction; but there had been much dissension amongst the physicians concerning the bulletin to go to St. James's, no two agreeing in the degree of *better* to be announced to the world.

Dr. Willis came in while we were conversing, but instantly retreated, to leave us undisturbed. He looks a very fine old man. I wished to be introduced to him. Mr. Smelt and Mr. Fairly are both quite enchanted with all the family; for another son now, a clergyman, Mr. Thomas Willis, has joined their forces.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17TH.—My account this morning was most afflictive once more: it was given by Mr. Hawkins, and was cruelly subversive of all our rising hopes. I carried it to

the Queen in trembling; but she bore it most mildly. What resignation is hers!

Miss Planta tells me the Queen has given her commands that no one shall bring her any account of the night but me. She has been teased, I fancy, with erroneous relations, or unnecessarily wounded with cruel particulars. Be this as it may, I can hardly, when my narration is bad, get out the words to tell it; and I come upon the worst parts, if of a nature to be indispensably told, with as much difficulty as if I had been author of them. But her patience in hearing and bearing them is truly edifying.

Mr. Hawkins to-day, after a recital of some particulars extremely shocking, said, "But you need not tell that to the Queen."

"I could not, sir," was my true, though dry answer. Yet I never omit anything essential to be known. Detail is rarely of that character.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 22ND.—With what joy did I carry, this morning, an exceeding good account of the King to my Royal Mistress! It was trebly welcome, as much might depend upon it in the resolutions of the House concerning the Regency, which was of to-day's discussion.

Mr. Fairly took leave, for a week, he said, wishing me my health, while I expressed my own wishes for his good journey.

But, in looking forward to a friendship the most permanent, I saw the eligibility of rendering it the most open. I therefore went back to Mrs. Schwellenberg; and the moment I received a reproach for staying so long, I calmly answered, "Mr. Fairly had made me a visit, to take leave before he went into the country."

Amazement was perhaps never more indignant. Mr. Fairly to take leave of me! while not once he even called upon her! This offence swallowed up all other comments upon the communication.

I seemed not to understand it; but we had a terrible two hours and a half. Yet to such, now, I may look forward without any mixture, any alleviation, for evening after evening in this sad abode.

[N.B. My own separate adventures for this month, and year, concluded upon this day. I shall comprise the rest in a page or two.]

At the same time that I lost my acknowledged friend, I also lost Mr. Smelt, who was so much alarmed by an illness of his excellent wife, that he quitted her in no part of the day except the morning, when he came, he said, for "his daily support," to my little apartment. He came, he declared, for food, just as instinctively as my birds; for I have formed a small receptacle for those sweet little creatures, which I provide with food, that allures them in this hard weather to visit me in troops. And they are so tame, by finding themselves always supplied and never disturbed, that I am not a moment wholly deserted by them till sunset.

Mrs. Smelt, however, thank Heaven, was much recovered before the year was ended.

Another fortunate, though far less important incident also happened: Mrs. Schwellenberg took a very great fancy to Madlle. Montmollin, and invited her to play at cards almost every evening; and this enabled me to lengthen my absence till ten o'clock, when I took the place of Madlle. Montmollin, who returned to the house in which she lives, with the younger Princesses, called Princess Elizabeth's House.

The King, went on, now better, now worse, in a most fearful manner; but Sir Lucas Pepys never lost sight of hope, and the management of Dr. Willis and his two sons was most wonderfully acute and successful. Yet so much were they perplexed and tormented by the interruptions given to their plans and methods, that they were frequently almost tempted to resign the undertaking from anger and confusion.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

1789.

Diary continued—Improvement in the King's health—Dr. Willis and his Sons—Relapse of the King—Letter from Miss Burney to Mrs. Francis—Proceedings in Parliament on the State of the King—Learning in Women—The Opposition and the Regency—Conversation with the Queen—A sad Birthday—The King insists on seeing the Queen and Princesses—Improvement in the King's health—Character of the Willises—Conversation with the Queen—Further Improvement in the King's Health—Address to the Queen.

KEW PALACE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1ST.—The year opened with an account the most promising of our beloved King. I saw Dr. Willis, and he told me the night had been very tranquil; and he sent for his son, Dr. John Willis, to give me a history of the morning. Dr. John's narration was in many parts very affecting: the dear and excellent King had been praying for his own restoration! Both the doctors told me that such strong symptoms of true piety had scarce ever been discernible through so dreadful a malady.

How I hastened to my Queen!—and with what alacrity I besought permission to run next to the Princesses! It was so sweet, so soothing, to open a new year with the solace of anticipated good!

Oh how did I, afterwards, delight Mr. Smelt! He came, as usual, at my breakfast, but he could hardly get away. Joy in the beginning of a year that succeeds a year of sorrow is so truly buoyant that the heart seems to jump with every breath.

When, however, he recollected that each instant of his present enjoyment was an instant lost to his valuable partner, he hastened to that his best participation.

At noon he came back again, and brought Mr. de Luc, who had permission to enter the walls, with a new year's good wishes. I told the two Dr. Willises that they had given to the whole nation a new year's gift.

FRIDAY, 2ND.—All still amends in the great, great point. Were I to speak of smaller matters, I could not use so fair a phrase. Let the King, however, recover; and then, between the partial and the general joy, I shall revive.

SATURDAY, 3RD.—I have the great pleasure, now, of a change in my morning's historiographers: I have made acquaintance with Dr. Willis and his son, and they have desired me to summon one of them constantly for my information.

I am extremely struck with both these physicians. Dr. Willis* is a man of ten thousand; open, honest, dauntless, light-hearted, innocent, and high-minded: I see him impressed with the most animated reverence and affection for his royal patient; but it is wholly for his character,—not a whit for his rank.

Dr. John, his eldest son, is extremely handsome, and inherits, in a milder degree, all the qualities of his father; but, living more in the general world, and having his fame and fortune still to settle, he has not yet acquired the same courage, nor is he, by nature, quite so sanguine in his opinions. The manners of both are extremely pleasing, and they both proceed completely their own way, not merely unacquainted with court etiquette, but wholly, and most artlessly, unambitious to form any such acquaintance.

* Dr. Francis Willis was a native of Lincolnshire, and received a classical education at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he obtained a fellowship. In 1740 he entered into Holy Orders, and was appointed to a college living; but shortly afterwards he devoted himself to the medical profession, and that department of it chiefly which was connected with diseases of the mind, without, however, abandoning the church. He established a private asylum for lunatics at Greatford, in his native county; and his success there led to his being intrusted with the entire management of the King's case.

FRIDAY, 9TH.—I might write enough, were I to enter upon the adventures of to-day; but as they all consisted in almost unheard-of indignities, from a person who cannot fabricate a provocation in the world beyond that of declining to spend with her every moment not spent in legal attendance,—why I will not give the sickening relation: I will only confess, the treatment these last two days has been of so insulting a nature, that I should have thought meanly, not meekly, of myself, for consenting to return to her table or her room, had I not considered the apparent selfishness there would seem in any open rupture at a time of such material distress. I bear it, therefore, and will bear it while this misery lasts; but I think that must change, or I must change, if I bear it longer.

So completely overset had I been with secret ruminations of what there was to recompense endurance of such usage, that when Mr. Smelt came in, after coffee, he kindly inquired if I was taken ill, and what had made me so pale and thin all at once.

I saw her struck—with shame, and, I really believe, a little remorse; for she grew more civil directly, offered me some of her supper, and asked why I did not sometimes go out.

When I went away, however, for my tea, I thought my least resentment might authorize my returning no more; but at nine o'clock she sent me a message, with her compliments, and she was quite alone, if I would be so good to come: so there was no help for going. A little concession from a proud mind is a great pain; and it therefore appeases accordingly.

I proposed piquet: I had not yet regained voice enough for talking. It was gladly accepted.

I can give no other interpretation to the insulting mode of present behaviour, except the incapacity of bearing with patience the gloomy confinement inflicted on all the house; which renders a temper, naturally irascible, fierce and furious even to savageness.

How often do I not wish I might but be allowed to see my good Miss Cambridge! She is so near—so eager to come—so kindly affectionate; what a lightener, and how innocent a one, would it not be, to this burthening period!

SATURDAY, 10TH.—The King is again not so well; and new evidences are called for in the house, relative to his state. My poor Royal Mistress now droops. I grieve—grieve to see her!—but her own name and conduct called in question!—who can wonder she is shocked and shaken? Was there not enough before, firmly as she supported it?

But it is evident, my dear friends, throughout the world, misfortune is better endured than insult; even though the one be permanent, and the other transient.

During my hour's respite of this evening, while I was reading "Hunter's Lectures"—which were lent me by the Queen, and must be read ere returned—a rap at my door made me suppose Mr. Smelt had followed me, as Mrs. Schwellenberg had talked of going to the Queen. "Who's there?" I called out; but the voice that answered was Mr. Fairly's, who, in slowly opening it, mildly said, "May a friend come in, and ask Miss Burney how she does?"

When he had made me shake hands with him across my table, he hastened to peep at my book. He is just like Dr. Johnson in that particular; he cannot rest till he reads the title, when once he has seen a binding.

He had been sent for express, by her Majesty. In these perilous times, I wonder not she could dispense with his services no longer; wise, good, undaunted, vigorous—who has she like him?

He gave me a little history of his tour and his time. He had last been keeping the birthday of his eldest nephew, in the mere quiet society of their own family, the melancholy of the times prohibiting any further celebration.

You may imagine subjects were not wanting for conversation: all I knew, and all I was ignorant of from his absence, was now fully discussed. He read me various passages from many interesting letters, and renewed his confidential communications with the same trusting openness as before his journey.

But he told me his present plan was to live entirely in town during the rest of the winter, and only to come hither by particular calls from her Majesty. When he was here, he said, the

whole day, so many of its hours were passed in a manner wholly useless to others, as well as comfortless to himself, from the bustle, fatigue, cabal, and restraint of the house, that he wished to settle himself upon a new plan. He had mentioned this already to Lady Charlotte Finch, and he made it known to me, that each of us, if opportunity should offer, might speak of it to her Majesty.

I told him I should be happy to be of the least use to him, and especially for a release I could so well understand his coveting; but I advised him, meanwhile, to rather seek an opportunity of mentioning it for himself, by a public and positive request.

He then said he wished he had a room here, in the Lodge, that when he did stay he might be more comfortable. He was miserably off, he added, at the Prince of Wales's, as his room was but half furnished. He had many friends in town with whom he could associate cheerfully and pleasantly, particularly Lady Harriet Ackland, who seems his first favourite.

I did not go to Mrs. Schwellenberg: it was late. I expected questions and reproaches: my mind was too full to encounter them. I knew she could but tell the Queen of my absence, and her surmises; and I had no desire, no intention, to keep either secret from her Majesty. I resolved to speak myself, as usual, of my visitor; and if by her any objections were made, to intimate them at once to Mr. Fairly himself, without scruple or reserve. My mind is every way too little happy to run the smallest risk of the disapprobation of my Royal Mistress.

I had some difficulty to seize a moment for my communication: the Queen did not appear surprised, though rather thoughtful. She asked some general questions concerning him, and then spoke of other things.

SUNDAY, 11TH.—This morning Dr. John gave me but a bad account of the poor King. His amendment is not progressive; it fails, and goes back, and disappoints most grievously; yet it would be nothing were the case and its circumstances less discussed, and were expectation more reasonable.

When Mr. Smelt came for his account at my breakfast, and had joined in my lamentation that it was not more favourable,

he talked kindly of my absence; yet, dreadfully as I know he must pass his subsequent tête-à-têtes, I see him frequently shocked inexpressibly, though silently, at the altered person he meets in the afternoon, from that with which he parts in a morning. When he enters that baleful presence after an attack, the depression which regularly succeeds to my resentment of an affront affects him even visibly. He is truly amiable, and so good that he bears with this eternal sacrifice of his own time, purely in gratitude for some past little favours and obligations which have been received through those haughty hands. I pity with all my heart whoever has been obliged by those they cannot love.

There is not even the smallest possible provocation to these affronts, except from envy that Sir Lucas Pepys gives to me the fair hopes I distribute to the Queen and Princesses. Yet how give them to her, whom he has never even seen? And perhaps the visits of Mr. Fairly may help to irritate, if she knows their frequency.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Francis, Aylsham, Norfolk.

Kew Palace, January 11, 1789.

MY VERY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

NOTHING but the extreme disturbance of my late and present life could make me possibly deserve your pardon for not immediately answering your sweet letter, though I am sure I should obtain it from your ever ready kindness had I a much less powerful plea.

The painful and gloomy time that all have passed here you will have known by every public channel; and all private ones have been closed, except for merely public purposes. But how shall I thank you, and your excellent partner, for so kind a proposition: I have not been unfeeling, though silent; and indeed such a mark of your affection, little as I wanted any mark to convince me of its warmth, has been amongst the things the most soothing to my mind in this truly calamitous period.

Nevertheless, were my own share in it ten times more saddening than it is, and were that possible, I could not elude it. What am I, in such circumstances? and how could I set about thinking of myself when such sufferers surround me? We are all creatures of comparison and of habit; every comparison here sinks me and my distress into nothing; and the force of habit is such that I now pass whole weeks in this gloom better than, ere thus initiated, I could have passed a single day.

I am satisfied that not even the 20,000*l.* prize in the lottery could, at this time, draw me from this melancholy scene. My wishes, therefore, were never more limited, for no turn of fortune could make a change in my situation. To leave my royal and suffering mistress at such a time would be truly barbarous, since, however little comfort or use she may find in me when present, she would feel it a great additional wretchedness to be now attended by a stranger.

Heaven be praised, however, all hope is before us of the most favourable conclusion to this tragedy; and when the catastrophe is happy, my dear Charlotte knows the intermediate distresses may be supported with patience.

An example of patience is before us here, such as indeed I have never seen till now, and scarcely thought in existence. Such an influence naturally spreads itself all around, and no one dreams of repining or murmuring, while all are stimulated by one common pity and admiration for the chief sufferer.

Do not be uneasy for me, my kind Charlotte; I keep very well, and take infinite care of myself, since here to be ill and useless would be truly terrible.

We see no one—not a soul but of the household, and of those only such as are in attendance.

Poor Mr. Hastings! I think very often what he must feel and fear at this alarming and critical time. Heaven send his most upright master may be restored before his arduous trial recommences.

From your ever truly most affectionate and faithful

F. B.

MONDAY, 12TH.—A melancholy day : news bad both at home and abroad. At home the dear unhappy King still worse—abroad new examinations voted of the physicians ! Good Heaven ! what an insult does this seem from parliamentary power, to investigate and bring forth to the world every circumstance of such a malady as is ever held sacred to secrecy in the most private families ! How indignant we all feel here no words can say.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 13TH.—The two younger Willises, Dr. John and Mr. Thomas, came upstairs in the afternoon, to make a visit to Mrs. Schwellenberg. I took the opportunity to decamp to my own room, where I found Mr. Fairly in waiting.

In the course of conversation that followed, Mrs. Carter was named : Mr. Smelt is seriously of opinion her ode is the best in our language. I spoke of her very highly, for indeed I reverence her.

Learning in women was then our theme : I rather wished to hear than to declaim upon this subject, yet I never seek to disguise that I think it has no recommendation of sufficient value to compensate its evil excitement of envy and satire.

He spoke with very uncommon liberality on the female powers and intellects, and protested he had never, in his commerce with the world, been able to discern any other inferiority in their parts than what resulted from their pursuits ;—and yet, with all this, he doubted much whether he had ever seen any woman who might not have been rather better without than with the learned languages, one only excepted.

He was some time silent, and I could not but suppose he meant his correspondent, Miss Fuzilier ; but, with a very tender sigh, he said, “ And she was my mother,—who neglected nothing else, while she cultivated Latin, and who knew it very well, and would have known it very superiorly, but that her brother disliked her studying, and one day burnt all her books ! ”

This anecdote led to one in return, from myself. I told him briefly the history of Dr. Johnson's most kind condescension, in desiring to make me his pupil, and beginning to give me regular lessons of the Latin language, and I proceeded to the speedy conclusion—my great apprehension, *conviction* rather, that

what I learnt of so great a man could never be *private*, and that he himself would condemn concealment, if any progress should be made; which to me was sufficient motive for relinquishing the scheme, and declining the honour, highly as I valued it, of obtaining such a master.—“And this,” I added, “though difficult to be done without offending, was yet the better effected, as my father himself likes and approves all accomplishments for women better than the dead languages.”

He made afterwards many inquiries concerning my own present mode of going on.

“What a situation,” he once cried, “it is, to live pent up thus, day after day, in this forlorn apartment!—confinement!—attendance!—seclusion!—uncertain, for months to come, how long it may last.”

I could not command philosophy adequate for treating this subject as I felt upon it; I therefore had recourse to a letter I had just received from my affectionate Charlotte, telling me she seriously feared I should be quite *killed* by living such a life, and supplicating me most earnestly to give it up, and to let Mr. Francis apply to my father to obtain his permission for me to resign, and then to propose to me a constant residence in their house, to be only broken in upon by my going to my father himself, and to another, to whom she would always yield—my Susanna.

’Tis a most sweetly kind intention, and urged with the most innocent artlessness of its impracticability.

He inquired her name and abode, &c., but most promptly agreed her scheme, though truly sisterly, was out of all question.

He then inquired if I knew anything, of late, of Mr. Wyndham, concerning whom he has heretofore heard me very lavish of praise, and with whom he is well acquainted. “No,” I answered, “I had done with the whole set at present: their present behaviour relating to the King and the Regency demolished, with me, all pleasure in their talents.”

“And I,” cried he, “go now no more to a house where I used to meet him: I keep out of the way of all oppositionists. ’Tis now a cause of *humanity*, not of *party*, and I will not herd with those who think otherwise.”

I showed him a little paragraph I had received in a letter from Miss C——, in which she says that “Lady Willoughby de Broke had mentioned her concern that such a man as Mr. Wyndham should submit to party trammels:” for, continues her Ladyship, “so singularly pleasing is he, that it is quite a treat to hear him speak a common sentence.”

Some time after, he examined a little book-shelf in my room. Mr. Smelt had lent me Pope’s works. I gave him a volume, and he read the epitaph—

“Go, fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth,” &c.

He would not, however, allow to Pope’s panegyric the weight I thought it deserved; he said, “There was nothing in it that formed a great character—nothing beyond the common line of duty, though it might surpass the common line of practice.”

“Surely,” cried I, “it is no common and no small praise to say of a man,

‘He knew no wish but that the world might hear.’”

“That,” cried he, “is saying *nothing*, because it is asserting more than any man living can say of another. I think all praise absolutely nugatory that cannot be *proved* to be just. What man shall pretend, in sober truth, to say that he knows another man who has not a wish to conceal? Even if it were true,” he added, “the praise rises not into greatness of character; for where there is nothing to conceal, there is nothing to struggle with, and such a character is only good, as he is short or tall, because he is made so. Is not that a nobler character who has wishes he suppresses, and desires he combats and *conquers*?”

He then looked over the rest of Pope’s works, praising, commenting, and inquiring my opinion, as he came from one to another, till he opened the epistle of Eloisa, and then, suddenly shutting up the volume, he laughed, and said, “Mind, I don’t ask you how you like that!—I only know myself ’tis but too beautiful, and that is its greatest fault.”

He then took the "Essay on Man," and read various charming passages till the clock struck ten.

WEDNESDAY, 14TH.—I must now mention a rather singular conversation. I had no opportunity last night to name, as usual, my visitor; but I have done it so often, so constantly indeed, that I was not uneasy in the omission.

But this morning, while her hair was dressing, my royal mistress suddenly said, "Did you see anybody yesterday?"

I could not but be sure of her meaning, and though vexed to be anticipated in my avowal, which had but waited the departure of the wardrobe-woman, Sandys, I instantly answered, "Yes, ma'am; Mr. Smelt in the morning, and Mr. Fairly in the evening."

"Oh! Mr. Fairly was here, then?"

I was now doubly sorry she should know this only from me! He had mentioned being just come from town, but I had concluded Lady Charlotte Finch, as usual, knew of his arrival, and had made it known to her Majesty.

A little while after,—“Did he go away from you early?” she said.

“No, ma’am,” I immediately answered, “not early; he drank tea with me, as he generally does, I believe, when he is here for the night.”

“Perhaps,” cried she after a pause, “the gentlemen below do not drink tea.”

“I cannot tell, ma’am, I never heard him say; I only know he asked me if I would give him some, and I told him yes, with great pleasure.”

Never did I feel so happy in unblushing consciousness of internal liberty as in this little catechism!

However, I soon found I had mistaken the motive of the catechism: it was not on account of Mr. Fairly and his visit—it was all for Mrs. Schwellenberg and her no visits; for she soon dropped something of “poor Mrs. Schwellenberg” and her miserable state, that opened her whole meaning.

Here, indeed, I was not, am not so ready. Treated with such truly unprovoked indignity as at present, I can suffer no inter-

ference to make me relinquish my evening retreat, which is very rarely for more than one poor hour, except when I leave her engaged with Mr. Smelt or Mdlle. Montmollin. And I almost constantly return at last, and stay till we go to the Queen, which is hardly ever till past twelve o'clock, and which always seems not till three in the morning.

It is palpable she has lodged some complaint against my absences. The discovery made me not only silent, but comfortless. I cannot endure to retaliate; I am bent against making any serious charge to discredit an old servant, who, with all her faults, has an attachment for her mistress that merits her protection. And this, too, is the last time to take for either attack or defence. It would be distressing; it would be unfeeling. I know myself now peculiarly useful: many things pass that I am bound not to write; and it might seem taking a mean advantage of the present circumstances to offer any defensive appeal just now.

SUNDAY, 18TH.—The public birthday of my poor royal mistress. How sadly did she pass it; and how was I filled with sorrow for her reflections upon this its first anniversary for these last twenty-eight years in which the King and the nation have not united in its celebration! All now was passed over in silence and obscurity; all observance of the day was prohibited, both abroad and at home.

The poor King, whose attention to times and dates is unremittingly exact, knew the day, and insisted upon seeing the Queen and three of the Princesses; but—it was not a good day.

KEW, MONDAY, 19TH.—This morning the news was very cheering, and I have begun now a great friendship with Dr. Willis and Dr. John. They are most delightful people; all originality, openness, and goodness.

When I saw, afterwards, Sir Lucas Pepys, he told me he plainly saw I was on the verge of an illness myself, and recommended air and exercise as essentially requisite to save me from this menace. I obeyed his injunctions the moment I could name them to the Queen, for my health is now amongst my first duties, as far as it may depend upon my own care.

I took, therefore, a safe opportunity, and strolled a little while in Richmond Gardens.

WEDNESDAY, 21ST.—I had nothing at all to write yesterday. My dearest readers will soon, perhaps, wish I had nothing to write of to-day.

This evening my tea rap was unusually early, and Mrs. Schwelkenberg asked me to stay, and play at cards with her till Mdlle. Montmollin arrived. I make a point of never refusing her when she is civil: down, therefore, I sat, and stayed to play out a game, and till Mr. and Mrs. Smelt both entered.

I then came to my room; and there, in my own corner, sat poor Mr. Fairly, looking a little forlorn, and telling me he had been there near an hour. I made every apology that could mark in the strongest manner how little I thought his patience worth such exertion.

He took up a volume of "Metastasio," and asked, gravely, if I would object to tell him which of his dramas I most approved?

I told him I had already praised the "Olimpiade" to him at Cheltenham, and he had given it no quarter.

That, he said, was only relative to the false heroism of the principal character; "and my knowledge of Italian," he added, "is so trifling, that my opinion is immaterial: the beauties of the language, which, in Metastasio, I understand to be the chief merit, are wholly thrown away upon me; or, at least, very incompletely enjoyed."

"But the sentiments," cried I, "are equal, I believe, to the language."

"Those, also, lose great part of their energy by so incompetent an acquaintance with the force of their words."

"The characters, too," I cried, "in all his best operas, are strikingly noble."

"In . . . which?" he cried.

"Oh," quoth I, laughing, "I must read them over again before I name them, in remembrance of the Olimpiade!"

What a look again he gave me!—it implied an idea that I was the most distrustful person breathing! But he did not say so; and I was not bound to answer to his countenance!

He then added, that he did not merely desire to have Metastasio's best operas recommended, but also to read them with somebody who knew the language better than himself.

I did not choose to accept this as pointed, for certainly I know it too little to read it with any person whatsoever—except *Alfieri* or *Baretti*!

He next took from his pocket-book two little papers which I had begged from him; they were two characters of our beloved King, in verse; one drawn by Churchill,

“Stript of her gaudy plumes, and vain disguise,” &c.

The other from Cowper:—

“O bright occasion of dispensing good,” &c.

These extracts he has deemed very fitting to be read and re-read at this afflictive time, to keep up the loyal zeal of the poor King's friends. He had told me of them some time ago. I had then petitioned for a copy of each, printed as they were for the newspapers: he told me he did not choose to be known as their publisher, and I perfectly agreed with him that all good was best done that was done most quietly.

He suffered me to go on; and made me laugh not a little himself, by asking me how much ribbon I had in my bonnet? He takes amazing notice always of my bonnets and my gowns; and I believe all men do, much more than is suspected, of all dress, though we conclude it an attention pretty much confined to frivolous characters.

A graver subject soon followed—the calamities of human life. He believed them, he said, always salutary, if considered in a religious light, for they meliorated and softened the heart, while uninterrupted happiness had a great tendency to harden it.

“I believe it but too true in general,” I answered, “yet I am personally acquainted with an exception, in the only person I intimately know that has escaped misfortune, and she, though in the full and unbroken career of unmixed felicity, has a compassion for even the smallest distress in another, which seems all the stronger for the grateful and humble contrast she draws with

her own happiness, which she chiefly enjoys by endeavouring benevolently to spread and to share it all around her."

He looked an inquiry, and I answered it.

"I was sure of that!" cried he, smiling. "I knew you were there!"

"Yes,—there, indeed!—for she is all made up of pity and softness, though she has never, I believe, tasted real calamity in her life."

He spoke then himself of Mr. William Locke, whose countenance, in the drawing-room, had prepossessed him in his favour so strongly, that he has conceived quite an interest in his character.

This led, once again, to another picture of my loved United States of Norbury and Mickleham. He inquired precisely into their situations and nearest towns.

He was going to spend the next day at St. Leonards, where he was to meet his son; and he pourtrayed to me the character of Mrs. Harcourt so fairly and favourably, that her flightiness sank away on the rise of her good qualities.

He spoke of his chapel of St. Catherine's, its emoluments, chaplain, brothers, sisters, and full establishment.

Finding I entered into nothing, he took up a fan which lay on my table, and began playing off various imitative airs with it, exclaiming, "How thoroughly useless a toy!"

"No," I said; "on the contrary, taken as an ornament, it was the most useful ornament of any belonging to full dress; occupying the hands, giving the eyes something to look at, and taking away stiffness and formality from the figure and deportment."

"Men have no fans," cried he, "and how do they do?"

"Worse," quoth I, plumply.

He laughed quite out, saying, "That's ingenuous, however; and, indeed, I must confess they are reduced, from time to time, to shift their hands from one pocket to another."

"Not to speak of lounging about in their chairs from one side to another."

"But the real use of a fan," cried he, "if there is any, is it not—to hide a particular blush that ought not to appear?"

"O, no; it would rather make it the sooner noticed."

"Not at all; it may be done under pretence of absence—rubbing the cheek, or nose—putting it up accidentally to the eye—in a thousand ways."

He went through all these evolutions comically enough; and then, putting aside his toy, came back to graver matters.

SUNDAY, 25TH.—The two last days were wholly eventless; but this morning I had so fair an account of our beloved monarch, that I drew up a bulletin myself; not, indeed, for St. James's, but where it was certain of a flourishing reception. Mr. Smelt was going to town, and could not call. He sent me a note of inquiry, which arrived while I was still listening to Dr. John Willis, in our late little parlour, and hearing every interesting particular of the night and early morning. I answered Mr. Smelt's note, thus:—

"Kew Palace, Sunday morning, January 25, 1789.

"His Majesty has passed a very good night, and is perfectly composed and collected this morning.

"(Signed) JOHN WILLIS.

"(Witnessed) FRANCES BURNEY."

The young doctor gave me his name very willingly; and with this bulletin Mr. Smelt went and gladdened the hearts of every good subject of his acquaintance in town.

These Willisises are most incomparable people. They take a pleasure, that brightens every particle of their countenances, in communicating what is good, and they soften all that is bad with the most sedulous kindness.

In running this morning, at seven o'clock, along my dark passage, I nearly fell over a pail, carelessly left in the way by a housemaid, and broke my shin very painfully. Unable, therefore, to walk, yet so strongly enjoined to take the air, I could not escape accompanying Mrs. Schwellenberg in a little tour round Brentford, which, that we might see a little of the world, was the postillion's drive. But the ill humour of my companion during this rural ride was of so affronting a cast, that I wished myself a

thousand times hopping with my broken shin over the worst ploughed land in England, rather than so to be seated in a royal vehicle.

I have not mentioned a singular present which has been sent me from Germany this month: it is an almanac, in German, containing for its recreative part an abridgment of "Cecilia," in that language; and every month opens with a cut from some part of her history. It is sent me by M. Henouvre, a gentleman in some office in the King's establishment at Hanover. I wish I could read it—but I have only written it!

MONDAY, 26TH.—In the evening Mr. Fairly came to tea. He was grave, and my reception did not make him gayer.

General discourse took place, till Mrs. Dickenson happened to be named. He knew her very well as Miss Hamilton. Her conjugal conduct, in displaying her superior power over her husband, was our particular theme, till in the midst of it he exclaimed, "How well you will be trained in by Mrs. Schwellenberg—if you come to trial!"

Ah! thought I, the more I suffer through her, the less and less do I feel disposed to run any new or more lasting risk. But I said not this; I only protested I was much less her humble servant than might be supposed.

"How can that be," cried he, "when you never contest any one point with her?"

Not, I said, in positive wrangling, which could never answer its horrible pain; but still I refused undue obedience, when exacted with indignity, and always hastened to retire when offended and affronted.

He took up Mrs. Smith's "Emmeline," which is just lent me by the Queen; but he found it not *piquant*, and putting it down, begged me to choose him a Rambler.

I had a good deal of difficulty in my decision, as he had already seen almost all I could particularly wish to recommend; and when he saw me turn over leaf after leaf with some hesitation, he began a serious reproach to me of inflexible reserve. And then away he went.

I hastened immediately to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and found all in a tumult. She had been, she said, alone all the evening, and was going to have sent for me, but found I had my company. She sent for Mlle. Montmollin—but she had a cold; for Miss Gomme, but she could not come because of the snow; for Miss Planta—but she was ill with a fever, “what you call headache:” she had then “sent to Princess Royal, who had been to her, and pitied her ver moech, for Princess Royal was really sensible.”

And all this was communicated with a look of accusation, and a tone of menace, that might have suited an attack upon some hardened felon.

And this complaint of the absence of two hours to one treated when present as if too highly honoured in being suffered in the same apartment!

I never yet found this more hard to bear—to be denied the common forms of common civility when I stayed, yet to have the whole house apprised of my retreat, as an act of barbarity!

I made no sort of apology; nor any other answer than that I had had the honour of Mr. Fairly's company to tea, which was always a pleasure to me.

I believe something like consciousness whispered her here, that it might really be possible his society was as pleasant as I had found hers, for she then dropped her lamentation, and said she thanked God she wanted nobody, not one; she could always amuse herself, and was glad enough to be alone.

Were it but true!

I offered cards; she refused, because it was too late, though we yet remained together near two hours.

If this a little disordered me, you will not think what followed was matter of composure. While the Queen's hair was rolling up, by the wardrobe-woman, at night, Mrs. Schwellenberg happened to leave the room, and almost instantly her Majesty, in a rather abrupt manner, said, “Is Mr. Fairly here to-night?”

“Yes, ma'am.”

“When did he come back?”

I could not recollect.

“I did not know he was here!”

This thunderstruck me ; that he should come again, or stay, at least, without apprising his Royal Mistress, startled me inwardly, and distressed me outwardly.

"I knew, indeed," she then added, "he was here in the morning, but I understood he went away afterwards."

The idea of connivance now struck me with a real disdain, that brought back my courage and recollection in full force, and I answered, "I remember, ma'am, he told me he had rode over to Richmond Park at noon, and returned here to dinner with Colonel Welbred, and in the evening he drank tea with me, and said he should sup with General Harcourt."

All this, spoken with an openness that rather invited than shunned further investigation, seemed to give an immediate satisfaction ; the tone of voice changed to its usual complacency, and she inquired various things concerning the Stuart family, and then spoke upon more common topics.

I concluded it now all over ; but soon after Mrs. Sandys went away, and then, very unexpectedly, the Queen renewed the subject. "The reason," she said, "that I asked about Mr. Fairly was that the Schwellenberg sent to ask Miss Planta to come to her, because Mr. Fairly was—no, not with her—he never goes to her."

She stopped ; but I was wholly silent. I felt instantly with how little propriety I could undertake either to defend or to excuse Mr. Fairly, whom I determined to consider as a visitor, over whom, having no particular influence, I could be charged with no particular responsibility.

After waiting a few minutes—"With you," she said, "Mr. Fairly was ; and the Schwellenberg was alone."

My spirits quite panted at this moment to make a full confession of the usage I had endured from the person thus compassionated ; but I had so frequently resolved, in moments of cool deliberation, not even to risk doing mischief to a favourite old servant, however personally provoked, that I withstood the impulse ; but the inward conflict silenced me from saying anything else.

I believe she was surprised ; but she added, after a long pause, "I believe—he comes to you every evening when here?"

"I do not know, ma'am, always, when he is here or away; but I am always very glad to see him, for indeed his visits make all the little variety that——"

I hastily stopped, lest she should think me discontented with this strict confinement during this dreadful season; and that I can never be, when it is not accompanied by tyranny and injustice.

She immediately took up the word, but without the slightest displeasure. "Why here there might be more variety than anywhere, from the nearness to town, except for——"

"The present situation of things," I eagerly interrupted her to say, and went on:—"Indeed, ma'am, I have scarce a wish to break into the present arrangement, by seeing anybody while the house is in this state; nor have I, from last October, seen one human being that does not live here, except Mr. Smelt, Mr. Fairly, and Sir Lucas Pepys; and they all come upon their own calls, and not for me."

"The only objection," she gently answered, "to seeing anybody, is that every one who comes carries some sort of information away with them."

I assured her I was perfectly content to wait for better times.

Here the matter dropped; she appeared satisfied with what I said, and became soft and serene as before the little attack.

TUESDAY, 27TH.—The intelligence this morning was not very pleasant. I had a conference afterwards with Sir Lucas Pepys, who keeps up undiminished hope. We held our council in the physicians' room, which chanced to be empty; but before it broke up Colonel Welbred entered. It was a pleasure to me to see him, though somewhat an embarrassment to hear him immediately lament that we never met, and add that he knew not in what manner to procure himself that pleasure.

I joined in the lamentation, and its cause, which confined us all to our cells. Sir Lucas declared my confinement menaced my health, and charged me to walk out, and take air and exercise very sedulously, if I would avoid an illness.

Colonel Welbred instantly offered me a key of Richmond

Gardens, which opened into them by a nearer door than what was used in common.

I accepted his kindness, and took an hour's walk—for the first time since last October; ten minutes in Kew Gardens are all I have spent without doors since the middle of that month.

KEW LODGE, WEDNESDAY, 28TH.—The excellent Dr. Willis gave me a most reviving account of our beloved King this morning, and with a glee so genuine, that I think even the opposition must have sympathised in it. Afterwards the same pleasant tidings were confirmed by his son, Dr. John, who is a truly amiable and lively character, with admirable good sense and no pretensions. Mr. Smelt, all delight, came to me at noon, with the debates of the Commons on the Regency.

THURSDAY, 29TH.—Still good news from the two good doctors. All else bad—Cerbera dreadful!—more rough and harsh than I have words to tell. She has done, palpably, what was possible to secure a censure from the Magnolia; but the Magnolia cannot enjoin an injustice—though she may wish me more subservient. But I will not enter upon these matters here.

FRIDAY, 30TH.—To-day my poor Royal Mistress received the address of the Lords and Commons, of condolence, &c., upon his Majesty's illness. What a painful, but necessary ceremony! It was most properly presented by but few members, and those almost all chosen from the household: a great propriety.

Not long after came Mr. Fairly, looking harassed. "May I," he cried, "come in?—and—for an hour? Can you allow me entrance and room for that time?"

Much surprised, for already it was three o'clock, I assented: he then told me he had something to copy for her Majesty, which was of the highest importance, and said he could find no quiet room in the house but mine for such a business.

I gave him every accommodation in my power.

When he had written a few lines, he asked if I was very busy, or could help him? Most readily I offered my services: and then I read to him the original, sentence by sentence, to facilitate his copying; receiving his assurances of my "great assistance" every two lines.

In the midst of this occupation, a tap at my door made me precipitately put down the paper to receive—Lady Charlotte Finch!

“Can you,” she cried, “have the goodness to tell me anything of Mr. Fairly?”

The screen had hidden him; but, gently,—though I believe ill enough pleased,—he called out himself, “Here is Mr. Fairly.”

She flew up to him, crying, “Oh, Mr. Fairly, what a search has there been for you, by the Queen’s orders! She has wanted you extremely, and no one knew where to find you. They have been to the waiting-room, to the equerries’, all over the garden, to the Prince’s house, in your own room, and could find you nowhere, and at last they thought you were gone back to town.”

He calmly answered, while he still wrote on, he was sorry they had had so much trouble, for he had only been executing her Majesty’s commands.

She then hesitated a little, almost to stammering, in adding. “So—at last—I said—that perhaps—you might be here!”

He now raised his head from the paper, and bowing it towards me, “Yes,” he cried, “Miss Burney is so good as to give me leave, and there is no other room in the house in which I can be at rest.”

“So I told her Majesty,” answered Lady Charlotte, “though she said she was sure you could not be here; but I said there was really no room of quiet here for any business, and so then I came to see.”

“Miss Burney,” he rejoined, “has the goodness also to help me—she has taken the trouble to read as I go on, which forwards me very much.”

Lady Charlotte stared, and I felt sorry at this confession of a confidence she could not but think too much, and I believe he half repented it, for he added, “This, however, you need not perhaps mention, though I know where I trust!”

He proceeded again with his writing, and she then recollected her errand. She told him that what he was copying was to be carried to town by Lord Aylesbury, but that the Queen desired to see it first.

She then returned to her Majesty.

She soon, however, returned again. She brought the Queen's seal, and leave that he might make up the packet, and give it to Lord Aylesbury, without showing it first to her Majesty, who was just gone to dinner.

With her customary good-humour and good-breeding, she then chatted with me some time, and again departed.

We then went to work with all our might, reading and copying. The original was extremely curious—I am sorry I must make it equally secret.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Extraordinary scene between the King and Miss Burney in Kew Gardens—Miss Burney relates her adventure to the Queen—Continued improvement of the King—The Regency Bill—Distress of the Queen—Conference with the Queen—Two lunatics in the Royal Palace—Progress of the Regency Bill—Further improvement of the King—The Regency Bill postponed—Devotion of the Royal Family to the King—Interview between the King and the Lord Chancellor—The King and Queen walk out together—New arrangements at the Palace—Mr. Wyndham—Critical state of the Times—The Regency Bill abandoned—Interview of Miss Burney with the King—Conclusion.

KEW PALACE, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND.—What an adventure had I this morning! one that has occasioned me the severest personal terror I ever experienced in my life.

Sir Lucas Pepys still persisting that exercise and air were absolutely necessary to save me from illness, I have continued my walks, varying my gardens from Richmond to Kew, according to the accounts I received of the movements of the King. For this I had her Majesty's permission, on the representation of Sir Lucas.

This morning, when I received my intelligence of the King from Dr. John Willis, I begged to know where I might walk in safety? "In Kew Gardens," he said, "as the King would be in Richmond."

"Should any unfortunate circumstance," I cried, "at any time, occasion my being seen by his Majesty, do not mention my name, but let me run off without call or notice."

This he promised. Everybody, indeed, is ordered to keep out of sight.

Taking, therefore, the time I had most at command, I strolled into the gardens. I had proceeded, in my quick way, nearly half the round, when I suddenly perceived, through some trees, two or three figures. Relying on the instructions of Dr. John, I concluded them to be workmen and gardeners; yet tried to look sharp, and in so doing, as they were less shaded, I thought I saw the person of his Majesty!

Alarmed past all possible expression, I waited not to know more, but turning back, ran off with all my might. But what was my terror to hear myself pursued!—to hear the voice of the King himself loudly and hoarsely calling after me, “Miss Burney! Miss Burney!”

I protest I was ready to die. I knew not in what state he might be at the time; I only knew the orders to keep out of his way were universal; that the Queen would highly disapprove any unauthorised meeting, and that the very action of my running away might deeply, in his present irritable state, offend him. Nevertheless, on I ran, too terrified to stop, and in search of some short passage, for the garden is full of little labyrinths, by which I might escape.

The steps still pursued me, and still the poor hoarse and altered voice rang in my ears:—more and more footsteps resounded frightfully behind me,—the attendants all running, to catch their eager master, and the voices of the two Doctor Willises loudly exhorting him not to heat himself so unmercifully.

Heavens, how I ran! I do not think I should have felt the hot lava from Vesuvius—at least not the hot cinders—had I so run during its eruption. My feet were not sensible that they even touched the ground.

Soon after, I heard other voices, shriller, though less nervous, call out “Stop! stop! stop!”

I could by no means consent: I knew not what was purposed, but I recollected fully my agreement with Dr. John that very morning, that I should decamp if surprised, and not be named.

My own fears and repugnance, also, after a flight and disobedience like this, were doubled in the thought of not escaping: I knew not to what I might be exposed, should the malady be then high, and take the turn of resentment. Still, therefore, on I flew; and such was my speed, so almost incredible to relate or recollect, that I fairly believe no one of the whole party could have overtaken me, if these words, from one of the attendants, had not reached me, "Doctor Willis begs you to stop!"

"I cannot! I cannot!" I answered, still flying on, when he called out, "You must, ma'am; it hurts the King to run."

Then, indeed, I stopped—in a state of fear really amounting to agony. I turned round, I saw the two Doctors had got the King between them, and three attendants of Dr. Willis's were hovering about. They all slackened their pace, as they saw me stand still; but such was the excess of my alarm, that I was wholly insensible to the effects of a race which, at any other time, would have required an hour's recruit.

As they approached, some little presence of mind happily came to my command: it occurred to me that, to appease the wrath of my flight, I must now show some confidence: I therefore faced them as undauntedly as I was able, only charging the nearest of the attendants to stand by my side.

When they were within a few yards of me, the King called out, "Why did you run away?"

Shocked at a question impossible to answer, yet a little assured by the mild tone of his voice, I instantly forced myself forward, to meet him, though the internal sensation, which satisfied me this was a step the most proper to appease his suspicions and displeasure, was so violently combated by the tremor of my nerves, that I fairly think I may reckon it the greatest effort of personal courage I have ever made.

The effort answered: I looked up, and met all his wonted benignity of countenance, though something still of wildness in his eyes. Think, however, of my surprise, to feel him put both his hands round my two shoulders, and then kiss my cheek!

I wonder I did not really sink, so exquisite was my affright

when I saw him spread out his arms! Involuntarily, I concluded he meant to crush me: but the Willises, who have never seen him till this fatal illness, not knowing how very extraordinary an action this was from him, simply smiled and looked pleased, supposing, perhaps, it was his customary salutation!

I believe, however, it was but the joy of a heart unbridled, now, by the forms and proprieties of established custom and sober reason. To see any of his household thus by accident, seemed such a near approach to liberty and recovery, that who can wonder it should serve rather to elate than lessen what yet remains of his disorder!

He now spoke in such terms of his pleasure in seeing me, that I soon lost the whole of my terror; astonishment to find him so nearly well, and gratification to see him so pleased, removed every uneasy feeling, and the joy that succeeded, in my conviction of his recovery, made me ready to throw myself at his feet to express it.

What a conversation followed! When he saw me fearless, he grew more and more alive, and made me walk close by his side, away from the attendants, and even the Willises themselves, who, to indulge him, retreated. I own myself not completely composed, but alarm I could entertain no more.

Everything that came uppermost in his mind he mentioned; he seemed to have just such remains of his flightiness as heated his imagination without deranging his reason, and robbed him of all control over his speech, though nearly in his perfect state of mind as to his opinions.

What did he not say!—He opened his whole heart to me,—expounded all his sentiments, and acquainted me with all his intentions.

The heads of his discourse I must give you briefly, as I am sure you will be highly curious to hear them, and as no accident can render of much consequence what a man says in such a state of physical intoxication.

He assured me he was quite well—as well as he had ever been

in his life ; and then inquired how I did, and how I went on ? and whether I was more comfortable ?

If these questions, in their implication, surprised me, imagine how that surprise must increase when he proceeded to explain them ! He asked after the coadjutrix, laughing, and saying, " Never mind her !—don't be oppressed—I am your friend ! don't let her cast you down !—I know you have a hard time of it—but don't mind her !"

Almost thunderstruck with astonishment, I merely curtsied to his kind " I am your friend," and said nothing.

Then presently he added, " Stiek to your father—stiek to your own family—let them be your objects."

How readily I assented !

Again he repeated all I have just written, nearly in the same words, but ended it more seriously : he suddenly stopped, and held me to stop too, and putting his hand on his breast, in the most solemn manner, he gravely and slowly said, " I will protect you !—I promise you that—and therefore depend upon me !"

I thanked him ; and the Willises, thinking him rather too elevated, came to propose my walking on. " No, no, no !" he cried, a hundred times in a breath ; and their good humour prevailed, and they let him again walk on with his new companion.

He then gave me a history of his pages, animating almost into a rage, as he related his subjects of displeasure with them, particularly with Mr. Ernst, who, he told me, had been brought up by himself. I hope his ideas upon these men are the result of the mistakes of his malady.

Then he asked me some questions that very greatly distressed me, relating to information given him in his illness, from various motives, but which he suspected to be false, and which I knew he had reason to suspect : yet was it most dangerous to set anything right, as I was not aware what might be the views of their having been stated wrong. I was as discreet as I knew how to be, and I hope I did no mischief ; but this was the worst part of the dialogue.

He next talked to me a great deal of my dear father, and made a thousand inquiries concerning his " History of Musie." This

brought him to his favourite theme, Handel; and he told me innumerable anecdotes of him, and particularly that celebrated tale of Handel's saying of himself, when a boy, "While that boy lives, my music will never want a protector." And this, he said, I might relate to my father.

Then he ran over most of his oratorios, attempting to sing the subjects of several airs and choruses, but so dreadfully hoarse that the sound was terrible.

Dr. Willis, quite alarmed at this exertion, feared he would do himself harm, and again proposed a separation. "No! no! no!" he exclaimed, "not yet; I have something I must just mention first."

Dr. Willis, delighted to comply, even when uneasy at compliance, again gave way.

The good King then greatly affected me. He began upon my revered old friend, Mrs. Delany; and he spoke of her with such warmth—such kindness! "She was my friend!" he cried, "and I loved her as a friend! I have made a memorandum when I lost her—I will show it you."

He pulled out a pocket-book, and rummaged some time, but to no purpose.

The tears stood in his eyes—he wiped them, and Dr. Willis again became very anxious. "Come, sir," he cried, "now do you come in and let the lady go on her walk,—come, now, you have talked a long while,—so we'll go in—if your Majesty pleases."

"No, no!" he cried, "I want to ask her a few questions;—I have lived so long out of the world, I know nothing!"

This touched me to the heart. We walked on together, and he inquired after various persons, particularly Mrs. Boseawen, because she was Mrs. Delany's friend! Then, for the same reason, after Mr. Frederick Montagu, of whom he kindly said, "I know he has a great regard for me, for all he joined the opposition." Lord Grey de Wilton, Sir Watkin Wynn, the Duke of Beaufort, and various others, followed.

He then told me he was very much dissatisfied with several of his state officers, and meant to form an entire new establish-

ment. He took a paper out of his pocket-book, and showed me his new list.

This was the wildest thing that passed; and Dr. John Willis now seriously urged our separating; but he would not consent; he had only three more words to say, he declared, and again he conquered.

He now spoke of my father, with still more kindness, and told me he ought to have had the post of Master of the Band, and not that little poor musician Parsons, who was not fit for it: "But Lord Salisbury," he cried, "used your father very ill in that business, and so he did me! However, I have dashed out his name, and I shall put your father's in,—as soon as I get loose again!"

This again—how affecting was this!

"And what," cried he, "has your father got, at last? nothing but that poor thing at Chelsea? O fie! fie! fie! But never mind! I will take care of him! I will do it myself!"

Then presently he added, "As to Lord Salisbury, he is out already, as this memorandum will show you, and so are many more. I shall be much better served; and when once I get away, I shall rule with a rod of iron!"

This was very unlike himself, and startled the two good doctors, who could not bear to cross him, and were exulting at my seeing his great amendment, but yet grew quite uneasy at his earnestness and volubility.

Finding we now must part, he stopped to take leave, and renewed again his charges about the coadjutrix. "Never mind her!" he cried, "depend upon me! I will be your friend as long as I live!—I here pledge myself to be your friend!" And then he saluted me again just as at the meeting, and suffered me to go on.

What a scene! how variously was I affected by it! but, upon the whole, how inexpressibly thankful to see him so nearly himself—so little removed from recovery!

I went very soon after to the Queen, to whom I was most eager to avow the meeting, and how little I could help it. Her astonishment, and her earnestness to hear every particular, were

very great. I told her almost all. Some few things relating to the distressing questions I could not repeat; nor many things said of Mrs. Schwellenberg, which would much, and very needlessly, have hurt her.

This interview, and the circumstances belonging to it, excited general curiosity, and all the house watched for opportunities to beg a relation of it. How delighted was I to tell them all my happy prognostics!

But the first to hasten to hear of it was Mr. Smelt; eager and enchanted was the countenance and attention of that truly loyal and most affectionate adherent to his old master. Yet he saw me so extremely shaken by the various exertions of the morning, that I could with difficulty persuade him they would not make me ill: never, I assured him, where the result was well, did any agitation essentially hurt me. He wished me to see Lady Harcourt and the General, and to make them a brief relation of this extraordinary rencounter: but for that I had not effort enough left.

I did what I could, however, to gratify the curiosity of Colonel Welbred, which I never saw equally excited. I was passing him on the stairs, and he followed me, to say he had heard what had happened—I imagine from the Willises. I told him, with the highest satisfaction, the general effect produced upon my mind by the accident, that the King seemed so nearly himself, that patience itself could have but little longer trial.

He wanted to hear more particulars: I fancy the Willises had vaguely related some: "Did he not," he cried, "promise to—do something for you?—take care of you?" I only laughed, and answered, "Oh yes! if you want anything, apply to me;—now is my time!"

TUESDAY, 3RD.—I had the great happiness to be assured this morning, by both the Doctor Willises, that his Majesty was by no means the worse for our long conference. Those good men are inexpressibly happy themselves in the delightful conviction given me, and by me spread about, of the near recovery of their royal patient.

While I was dressing came Mr. Fairly: I could not admit

him, but he said he would try again in the evening. I heard by the tone of his voice a peculiar eagerness, and doubted not he was apprized of my adventure.

He came early, before I could leave my fair companion, and sent on Goter. I found him reading a new pamphlet of Horne Tooke: "How long," he cried, "it is since I have been here!"

I was not flippantly disposed, or I would have said I had thought the time he spent away always short, by his avowed eagerness to decamp.

He made so many inquiries of how I had gone on and what I had done since I saw him, that I was soon satisfied he was not uninformed of yesterday's transaction. I told him so; he could not deny it, but wished to hear the whole from myself.

I most readily complied. He listened with the most eager, nay, anxious attention, scarce breathing: he repeatedly exclaimed, when I had finished, "How I wish I had been there!—how I should have liked to have seen you!"

I assured him he would not wish that, if he knew the terror I had suffered. He was quite elated with the charges against Cerberic tyranny, and expressed himself gratified by the promises of favour and protection.

FRIDAY, 6TH.—These last three days have been spent very unpleasantly indeed: all goes hardly and difficultly with my poor Royal Mistress.

Yet his Majesty is now, thank Heaven, so much better, that he generally sees his gentlemen in some part of the evening; and Mr. Fairly, having no particular taste for being kept in waiting whole hours for this satisfaction of a few minutes, yet finding himself, if in the house, indispensably required to attend with the rest, has changed his Kew visits from nights to mornings.

He brought me the "Regency Bill!"—I shuddered to hear it named. It was just printed, and he read it to me, with comments and explanations, which took up all our time, and in a manner, at present, the most deeply interesting in which it could be occupied.

'Tis indeed a dread event!—and how it may terminate who can say? My poor Royal Mistress is much disturbed. Her

daughters behave like angels; they seem content to reside in this gloomy solitude for ever, if it prove of comfort to their mother, or mark their duteous affection for their father.

MONDAY, 9TH.—I now walk on the road-side, along the park-wall, every fair morning, as I shall venture no more into either of the gardens. In returning this morning, I was overtaken by Mr. Fairly, who rode up to me, and, dismounting, gave his horse to his groom, to walk on with me.

About two hours after I was, however, surprised by a visit from him in my own room. He came, he said, only to ask me a second time how I did, as he should be here now less and less, the King's amendment rendering his services of smaller and smaller importance.

He brought me a new political parody of Pope's *Eloisa* to *Abelard*, from Mr. Eden to Lord Hawkesbury. It is a most daring, though very clever imitation. It introduces many of the present household. Mrs. Schwellenberg is now in eternal abuse from all these scribblers; Lady Harcourt, and many others, less notorious to their attacks, are here brought forward. How infinitely licentious!

TUESDAY, 10TH.—The amendment of the King is progressive, and without any reasonable fear, though not without some few drawbacks. The Willis family were surely sent by Heaven to restore peace, and health, and prosperity to this miserable house!

Lady Charlotte Finch called upon me two days ago, almost purposely, to inquire concerning the report of my young friend's marriage; and she made me promise to acquaint her when I received any further news: at noon, therefore, I went to her apartment at the Prince of Wales's, with this information. Mr. Fairly, I knew, was with the equerries in our lodge.

Lady Charlotte had the Duchess of Beaufort and all the Fieldings with her, and therefore I only left a message, by no means feeling spirits for encountering any stranger.

At noon, when I attended her Majesty, she inquired if I had walked?—Yes.—Where?—In Richmond Gardens.—And nowhere else?—No.

She looked thoughtful—and presently I recollected my intended visit to Lady Charlotte, and mentioned it. She cleared up, and said, “Oh!—you went to Lady Charlotte?”

“Yes, ma’am,” I answered, thinking her very absent—which I thought with sorrow, as that is so small a part of her character, that I know not I ever saw any symptom of it before. Nor, in fact, as I found afterwards, did I see it now. It was soon explained. Miss Gomme, Madlle. Montmollin, and Miss Planta, all dined with Mrs. Schwellenberg to-day. The moment I joined them, Mrs. Schwellenberg called out,—“Pray, Miss Berner, for what visit you the gentlemen?”

“Me?”

“Yes, you—and for what, I say?”

Amazed, I declared I did not know what she meant.

“Oh!” cried she, scoffingly, “that won’t not do—we all saw you—Princess Royal the same!—so don’t not say that!”

I stared—and Miss Gomme burst out in laughter, and then Mrs. Schwellenberg added—“For what go you over to the Prince of Wales his house?—nobody lives there but the gentlemen—nobody others.”

I laughed too, now, and told her the fact.

“Oh,” cried she, “Lady Charlotte!—ver true. I had forgot Lady Charlotte!”

“Oh, very well, ma’am,” cried I—“so only the gentlemen were remembered!”

I then found this had been related to the Queen; and Madlle. Montmollin said she supposed the visit had been to General Gordon!—He is the groom now in waiting.

“In good time!”—as Mrs. Piozzi says;—I know not even his face! But I laughed, without further affirmation.

Miss Gomme told me she had not been so much diverted since the poor King’s illness as by hearing this attack upon my character.

Then followed an open raillery from Madlle. Montmollin of Mr. Fairly’s visits; but I stood it very well, assuring her I should never seek to get rid of my two prison-visitors, Mr. Smelt and Mr. Fairly, till I could replace them by better, or go abroad for others!

FRIDAY, 13TH.—This morning there was a great alarm in the house, by the appearance of two madmen. I heard it from Columb. Mr. Smelt was so engaged in consultation about them, that he did not even come upstairs; and I remained in the most anxious uncertainty till noon, when my ever ready and kind informant, Mr. Fairly, found his way to me.

"I am come," he cried, "only for a moment, to acquaint you with the state of things below." He then repeated all the particulars: but as the adventure was local, I shall not write more of it than that one of these men, after a long examination by all the gentlemen, was dismissed, and the other sent to the office of Lord Sydney, Secretary of State.

Nothing so strange as the eternal rage of these unhappy lunatics to pursue the Royal Family!

He then gave me the particulars of the progress of the Regency Bill, which direful topic lasted while he stayed. Oh how dreadful will be the day when that unhappy bill takes place! I cannot approve the plan of it;—the King is too well to make such a step right. It will break his spirits, if not his heart, when he hears and understands such a deposition.

SATURDAY, 14TH.—The King is infinitely better. Oh that there were patience in the land! and this Regency Bill postponed!

Two of the Princesses regularly, and in turn, attend their royal mother in her evening visits to the King. Some of those who stay behind now and then spend the time in Mrs. Schwollenberg's room. They all long for their turn of going to the King, and count the hours till it returns. Their dutiful affection is truly beautiful to behold.

This evening the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary came into Mrs. Schwollenberg's room while I was yet there. They sang songs in two parts all the evening, and very prettily in point of voice. Their good humour, however, and inherent condescension and sweetness of manners, would make a much worse performance pleasing.

FEBRUARY 16TH.—All well, and the King is preparing for an interview with the Chancellor! Dr. Willis now confides in me

all his schemes and notions: we are growing the best of friends; and his son Dr. John is nearly as trusty. Excellent people! how I love and honour them all!

I had a visit at noon from Mr. Fairly. He hastened to tell me the joyful news that the King and Queen were just gone out, to walk in Richmond Gardens, arm in arm!—what a delight to all the house!

“But I have got,” cried he, “a pamphlet for you, well worth your perusal: ’tis a letter from a member of Parliament to a country gentleman, and contains the characters of all the opposition; and here is your friend Mr. Burke, done to the life!”

He insisted upon reading that passage himself:—’tis skilfully written, but with extreme severity; though it allows to him original integrity, which is what I have never been induced to relinquish for him, and never can disbelieve.

I told him I was now soon expecting in town my dearest friends the Lockes.

“Do you?” he cried; and then, after a thoughtful pause, he said, “I—must give up the thought of knowing them—till you go to Norbury Park, and I make you a visit there.”

A sad shake of my head was all my answer—but he did not see it, nor move his eyes towards me; and presently he added, “That is your hope!—to go there, and to Mickleham! We must all have something to which we look forward—something to hope—is it not so?—and is not this your hope?”

Still I made no answer but a poor sigh!

He grew graver, and said, “To meet here—till you look forward to meet—hereafter.”

“Oh,” cried I, “could I but be sure to meet them hereafter! to go were they go!—I think I should be quite content here!”

“Why, no,” cried he, smiling, “not quite!—something—some little thing—would yet be wanting for the mean time!”

“Well—yes,—I am afraid that is true!—the *en attendant* would always want some relief.”

He begged me, when I had read the pamphlet, if he should not return to claim it, which was uncertain, to give it to Mr. Smelt.

However, in the evening I carried these characters to Mrs. Schwollenberg, and, to while away the time, read them to her.

When I came to tea, I found Mr. Fairly waiting in my room. He had left Kew for Richmond Park, but only dined there.

We had much discussion of state business. The King is so much himself, that he is soon to be informed of the general situation of the kingdom. Oh, what an information!—how we all tremble in looking forward to it! Mr. Fairly thinks Mr. Smelt the fittest man for this office: Mr. Smelt thinks the same of Mr. Fairly: both have told me this.

Then again Mr. Locke came into play. I told him I believed him a man without blemish.

He repeated my words with emphatic surprise. “At least,” I cried, “there is no fault in him I have ever seen,—nor yet that, amongst his acquaintance, I have ever heard mentioned.”

“What a character!” he exclaimed; and again, forgetting the long delay he had proposed in the morning, he declared he must know him. He asked me various particulars of his way of life; I sketched it all out with that delight which such a subject communicates to all my ideas, and he is now perfectly well informed of the whole system of Norbury Park.

He began soon to look at his watch, complaining very much of the new ceremony imposed, of this attendance of handing the Queen, which, he said, broke into his whole evening. Yet he does as little as possible. “The rest of them,” he said, “think it necessary to wait in an adjoining apartment during the whole interview, to be ready to show themselves when it is over!”

He now sat with his watch in his hand, dreading to pass his time, but determined not to anticipate its occupation, till half-past nine o'clock, when he drew on his white gloves, ready for action. But then, stopping short, he desired me to guess whom, amongst my acquaintance, he had met in London this last time of his going thither. I could not guess whom he meant—but I saw it was no common person, by his manner. He then continued—“A tall, thin, meagre, sallow, black-eyed, penetrating, keen-looking *Figure*”

I could still not guess,—and he named Mr. Wyndham.

“Mr. Wyndham!” I exclaimed, “no, indeed,—you do not describe him fairly,—he merits better colouring.”

He accuses me of being very partial to him: however, I am angry enough with him just now, though firmly persuaded still, that whatever has fallen from him, that is wrong and unfeeling, on the subject of the Regency, has been the effect of his enthusiastic friendship for Mr. Burke: for he has never risen, on this cruel business, but in support of that most misguided of vehement and wild orators. This I have observed in the debates, and felt that Mr. Burke was not more run away with by violence of temper and passion, than Mr. Wyndham by excess of friendship and admiration.

Mr. Fairly has, I fancy, been very intimate with him, for he told me he observed he was passing him in Queen Anne Street, and stopped his horse, to call out, “Oh ho, Wyndham! so I see you will not know me with this servant!”

He was on business of the Queen's, and had one of the royal grooms with him.

Mr. Wyndham laughed, and said he was very glad to see who it was, for, on looking at the royal servant, he had just been going to make his lowest bow.

“Oh, I thank you!” returned Mr. Fairly, “you took me, then, for the Duke of Cumberland.”

We talked about him a good while; my high admiration of his talents, his style of conversation, and the mingled animation and delicacy of his manners, I enlarged upon without scruple; adding, that I should not feel it so strongly, but from a fixed belief, founded on reason and information, that his internal character was amongst the noblest ever formed.

FEBRUARY 17TH.—The times are now most interesting and critical. Dr. Willis confided to me this morning that to-day the King is to see the Chancellor. How important will be the result of his appearance!—the whole national fate depends upon it!

Mr. Smelt has had his first interview also;—it was all smooth; but, to himself, deeply affecting.

I am very sorry to say I am satisfied a certain Cerbera has lamented my tea-elopements to the Princess Royal. There is an evident change, and coldness of a high sort, in that lately so condescending Princess. I am quite grieved at this. But I will not pay a mean court, for which I should despise myself, in order to conciliate a person whom I have never justly offended, but by running away from her when affronted myself. I will rather risk every consequence. Time, I think, must stand my friend.

WEDNESDAY, 18TH.—I had this morning the highest gratification, the purest feeling of delight, I have been regaled with for many months: I saw, from the road, the King and Queen, accompanied by Dr. Willis, walking in Richmond Gardens, near the farm, arm in arm!—It was a pleasure that quite melted me, after a separation so bitter, scenes so distressful—to witness such harmony and security! Heaven bless and preserve them! was all I could incessantly say while I kept in their sight.

I was in the carriage with Mrs. Schwollenberg at the time. They saw us also, as I heard afterwards from the Queen.

In the evening Mrs. Arline, Mrs. Schwollenberg's maid, came into Mrs. Schwollenberg's room, after coffee, and said to me, "If you please, ma'am, somebody wants you."

I concluded this somebody my shoemaker, or the like; but in my room I saw Mr. Fairly.

He was in high spirits. He had seen his Majesty; Dr. Willis had carried him in. He was received with open arms, and embraced: he found nothing now remaining of the disorder, but too much hurry of spirits.

When he had related the particulars of the interview, he suddenly exclaimed, "How amazingly well you have borne all this!"

I made some short answers, and would have taken refuge in some other topic: but he seemed bent upon pursuing his own, and started various questions and surmises, to draw me on. In vain, however: I gave but general, or evasive answers; and I suddenly put before him Young's Works, which I had borrowed of Mr. Smelt.

Young, he said, was an author not to read on regularly, but to dip into, and reflect upon, in times of solitude and sadness. Nevertheless, he opened and read.

What a nobleness of expression, when noble, has this poet! what exquisite feeling! what forcible ideas!—I forgot, while I listened, all my own little troubles and disturbances.

THURSDAY, 19TH.—This is my dear young friend's bridal day! I have written to her. Heaven send her happy!

Dr. Willis this morning lent me a crambo song, on his own name, which he has received by the penny post. I shall copy and show it you. It is sportive enough, and loyal.

This was a sweet, and will prove a most memorable day: the Regency was put off, in the House of Lords, by a motion from the Lord Chancellor!

Huzza! huzza!

And this evening, for the first time, the King came upstairs to drink tea with the Queen and Princesses in the drawing-room!

My heart was so full of joy and thankfulness, I could hardly breathe! Heaven—Heaven be praised!

What a different house is this house become!—sadness and terror, that wholly occupied it so lately, are now flown away, or rather are now driven out; and though anxiety still forcibly prevails, 'tis in so small a proportion to joy and thankfulness, that it is borne as if scarce an ill!

MONDAY, 23RD.—This morning opened woefully to me, though gaily to the house; for as my news of his Majesty was perfectly comfortable, I ventured, in direct words, to ask leave to receive my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Locke, who were now in town:—in understood sentences, and open looks, I had already failed again and again.

My answer was—"I have no particular objection, only you'll keep them to your room."

Heavens!—did they ever, unsummoned, quit it? or have they any wish to enlarge their range of visit?

I was silent, and then heard a history of some imprudence in Lady Effingham, who had received some of her friends.

My resolution, upon this, I need not mention : I preferred the most lengthened absence to such a permission. But I felt it acutely ! and I hoped, at least, that, by taking no steps, something more favourable might soon pass.

The King I have seen again—in the Queen's dressing-room. On opening the door, there he stood ! He smiled at my start, and saying he had waited on purpose to see me, added, "I am quite well now,—I was nearly so when I saw you before—but I could overtake you better now !" And then he left the room.

I was quite melted with joy and thankfulness at this so entire restoration.

End of February, 1789. *Dieu merci !*

CHAPTER XL

1789.

Court Diary continued—Recovery of the King—Personal Interview with him—Demonstrations of joy on the King's Recovery—Bishop Hurd—The Restoration—Drawing Room—Return to Windsor—The Tiger—Miss Burney to Mrs. Loekc—Prince William's Return from Sea—His Arrival at Windsor—An Interview with him—The Marquis del Campo—Royal Visit to Weymouth—Dr. Warton—The New Forest Law—Lyndhurst—Village Loyalty—Reminiscences—Arrival at Weymouth—Lord Courtown—Bathing to Music—Correspondence—Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—Angelica Kauffmann—Weymouth Loyalty—Mrs. Gwynn—Old Recollections—A Royal Visit to the Theatre—Lord Chesterfield—Mrs. Siddons—Dr. Glasse—Mrs. Siddons in Rosalind.

Kew Palace.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1ST.—What a pleasure was mine this morning! how solemn, but how grateful! The Queen gave me the "Prayer of Thanksgiving" upon the King's recovery. It was this morning read in all the churches throughout the metropolis, and by this day week it will reach every church in the kingdom. It kept me in tears all the morning,—that such a moment should actually arrive; after fears so dreadful, scenes so terrible.

The Queen gave me a dozen, to distribute among the female servants; but I reserved one of them for dear Mr. Smelt, who took it from me in speechless ecstasy—his fine and feeling eyes swimming in tears of joy.

There is no describing—and I will not attempt it—the fulness, the almost overwhelming fulness of this morning's thankful feelings!

I had the great gratification to see the honoured object of this joy, for a few minutes, in the Queen's dressing-room. He was all calmness and benevolent graciousness. I fancied my strong emotion had disfigured me; or perhaps the whole of this long confinement and most affecting winter may have somewhat marked my countenance; for the King presently said to me,

"Pray, are you quite well to-day?"

"I think not quite, sir," I answered.

"She does not *look* well," said he to the Queen; "she looks a little—*yellow* I think."

How kind, to think of *any* body and their looks, at this first moment of reappearance!

I hear Major Price is arrived, on a visit, to see his restored old master; with what true joy will he see that sight! Mr. Smelt told me, also, *there would be no more private parties*, as the King now sent for all the gentlemen to join the Royal set at the card-table every evening.

I have much reason to be glad of this at present.

On my return I found a letter from my dear M——, written on the day of her marriage; which was performed at Bath, whence she set out for her father's house. Her letter is dated on the road.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4TH.—A message from Mrs. Schwollenberg this morning, to ask me to air with her, received my most reluctant acquiescence; for the frost is so severe that any *air* without *exercise*, is terrible to me; though, were *her* atmosphere milder, the rigour of the season I might not regard.

When we came to the passage, the carriage was not ready. She murmured most vehemently; and so bitterly cold was I, I could heartily have joined, had it answered any purpose.

While thus bad was making worse, a party of gentlemen in uniform passed; and presently Mr. Fairly, looking towards us, exclaimed, "Is that—yes, it is Miss Burney: I must just ask her how she does!" and, quitting the group, he came to me with a thousand kind inquiries.

He was then entering still further into conversation; but I drew back, alarmed, lest, not having noticed my companion, he

should unknowingly incense her by this distinction. Still, however, he went on, till I looked full round at Mrs. Schwellenberg, who was standing, loftily silent, only a few steps above me.

He then addressed her; whether he had not seen or had not cared about her before, I know not. She instantly began a proud accusation of her servants, protesting she had never met such a thing before as to wait for such people; but made no answer to his tardy salutation.

Just as well content, he heard her without reply, and, returning to me, renewed his attempt at conversation. More loftily than ever, she then drew up, and uttered aloud the most imperious reproaches, on the unexampled behaviour of her people who were never while they lived again to have power to make her wait "not one moment."

Frightened at this rising storm, I endeavoured to turn towards her, and engage her to join in other discourse; but Mr. Fairly did not second my motion, and I obtained no other notice than, "Oh, ver well! when they will serve me so, they might see what will become!—no! it is not permit!—" &c.

In the midst of this, Colonel Goldsworthy appeared; he came forward, with *How do's?*—but Mrs. Schwellenberg called him to her, with unusual civility, and many kind inquiries about his sister.

In this cold passage we waited in this miserable manner a full quarter of an hour; all the time scolding the servants, threatening them with *exile*, sending message after message, repining, thwarting, and contentious.

Now we were to go and wait in the King's rooms—now in the Gentlemen's—now in Dr. Willis's—her own,—and this, in the end, took place.

In our way we again encountered Mr. Fairly. He asked where we were going. "To my own parlour!" she answered.

He accompanied us in; and, to cheer the gloom, seized some of the stores of Dr. Willis,—sandwiches, wine and water, and other refreshments, and brought them to us, one after another, in a sportive manner, recommending to us to break through

common rules, on such an occasion, and eat and drink to warm ourselves.

She stood in stately silence, and bolt upright, scarce deigning to speak even a refusal; till, upon his saying, while he held a glass of wine in his hand, "Come, ma'am, do something eccentric for once—it will warm you!" she angrily answered, "You been *reely*—what you call—too much hospital!"

Neither of us could help laughing,—“Yes,” cried he, “with the goods of others;—that makes a wide difference in hospitality!”

Then he rattled away upon the honours the room had lately received, of having had Mr. Pitt, the Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury, &c., to wait in it.

This she resented highly, as seeming to think it more honoured in her absence than presence.

At length we took our miserable airing, in which I was treated with as much fierce harshness as if I was conveying to some place of confinement for the punishment of some dreadful offence!

She would have the glass down on my side; the piercing wind cut my face; I put my muff up to it: this incensed her so much, that she vehemently declared “she never, *no never*, would *trouble any won* to air with her again, but go always selfs,”—And who will repine at that? thought I.

Yet by night I had caught a violent cold, which flew to my face, and occasioned me dreadful pain.

TUESDAY, MARCH 10TH.—I have been in too much pain to write these last five days: and I became very feverish, and universally ill, affected with the fury of the cold.

My Royal Mistress, who could not but observe me very unwell, though I have never omitted my daily three attendances, which I have performed with difficulty *all but* insurmountable, concluded I had been guilty of some imprudence: I told the simple fact of the glass—but *quite* simply, and without one circumstance. She instantly said she was surprised I could catch cold in an *airing*, as it never appeared that it disagreed with me when I took it with Mrs. Delany.

"No, ma'am," I immediately answered, "nor with Mrs. Locke ; nor formerly with Mrs. Thrale :—but they left me the regulation of the glass on my own side to myself ; or, if they interfered, it was to draw it up for me."

This I could not resist. I can be silent ; but when challenged to speak at all, it must be plain truth.

I had no answer. Illness here—till of late—has been so unknown, that it is commonly supposed it must be wilful, and therefore meets little notice, till accompanied by danger, or incapacity of duty. This is by no means from hardness of heart—far otherwise ; there is no hardness of heart in any one of them ; but it is prejudice and want of personal experience.

TUESDAY, MARCH 10TH.—This was a day of happiness indeed !—a day of such heartfelt public delight as could not but suppress all private disturbance.

The King sent to open the House of Lords by Commission.

The general illumination of all London proved the universal joy of a thankful and most affectionate people, who have shown so largely, on this trying occasion, how well they merited the monarch thus benignantly preserved.

The Queen, from her privy purse, gave private orders for a splendid illumination at this palace ; Rebecca painted a beautiful transparency : and Mr. Smelt had the regulation of the whole.

The King—Providence—Health—and Britannia, were displayed with elegant devices : the Queen and Princesses, all but the youngest, went to town to see the illumination there ; and Mr. Smelt was to conduct the surprise.—It was magnificently beautiful.

When it was lighted and prepared, the Princess Amelia went to lead her Papa to the front window ; but first she dropped on her knees, and presented him a paper with these lines—which, at the Queen's desire, I had scribbled in her name, for the happy occasion :—

TO THE KING.

Amid a rapturous Nation's praise
That sees thee to their prayers restored,
Turn gently from the general blaze,—
Thy Charlotte woos her bosom's lord.

Turn and behold where, bright and clear,
 Depictured with transparent art,
 The emblems of her thoughts appear,
 The tribute of a grateful heart.

O ! small the tribute, were it weigh'd
 With all she feels—or half she owes !
 But noble minds are best repaid
 From the pure spring whence bounty flows.

P.S. The little bearer begs a kiss
 From dear Papa, for bringing this.

I need not, I think, tell you, the little bearer begged not in vain. The King was extremely pleased. He came into a room belonging to the Princesses, in which we had a party to look at the illuminations, and there he stayed above an hour; cheerful, composed, and gracious! all that could merit the great national testimony to his worth this day paid him.

Lady Effingham, Major Price, Dr. Willis, and Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, made the party; with the sweet little Princess till her bed-time, Miss Gomme, &c.

The Queen and Princesses did not return from town till one in the morning. They were quite enchanted with the glorious scene they had been beholding.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11TH.—This morning our beloved Sovereign, reinstated in all his dignities, received the Address of the Lords and Commons, in person, upon his recovery.

The Queen, too, saw some of the foreign ministers, on the same joyful occasion. All was serene gaiety and pleasure!

At night the Princess Elizabeth came to call me to the Queen. Her Majesty was in the drawing-room, with the King, Princesses, Lady Pembroke, Mr. Smelt, and Dr. Willis. She immediately communicated to me her gracious permission that I should spend the next day in town, sleep at my father's, and return on Friday evening.

On Saturday we are all to take leave of Kew.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12TH.—I set out as early as I was able, in a post-chaise, with Columb on horseback. On the road we overtook the King, with Mr. Fairly, Colonels Manners, Gwynn, and Goldsworthy, and Major Price.

I stopped the chaise ; but the King rode up to it, and asked me how long I should stay in town, and how long it was since I had seen my father ? When I answered five months, " Oh poor soul ! " he exclaimed, and then let me go on.

How did I rejoice to see my dearest father !

Friday evening I returned to Kew.

Queen's Lodge, Windsor.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14TH.—This morning we returned to Windsor, with what different sensations from those with which we left it ! All illness over, all fears removed, all sorrows lightened ! The King was so well as to go on horseback, attended by a large party of gentlemen.

Mrs. Schwellenberg went to town to spend some days ; Miss Planta only accompanied me : Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, on invitation by the King, came also to Windsor for a week. The Queen was all graciousness : everything and everybody were smiling and lively.

All Windsor came out to meet the King. It was a joy amounting to ecstasy ; I could not keep my eyes dry all day long. A scene so reversed ! sadness so sweetly exchanged for thankfulness and delight !

I had a charming party to dinner ; Mr. and Mrs. Smelt and the Bishop of Worcester joining Mr. de Luc and Miss Planta. *Recovery* was all the talk ; there could be no other theme.

The town of Windsor had subscribed forty guineas for fireworks, to celebrate the return of the King ; the Royal Family were to see them from Mrs. Schwellenberg's bedroom, which looked directly upon them ; and Mr. Smelt begged to see them from mine, which is immediately under that of Mrs. Schwellenberg.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15TH.—The King this morning renewed his public service at church, by taking the Sacrament at eight o'clock. All his gentlemen attended him. The Queen, Princesses, and household went at the usual time. Bishop Hurd preached an excellent sermon, with one allusion to the King's recovery, delicately touched and quickly passed over.

The excellent Bishop and Mr. Smelt again dined with us.

The Bishop preferred our quiet table to the crowd now belonging to that of the equeries. We had some very good treatises upon society, between him and Mr. Smelt. He protested he never *chose* to meet more than *six*, and thought all added to that number created confusion and destroyed elegance.

At tea, they all poured in; except that I was deprived of poor Mrs. Smelt, who was not well. Miss Planta was my only belle; my beaux were as numerous as yesterday, but not as cheerful. I was completely overset, in the very beginning, by hearing, from Colonel Manners, that the King had actually and publicly declared his intention, to his gentlemen, of going to Germany this summer!

A general inquiry went round, of who would form the party; Major Price confessed himself invited. No one else knew their destiny, but Miss Planta expected they would all go.

We were now joined by Dr. John Willis, and the clergyman, Mr. Thomas, his brother; two as amiable men as live.

Dr. John came, and took up my attention for the rest of the tea-time.

In the midst of the tea entered Madame La Fite. She approached me with such expressions of delight and joy as my Susan—my Fredy—Miss Cambridge—would have thought highly unseasonable to utter, after any absence whatever, in so full a company of gentlemen. “Ma chère Mademoiselle Beurni!—ma très chère amie!” &c. : yet all the time, far from being *betrayed* involuntarily into this ecstasy, her eyes roved so round to all the company, to see if they witnessed her rapture, that she truly never found a moment to examine how its object received it!

This sort of display of sensibility always locks it up in those who perceive it: I was cold as marble, and completely ashamed.

General Grenville, and the officers of his regiment, the Welsh Fusileers, now quartered at Windsor, propose giving a ball next week, in honour of His Majesty's recovery. He invited all the company, and most of them accepted the invitation.

When the Royal Family went to supper, Humphries came to tell me Miss Egerton wished to see me;—she had been of the evening party, and promised to dine with me next day. She is amongst the few of undoubted admission here.

Miss Burney to Mrs. ——.

March 6, 1789.

————— I thought with greatly added satisfaction, from what the last letter contains, of Mr ——'s religious principles. There, indeed, you have given a basis to my hopes of your happiness, that no other consideration could have given me. To have *him* good is very important to me: to have *you* impressed with his goodness, I had almost said, is yet more so.

Only guard yourself, all you can, from *ruminating, too deeply*, and from indulging every rising emotion, whether of *pain* or *pleasure*. You are all made up with propensities to both; I see it with concern, yet with added tenderness: see it also *yourself*, and it can do no evil. We are all more in our own power than we think, till we *try*, or are tried. To calm your too agitated mind must be uppermost in your thoughts:—pray for strength to do it, and you will not be denied it:—but *pray*, I beg you:—it will not come without prayer, and prayer will impress you with the duty of exertion.

Miss Burney to the same.

Queen's Lodge, Windsor, March 17, 1789.

How tranquillizing a letter, my sweet friend, have you at last sent me! I read it with the highest satisfaction, and I have dwelt upon it with constant pleasure ever since. What you tell me of Mrs. ——'s kindness and attention could not indeed surprise me, but my best gratification from them arises in your grateful acceptance. When you tell me you have not known so much comfort for time immemorial, you show that right disposition to be happy which forms one of the principal powers for becoming so. I do indeed flatter myself that now, since your destiny in this world is fixed, your mind will continue in the same serene state in which you describe it; for I know your *sense of duty* (may I say so to a *married woman*?), and I know the excellent resolutions with which you began your new course of life; and

contentment and cheerfulness are so much in our own power, though high felicity depends upon circumstances, that whoever is earnestly bent on making the happiness of others their first care must attain them. And such, I know, was the generous intention with which you set out; an intention which, well supported, never, I believe, failed of preserving the most grateful affection in the object towards whom it is directed. And you, my dear M——, I well know, have a thousand powers for keeping awake at the same time the most lively admiration. And you will not let them languish *because you are married*; for you *require* affection and kindness; they are necessary to your peace; you have enjoyed them in full sway all the best and happiest part of your life, and you could do nothing to diminish them that would not chiefly end in punishing yourself. No, no; I do not fear this from you, common as is the fault. Your poor mind has been tutored,—*torn* rather,—in the school of early adversity, and you will not yourself roughen the harbour that brings you to rest.

We have lived in much hurry since I wrote last, though, thank Heaven, of a sort the most pleasant. The recovery of the King is a blessing unspeakable both in its extent and force. He little before knew the general loyalty and attachment of the nation. The nation knew it not, indeed, itself.

The Bishop of Worcester has been here to give His Majesty the Sacrament, and inquired much about you.

Adieu, my dearest M——; I entreat to hear from you as soon and as often as you can. I know how much you must be engaged for some time to come, and short letters shall content me till you have leisure to lengthen them. But tell me where you are as immediately as possible. Heaven ever bless you!

F. B.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18TH.—To-day,—suddenly and unexpectedly,—returned Mrs. Schwellenberg. Our dinner and coffee were altered sufficiently: only Miss Planta attended them; and all returned to gloom and discontent.

But at tea she declined appearing, not having time to dress. I came down to my own room, about seven o'clock, to get a little

breathing time, and send to invite Miss Egerton, to help me in doing the honours to this last evening of so large a tribe: I well knew none of the household ladies would venture without *another* invitation.

I had just sent off Columb, when a little rap announced Mr. Fairly, who came in, saying, "I am escaped for a little while, to have some quiet conversation with you, before the general assemblage and storm of company."

I hastily told him to guess who was above: he did presently—and not *very* sorrowfully heard she came not below.

He then gravely said, "To-morrow I shall take leave of you—for a *long* time!"

He intended setting off to-morrow morning for town, by the opportunity of the equerries' coach, which would convey him to Kew, where His Majesty was to receive an address.

He told me, with a good deal of humour, that he suspected me of being rather *absent* in my official occupation, from little natural care about toilettes and such things. I could not possibly deny this,—on the contrary, I owned I had, at first, found my attention *unattainable*, partly from flutter and embarrassment, and partly from the reasons he so discerningly assigned. "I have even," I added, "and not seldom, handed her her fan before her gown, and her gloves before her cap!—but I am better in all that now!"

"I should think all that very likely," cried he, smiling; "yet it is not very trifling with her Majesty, who is so exact and precise, such things seem to her of moment."

This is truth itself.

I said, "No,—she is more gracious, more *kind*, indeed, to me than ever: she scarce speaks, scarce turns to me without a smile."

"Well," cried he, extremely pleased, "this must much soften your employment and confinement. And, indeed, it was most natural to expect this time of distress should prove a cement."

In two minutes more Miss Egerton came, and we went to the eating parlour, where we were speedily joined by the whole party.

Colonel Manners produced me some notes from Dr. Glasse, that were *meant* for the eye of the King, and consulted how to manage them. He then showed me a prayer, made upon the King's recovery, by the clergyman of his own living, in Lincolnshire: Mr. Willis abused it very much, as being methodistical, and assured me so was its writer. Lady Robert Manners, mother of the Colonel, is a professed Methodist, and the Colonel has an occasional bias that way, which I think will end hereafter in that persuasion.

THURSDAY, MARCH 19TH.—This morning their Majesties went to Kew, to receive addresses from the City, on the King's recovery.

Queen's Lodge, Windsor.

The rest of this month I shall not give by daily dates, but by its incidents.

Our party was now much lessened. Colonel Goldsworthy made his retreat on the same day with Mr. Fairly, and some of the rest dropped off daily, till only Colonel Manners, who was in waiting, and General Lascelles, and Dr. John and Mr. Willis, with Major Price, remained.

The officers of the Welsh Fusileers "presented their compliments" to me, in a card, to invite me to their ball; and as it was given on so joyful an occasion, and General Grenville was the commanding officer, I received her Majesty's directions to go. So did Miss Planta and the ladies of the Lower Lodge.

Mrs. Douglas called to carry Miss Planta and me. Tell me if I have introduced that lady to you? She is wife to the Bishop of Carlisle, who is also our Dean of Windsor.

All Windsor, and almost all Berkshire, assembled on this occasion; of course there was no lack of chatter and chattering. I would not dance. General Grenville did the honours in offering partners; and Colonel Balfour, colonel of the regiment, *proposed* himself. However, these were soon answered, and glad to offer their services to the rest of their numerous claimants.

All the rest of our household were there. Lord Harcourt

came and showed me a new medallion, just presented him by the Queen, with a Latin inscription in honour of the King's recovery. He called himself master of the order, from receiving the first in the distribution. "Though," he added, "I am a very singular courtier, for I have been one, hitherto, without either profits or honours."

Not so *singular*, thought I; for whoever makes a speech such as that, is in secret waiting for both.

I asked him, in a line of his favourite Mason, if he meant to "weave the light dance, in festive freedom gay?" "No," he said; but this opened to much talk upon his friend, who is pretty avowedly *no courtier at all!*

I think I need not mention meeting my beloved Fredy in town, on our delightful excursion thither for the Grand Restoration Drawing Room, in which the Queen received the compliments and congratulations of almost all the court part of the nation.

Miss Cambridge worked me, upon this occasion, a suit, in silks upon tiffany, most excessively delicate and pretty, and much admired by her Majesty.

All I shall mention of this town visit is, that, the day after the great drawing-room, Miss Fuzilier, for the first time since I have been in office, called upon me to inquire after the Queen. Miss Tryon, and Mrs. Tracey, and Mrs. Fielding, were with her.

She looked serious, sensible, interesting. I thought instantly of the report concerning Mr. Fairly, and of his disavowal: but it was singular that the only time she opened her mouth to speak was to name *him!* Miss Tryon, who chatted incessantly, had spoken of the great confusion at the drawing-room, from the crowd: "It was intended to be better regulated," said Miss F., "Mr. Fairly told me."

She dropped her eye the moment she had spoken his name. After this, as before it, she said nothing.

On our return to Windsor we soon lost more of our party. The excellent Mr. and Mrs. Smelt left us first. I was truly sorry to part with them; and Mr. Smelt held a long confidential

conference with me on the morning he went: he told me *his* plan also of retiring, to finish his life in the bosom of his children, in the north. When I expressed my inevitable concern, though unmixed with a shadow of remonstrance against a scheme so natural, right, and happy, he spoke to me in warmer terms than ever before dropped from him, of kind personal regard; and he finished it with laughingly exclaiming, "Your whole conduct, in this trying situation, has appeared to me perfection. There! now it's all out!—and I don't know how it came to pass, for I never mentioned to you before how much I both love and honour you."

This would not lighten the projected separation; yet would I not, for the universe, even retard either of the retirements now planned by my two kind and most valuable supporters during the confinement I have endured.

Major Price also returned to his cottage: I miss him, and grieve most to lose him, as he, I know, loves the *séjour*, and wishes to remain near the King.

Mr. George Villiers, a younger brother of Lord Clarendon, was now here as groom of the bedchamber. He is very clever, somewhat *caustique*, but so loyal and vehement in the King's cause, that he has the appellation, from his party, of *The Tiger*. He would not obtain it for his *person*, which is remarkably slim, slight, and delicate.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Locke.

Kew, April, 1789.

My dearest Friends,—I have her Majesty's commands to inquire—whether you have any of a certain breed of poultry?

N.B. *What* breed I do not remember.

And to say she has just received a small group of the same herself.

N.B. The quantity I have forgotten.

And to add, she is assured they are something very rare and scarce, and extraordinary and curious.

N.B. By *whom* she was assured I have not heard.

And to subjoin, that you must send word if you have any of the same sort.

N.B. How you are to find that out, I cannot tell.

And to mention, as a corollary, that, if you have none of them, and should like to have some, she has a cock and a hen she can spare, and will appropriate them to Mr. Locke and my dearest Fredy.

This conclusive stroke so pleased and exhilarated me, that forthwith I said you would both be enchanted, and so forgot all the preceding particulars.

And I said, moreover, that I knew you would rear them, and cheer them, and fondle them like your children.

So now—pray write a very *fair answer* fairly, in fair hand and to fair purpose.

My Susanna is just now come—so all is fair with my dearest Mr. and Mrs. Locke's.

F. B.

Queen's Lodge, Windsor.

APRIL.—I shall abbreviate this month also of its chronological exactness.

The same gentlemen continued, Colonel Manners and Mr. G. Villiers. But Mrs. Schwellenberg is softened into nothing but civility and courtesy to me. To what the change is owing I cannot conjecture; but I do all that in me lies to support it, preferring the entire sacrifice of every moment, from our dinner to twelve at night, to her harshness and horrors. Nevertheless, a lassitude of existence creeps sensibly upon me.

Colonel Manners, however, for the short half-hour of tea-time, is irresistibly diverting. He continues my constant friend and neighbour, and, while he affects to *play off* the coadjutrix to advantage, he nods at me, to draw forth my laughter or approbation, with the most alarming undisguise. I often fear her being affronted; but naturally she admires him very much for his uncommon share of beauty, and makes much allowance for his levity. However, the never-quite-comprehended affair of the leather bed-cover has in some degree intimidated her ever

since, as she constantly apprehends that, if he were provoked, he would play her some trick.

He had been at White's ball, given in town upon His Majesty's recovery. We begged some account of it: he ranted away with great fluency, uttering little queer sarcasms at Mrs. Schwollenberg by every opportunity, and colouring when he had done, with private fear of enraging her. This, however, she suspected not, or all his aim had been lost; for to *alarm* her is his delight.

"I liked it all," he said, in summing up his relation, "very well, except the music, and I like any caw—caw—caw, better than that sort of noise,—only you must not tell the King I say that, ma'am, because the King likes it."

She objected to the word "*must* not," and protested she would not be directed *by no one*, and would tell it, if she pleased.

Upon this, he began a most boisterous threatening of the evil consequences which would accrue to herself, though in so ludicrous a manner that how she could suppose him serious was my wonder. "Take care of yourself, ma'am," he cried, holding up his finger as if menacing a child; "take care of yourself! I am not to be provoked twice!"

This, after a proud resistance, conquered her; and, really frightened at she knew not what, she fretfully exclaimed, "Ver well, sir!—I wish I had not come down! I won't no more! you might have your tea when you can get it!"

Returning to his account, he owned he had been rather a little musical himself for once, which was when they all sang "God save the King," after the supper; for then he joined in the chorus, as well and as loud as any of them, "though some of the company," he added, "took the liberty to ask me not to be so loud, because they pretended I was out of tune; but it was in such a good cause that I did not mind that."

She was no sooner recovered than the attack became personal again; and so it has continued ever since; he seems bent upon "*playing her off*" in all manners; he braves her, then compliments her, assents to her opinion, and the next moment contradicts her; pretends uncommon friendship for her, and then laughs in her face. But his worst *manœuvre* is a perpetual

application to me, by looks and sly glances, which fill me with terror of passing for an accomplice; and the more, as I find it utterly impossible to keep grave during these absurdities.

And yet, the most extraordinary part of the story is that she really likes him! though at times she is so angry, she makes vows to keep to her own room.

Mr. George Villiers, with far deeper aim, sneers out his own more artful satire, but is never understood; while Colonel Manners domineers with so high a hand, he carries all before him; and whenever Mrs. Schwellenberg, to lessen her mortification, draws *me* into the question, he instantly turns off whatever she begins into some high-flown compliment, so worded also as to convey some comparative reproach. This offends more than all.

When she complains to me of him, in his absence, I answer he is a mere schoolboy, for mischief, without serious design of displeasing: but she tells me she sees he means to do her some harm, and she will let the King know, if he goes on at that rate for she does not choose such sort of *familiarness*.

Once she apologised suddenly for her *English*, and Colonel Manners said, "Oh, don't mind that, ma'am, for I take no particular notice as to your language."

"But," says she, "Miss Berner might tell me, when I speak it sometimes not quite right, what you call."

"Oh dear no, ma'am!" exclaimed he; "Miss Burney is of too mild a disposition for that: she could not correct you strong enough to do you good."

"Oh!—ver well, sir!" she cried, confounded by his effrontery.

One day she lamented she had been absent when there was so much agreeable company in the house; "And now," she added, "now that I am comm back, here is nobody!—not one!—no society!"

He protested this was not to be endured, and told her that to reckon *all us* nobody was so bad, he should resent it.

"What will you do, my good Colonel?" she cried.

"Oh ma'am, *do*?—I will tell Dr. Davis."

"And who bin he?"

"Why, he's the master of Eton school, ma'am!" with a thundering bawl in her ears, that made her stop them.

"No, sir!" she cried, indignantly, "I thank you for that! I won't have no Dr. schoolmaster, what you call! I bin too old for that."

"But ma'am, he shall bring you a Latin oration upon this subject, and you must hear it!"

"Oh, 'tis all the sam! I shan't not understand it, so I won't not hear it."

"But you *must*, ma'am. If *I* write it, I shan't let you off so:—you *must* hear it!"

"No, I *won't*!—Miss Berner might,—give it *her*!"

"Does Miss Burney know Latin?" cried Mr. G. Villiers.

"Not one word," quoth I.

"I believe that!" cried she; "but she might hear it the sam!"

The Queen graciously presented me with an extremely pretty medal of green and gold, and a motto, *Vive le Roi*, upon the Thanksgiving occasion, as well as a fan, ornamented with the words—*Health restored to one, and happiness to millions*.

MAY.—I must give the few incidents of this month in all brevity.

On the 2nd of May I met Colonel Manners, waiting at the corner of a passage leading towards the Queen's apartments. "Is the King, ma'am," he cried, "there? because Prince William is come."

I had heard he was arrived in town,—and with much concern, since it was without leave of the King. It was in the illness, indeed, of the King he sailed to England, and when he had probably all the excuse of believing his Royal Father incapable of further governance. How did I grieve for the feelings of that Royal Father, in this idea! yet it certainly offers for Prince William his best apology.

In the evening, while Mrs. Schwollenberg, Mrs. Zachary, and myself were sitting in the eating parlour, the door was suddenly

opened by Mr. Alberts, the Queen's page, and "Prince William" was announced.

He came to see Mrs. Schwollenberg. He is handsome, as are all the Royal Family, though he is not of a height to be called a good figure. He looked very hard at the two strangers, but made us all sit, very civilly, and drew a chair for himself, and began to discourse, with the most unbounded openness and careless ease, of everything that occurred to him.

Mrs. Schwollenberg said she had pitied him for the grief he must have felt at the news of the King's illness: "Yes," cried he, "I was very sorry for His Majesty, very sorry indeed,—no man loves the King better; of that be assured. But all sailors love their King. And I felt for the Queen, too,—I did, 'faith. I was horribly agitated when I saw the King first. I could hardly stand."

Then Mrs. Schwollenberg suddenly said, "Miss Berner, now you might see his Royal Highness; you wanted it so much, and now you might do it. Your Royal Highness, that is Miss Berner."

He rose very civilly, and bowed, to this strange freak of introduction: and, of course, I rose and curtsied low, and waited his commands to sit again; which were given instantly, with great courtesy.

"Ma'am," cried he, "you have a brother in the service?" "Yes, sir," I answered, much pleased with this professional attention. He had not, he civilly said, the pleasure to know him, but he had heard of him.

Then, turning suddenly to Mrs. Schwollenberg, "Pray," cried he, "what is become of Mrs.—Mrs.—Mrs. Hogentot?"

"Oh, your Royal Highness!" cried she, stifling much offence, "do you mean the poor Haggerdorn?—Oh, your Royal Highness! have you forgot her?"

"I have, upon my word!" cried he, plumply; "upon my soul, I have!" Then turning again to me, "I am very happy, ma'am," he cried, "to see you here; it gives me great pleasure the Queen should appoint the sister of a sea-officer to so eligible a situation. As long as she has a brother in the service, ma'am," cried he to Mrs. Schwollenberg, "I look upon her as one of us. Oh, 'faith I do! I do indeed! she is one of the corps."

Then he said he had been making acquaintance with a new Princess, one he did not know nor remember—Princess Amelia. “Mary, too,” he said, “I had quite forgot; and they did not tell me who she was; so I went up to her, and, without in the least recollecting her, she’s so monstrously grown, I said, ‘Pray, ma’am, are you one of the attendants?’”

Princess Sophia is his professed favourite. “I have had the honour,” he cried, “of about an hour’s conversation with that young lady, in the old style; though I have given up my mad frolics now. To be sure, I had a few in that style formerly!—upon my word I am almost ashamed!—Ha! ha! ha!”

Then, recollecting particulars, he laughed vehemently, but Mrs. Schwellenberg eagerly interrupted his communications; I fancy some of them might have related to our own sacred person!

“Augusta,” he said, “looks very well—a good face and countenance—she looks interesting—she looks as if she knew more than she would say; and I like that character.”

He stayed a full hour, chatting in this good-humoured and familiar manner.

For all the early part of this month I was grievously ill with a pain in my face. I applied for it a blister, in vain; I had then recourse to leeches, and one of them certainly bit a nerve, for what I suffered surpasses description; it was torture, it was agony! I fully thought myself poisoned, and I am most thankful to add that during that persuasion I felt a freedom from what are called “the horrors of death,” which, at my recovery and ever since, has paid me for that exquisite suffering.

All good, all patient with human infirmities, I painted to myself that Great Creator before whom I believed myself prematurely appearing, and the dread of his wrath was sunk in the hope of his mercy through the Redeemer. Whether I should feel this mental calm when not in such dire bodily pain, Heaven only knows! I am the happier that I have ever felt it, when I believed the end of all approaching.

But why do I forget the resolution with which I began these

my chronicles, of never mixing with them my religious sentiments—opinions—hopes—fears—belief—or aspirations?

In my books upon those, which no human eye but my own has ever been cast over, I blend nothing mundane—I mean as to my affairs; for as to my thoughts and feelings, let me try how I may—and I try with all my might—to refine them and fit them for sacred subjects—I dare not presume that I have had such success as really to have purified them from the worldly dross that forms, rather than mingles with, all I scrawl down helter-skelter in my memorandum chronicles. However, I never will jumble together what I deem holy with what I know to be trivial.

JUNE.—This month, till our journey to Weymouth took place, passed without mark or likelihood, save one little token of Spanish gallantry from the Marquis del Campo, who, when he came to Windsor, after reproving me very civilly for being absent from his fête, told me he had remembered me during the drawing of his lottery that night, and “had taken the liberty to bring me my prize,” which was a blue enamel ring with a motto.

Now, though this remembrance on such an evening was impossible, there was no refusing, without affronting him, the very good-humoured and polite pretence.

Mrs. Douglas gave a ball at the Bishop's Deanery-house, on the King's recovery, the day before our journey, and the *reason* of the affair induced Her Majesty to order me to accept Mrs. Douglas's invitation. It was gay and pleasant enough.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25TH.—This morning I was called before five o'clock, though various packages and business had kept me up till near three.

The day was rainy, but the road was beautiful; Windsor Great Park, in particular is charming.

The crowds increased as we advanced, and at Winchester the town was *one head*. I saw Dr. Warton, but could not stop the carriage. The King was everywhere received with acclamation. His popularity is greater than ever. Compassion for his late sufferings seems to have endeared him now to all conditions of men.

At Romsey, on the steps of the Town Hall, an orchestra was formed, and a band of musicians, in common brown coarse cloth and red neckcloths, and even in carters' loose gowns, made a chorus of "God save the King," in which the countless multitude joined, in such loud acclamation, that their loyalty and heartiness and natural joy almost surprised me into a sob before I knew myself at all affected by them.

The new Forest is all beauty, and when we approached Lyndhurst the crowds wore as picturesque an appearance as the landscapes; they were all in decent attire, and, the great space giving them full room, the cool beauty of the verdure between the groups took away all idea of inconvenience, and made their live gaiety a scene to joy beholders.

Carriages of all sorts lined the road-side:—chariots, chaises, landaus, carts, waggons, whiskies, gigs, phaetons—mixed and intermixed, filled within and surrounded without by faces all glee and delight.

Such was the scenery for miles before we reached Lyndhurst. The old law of the forest, that His Majesty must be presented with two milk-white greyhounds, peculiarly decorated, upon his entrance into the New Forest, gathered together multitudes to see the show. A party, also, of foresters, habited in green, and each with a bugle-horn, met His Majesty at the same time.

Arrived at Lyndhurst, we drove to the Duke of Gloucester's. The Royal Family were just before us, but the two colonels came and handed us through the crowd.

The house, intended for a mere hunting-seat, was built by Charles II., and seems quite unimproved and unrepaired from its first foundation. It is the King's, but lent to the Duke of Gloucester. It is a straggling, inconvenient old house, but delightfully situated, in a village,—looking, indeed, at present, like a populous town, from the amazing concourse of people that have crowded into it.

The bowmen and archers and bugle-horns are to attend the King while he stays here, in all his rides.

The Duke of Gloucester was ready to receive the Royal Family, who are all in the highest spirits and delight.

I have a small old bedchamber, but a large and commodious

parlour, in which the gentlemen join Miss Planta and me to breakfast and to drink tea. They dine at the royal table. We are to remain here some days.

During the King's dinner, which was in a parlour looking into the garden, he permitted the people to come to the window; and their delight and rapture in seeing their monarch at table, with the evident hungry feeling it occasioned, made a contrast of admiration and deprivation truly comie. They crowded, however, so excessively, that this can be permitted them no more. They broke down all the paling, and much of the hedges, and some of the windows, and all by eagerness and multitude, for they were perfectly civil and well-behaved.

In the afternoon the royal party came into my parlour; and the moment the people saw the star, they set up such a shout as made a ring all around the village; for my parlour has the same view with the royal rooms into the garden, where this crowd was assembled, and the new rapture was simply at seeing the King in a new apartment!

They all walked out, about and around the village, in the evening, and the delighted mob accompanied them. The moment they stepped out of the house, the people, with one voice, struck up "God save the King!" I assure you I cried like a child twenty times in the day, at the honest and rapturous effusions of such artless and disinterested loyalty. The King's illness and recovery *make me tender*, as Count Mannuccia said, upon every recollection.

These good villagers continued singing this loyal song during the whole walk, without any intermission, except to shout "huzza!" at the end of every stanza. They returned so hoarse, that I longed to give them all some lemonade. Probably they longed for something they would have called better! 'Twas well the King could walk no longer; I think, if he had, they would have died singing around him.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30TH.—We continued at Lyndhurst five days: and the tranquillity of the life, and the beauty of the country, would have made it very regaling to me indeed, but for the fatigue of having no maid, yet being always in readiness to play the part of an attendant myself.

I went twice to see the house of Sir Philip Jennings Clerke, my old acquaintance at Streatham. I regretted he was no more; he would so much have prided and rejoiced in showing his place. His opposition principles would not have interfered with that private act of duty from a subject to a sovereign. How did I call to mind Mrs. Thrale, upon this spot! not that I had seen it with her, or ever before; but that its late owner was one of her sincerest admirers.

Miss Planta and myself drove also to Southampton, by the Queen's direction. It is a pretty clean town, and the views from the Southampton Water are highly picturesque: but all this I had seen to far greater advantage, with Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Thrale. Ah, Mrs. Thrale!—In thinking her over, as I saw again the same spot, how much did I wish to see with it the same—once so dear—companion!

On the Sunday we all went to the parish church; and after the service, instead of a psalm, imagine our surprise to hear the whole congregation join in "God save the King!" Misplaced as this was in a church, its intent was so kind, loyal, and affectionate, that I believe there was not a dry eye amongst either singers or hearers. The King's late dreadful illness has rendered this song quite melting to me.

This day we quitted Lyndhurst; not without regret, for so private is its situation, I could stroll about in its beautiful neighbourhood quite alone.

The journey to Weymouth was one scene of festivity and rejoicing. The people were everywhere collected, and everywhere delighted. We passed through Salisbury, where a magnificent arch was erected, of festoons of flowers, for the King's carriage to pass under, and mottoed with "The King restored," and "Long live the King," in three divisions. The green bowmen accompanied the train thus far; and the clothiers and manufacturers here met it, dressed out in white loose frocks, flowers, and ribbons, with sticks or caps emblematically decorated from their several manufactories. And the acclamations with which the King was received amongst them—it was a rapture past description.

At Blandford there was nearly the same ceremony.

At every gentleman's seat which we passed, the owners and their families stood at the gate, and their guests or neighbours were in earriages all round.

At Dorchester the crowd seemed still increased. The city had so antique an air, I longed to investigate its old buildings. The houses have the most ancient appearance of any that are inhabited that I have happened to see: and inhabited they were indeed! every window-sash was removed, for face above face to peep out, and every old balcony and all the leads of the houses seemed turned into booths for fairs. It seems, also, the most populous town I have seen; I judge not by the concourse of the young and middle-aged—those we saw everywhere alike, as they may gather together from all quarters—but from the amazing quantity of indigenous residents; old women and young children. There seemed families of ten or twelve of the latter in every house; and the old women were so numerous, that they gave the whole scene the air of a rural masquerade.

Girls, with chaplets, beautiful young creatures, strewed the entrance of various villages with flowers.

Gloucester House, which we now inhabit, at Weymouth, is situated in front of the sea, and the sands of the bay before it are perfectly smooth and soft.

The whole town, and Meleomb Regis, and half the county of Dorset, seemed assembled to welcome their Majesties.

I have here a very good parlour, but dull, from its aspect. Nothing but the sea at Weymouth affords any life or spirit. My bedroom is in the attics. Nothing like living at a court for exaltation. Yet even with this gratification, which extends to Miss Planta, the house will only hold the females of the party. The two adjoining houses are added, for the gentlemen, and the pages, and some other of the suite, cooks, &c.—but the footmen are obliged to lodge still farther off.

The bay is very beautiful, after its kind; a peninsula shuts out Portland Island and the broad ocean.

The King, and Queen, and Princesses, and their suite, walked out in the evening; an immense crowd attended them—sailors,

bargemen, mechanics, countrymen; and all united in so vociferous a volley of "God save the King," that the noise was stunning.

At near ten o'clock Lord Courtown came into my parlour, as it is called, and said the town was all illuminated, and invited Miss Planta and me to a walk upon the sands. Their Majesties were come in to supper. We took a stroll under his escort, and found it singularly beautiful, the night being very fine, and several boats and small vessels lighted up, and in motion upon the sea. The illumination extended through Melcomb Regis and Weymouth. Gloucester Row, in which we live, is properly in Melcomb Regis; but the two towns join each other, and are often confounded.

The preparations of festive loyalty were universal. Not a child could we meet that had not a bandeau round its head, cap, or hat, of "God save the King;" all the bargemen wore it in cockades; and even the bathing-women had it in large coarse girdles round their waists. It is printed in golden letters upon most of the bathing-machines, and in various scrolls and devices it adorns every shop and almost every house in the two towns.

Gloucester House, Weymouth.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8TH.—We are settled here comfortably enough. Miss Planta and I breakfast as well as dine together alone; the gentlemen have a breakfast-parlour in the adjoining house, and we meet only at tea, and seldom then. They have all acquaintance here, in this Gloucester Row, and stroll from the terrace or the sands, to visit them during the tea vacation time.

I like this much: I see them just enough to keep up sociability, without any necessary constraint; for I attend the tea-table only at my own hour, and they come, or not, according to chance or their convenience.

The King bathes, and with great success; a machine follows the Royal one into the sea, filled with fiddlers, who play "God save the King," as his Majesty takes his plunge!

I am delighted with the soft air and soft footing upon the sands, and stroll up and down them morning, noon, and night.

As they are close before the house, I can get to and from them in a moment.

Her Majesty has graciously hired a little maid between Miss Planta and me, who comes for the day. We have no accommodation for her sleeping here; but it is an unspeakable relief to our personal fatigues.

Dr. Gisburne is here, to attend his Majesty; and the Queen has ordered me to invite him to dine at my table. He comes regularly,

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

Gloucester House, Weymouth, July 13, 1789.

My dearest Padre's kind letter was most truly welcome to me. When I am so distant, the term of absence or of silence seems always doubly long to me.

The bay here is most beautiful; the sea never rough, generally calm and gentle, and the sands perfectly smooth and pleasant. I have not yet bathed, for I have had a cold in my head, which I caught at Lyndhurst, and which makes me fear beginning; but I have hopes to be well enough to-morrow, and thenceforward to ail nothing more. It is my intention to cast away all superfluous complaints into the main ocean, which I think quite sufficiently capacious to hold them; and really my little frame will find enough to carry and manage without them.

Colonel Goldsworthy has just sent me in a newspaper containing intelligence that Angelica Kauffmann * is making drawings from "Evelina" for the Empress of Russia! Do you think the Empress of Russia hears of anything now besides Turkey and the Emperor? And is not Angelica Kauffmann dead? O, what an *Oracle*! for such is the paper called.

His Majesty is in delightful health, and much-improved spirits. All agree he never looked better. The loyalty of all

* The daughter of a Swiss Painter born at Coire in 1740. She studied at Rome and Venice, and afterwards came to England, where she enjoyed a brilliant reputation for many years, and was ultimately elected a Royal Academician. Her death did not take place till 1807.

this place is excessive ; they have dressed out every street with labels of "God save the King;" all the shops have it over the doors; all the children wear it in their caps—all the labourers in their hats, and all the sailors *in their voices*; for they never approach the house without shouting it aloud—nor see the King, or his shadow, without beginning to huzza, and going on to three cheers.

The bathing-machines make it their motto over all their windows ; and those bathers that belong to the royal dippers wear it in bandeaux on their bonnets, to go into the sea ; and have it again, in large letters, round their waists, to encounter the waves. Flannel dresses, tucked up, and no shoes nor stockings, with bandeaux and girdles, have a most singular appearance ; and when first I surveyed these loyal nymphs, it was with some difficulty I kept my features in order.

Nor is this all. Think but of the surprise of His Majesty when, the first time of his bathing, he had no sooner popped his royal head under water than a band of music, concealed in a neighbouring machine, struck up "God save great George our King."

One thing, however, was a little unlucky ;—when the Mayor and burgesses came with the address, they requested leave to kiss hands. This was graciously accorded ; but, the Mayor advancing in a common way, *to take the Queen's hand*, as he might that of any lady mayoress, Colonel Gwynn, who stood by, whispered, "You must kneel, sir !" He found, however, that he took no notice of this hint, but kissed the Queen's hand erect. As he passed him, in his way back, the Colonel said, "You should have knelt, sir !"

"Sir," answered the poor Mayor, "I cannot."

"Everybody does, sir."

"Sir,—I have a wooden leg !"

Poor man ! 'twas such a surprise ! and such an excuse as no one could dispute.

But the absurdity of the matter followed—all the rest did the same ; taking the same privilege, by the example, without the same or any cause !

We have just got Mrs. Piozzi's book here. My Royal Mistress is reading, and will then lend it me. Have you read it ?

There is almost no general company here, as the proper season does not begin till autumn ; but the party attendant on the King and Queen is large, and the principal people of the county—Lord Digby, Admiral Digby, Mr. Pitt Damer, Lord Milton, Mr. Rolle, &c., &c.,—all are coming to and fro continually. Our home party is just the same as it began.

A thousand thanks for your home news.

I am, most dear sir,

Affectionately and dutifully, your

F. B.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 15TH.—The *Magnificent*, a man-of-war of 74 guns, commanded by an old captain of James's (Onslow), is now stationed at the entrance of the bay, for the security at once and pleasure of the King ; and a fine frigate, the *Southampton*, Captain Douglas, is nearer in, and brought for the King to cruise about. Captain Douglas is nephew to Sir Andrew Snape Hammond, who married a cousin of our Mr. Crisp.

The King and Royal party have been to visit the frigate. Miss Planta and myself went to see the ceremony from a place called the Look-out—a beautiful spot. But I have not much taste for sea receptions and honours : the firing a salute is so strange a mode of hospitality and politeness.

I have subscribed to the library here, which is not a bad one ; and I have met with a favourite old book of my dearest Mrs. Delany, and bought it from that remembrance. It is Bishop Patrick's "Pilgrim ;" and common sense and reason keep so near the enthusiasm of its devotion, that no one, I think, can read it without profit. There is, in particular, one part that treats of Friendship, in a style and with sentiments so loftily touching and true, that I must recommend it to my dear sisters, and will lend it them whenever we meet.

Mrs. Gwynn is arrived, and means to spend the Royal season here. She lodges at the hotel just by, and we have met several times. She is very soft and pleasing, and still as beautiful as an angel. We have had two or three long tête-à-têtes, and talked over, with great pleasure, anecdotes of our former mutual

acquaintances—Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mrs. Thrale, Baretti, Miss Reynolds, Miss Palmer, and her old admirer, Dr. Goldsmith, of whom she relates—as who does not?—a thousand ridiculous traits.

The Queen is reading Mrs. Piozzi's "Tour" to me, instead of my reading it to her. She loves reading aloud, and in this work finds me an able commentator. How like herself, how characteristic is every line!—Wild, entertaining, flighty, inconsistent, and clever!

THURSDAY, JULY 16TH.—Yesterday we all went to the theatre. The King has taken the centre front box for himself, and family, and attendants. The side boxes are too small. The Queen ordered places for Miss Planta and me, which are in the front row of a box next but one to the royals. Thus, in this case, our want of rank to be in their public suite gives us better seats than those *high* enough to stand behind them!

Lady Sydney, Lady Courtown's sister, and Miss Townshend, her daughter, sat in the intermediate box, and were very sociable. I have met them here occasionally, and like them very well.

'Tis a pretty little theatre, but its entertainment was quite in the barn style: a mere medley—songs, dances, imitations—and all very bad. But Lord Chesterfield, who is here, and who seems chief director, promises all will be better.

This morning the Royal party went to Dorchester, and I strolled upon the sands with Mrs. Gwynn. We overtook a lady, of a very majestic port and demeanour, who solemnly returned Mrs. Gwynn's salutation, and then addressed herself to me with similar gravity. I saw a face I knew, and of very uncommon beauty; but did not immediately recollect it was Mrs. Siddons.

She is come here, she says, solely for her health; she has spent some days with Mrs. Gwynn, at General Harcourt's. Her husband was with her, and a sweet child.

I wished to have tried if her solemnity would have worn away by length of conversation; but I was obliged to hasten home. But my dearest Fredy's opinion, joined to that of my sister Esther, satisfies me I was a loser by this necessary forbearance.

FRIDAY, JULY 17TH.—The play was again settled for to-night, to see Mr. Quick.

The theatric entertainments were the "The Irish Widow," and "The Devil to Pay." Mrs. Wells performed in both, and admirably.

SUNDAY, JULY 26TH.—Yesterday we went again to the play, and saw "The Midnight Hour" and "The Commissary." The latter, from the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," is comic to convulsion; and the burlesque of Quick and Mrs. Wells united made me laugh quite immoderately.

Dr. Bell, one of the King's chaplains, gave us to-day an admirable sermon.

Mr. Parish, a brother-in-law of Miss Planta's, came in the evening—just arrived from France, where all is confusion, commotion, and impending revolution.

TUESDAY, JULY 28TH.—To-day, by the Queen's desire, I invited Dr. Glasse to dinner. I did not know him, and it was awkward enough; but Dr. Gisburne was, fortunately, acquainted with him, and Mr. Planta, brother to my fellow-traveller, who is here for a few days.

Dr. Glasse is a famous pedagogue and a celebrated preacher. He is gentle and placid, but rather too simpering and complacent. Mr. Planta is sensible, manly, and agreeable.

All went off very well; and during dinner Mr. Planta related a very interesting recent anecdote of a Mr. Hamilton, who had been a great sufferer by a false imprisonment, and who would have been used extremely ill, "but for the spirited and humane exertions of Mr. Cambridge, the clergyman, who has done himself great and deserved credit by his conduct upon the occasion."

I am never surprised to hear of any good action he performs. I believe, indeed, whatever is in his power is done invariably.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29TH.—We went to the play, and saw Mrs. Siddons in *Rosalind*. She looked beautifully, but too large for that shepherd's dress; and her gaiety sits not naturally upon her—it seems more like disguised gravity. I must own my admiration for her confined to her tragic powers; and there it is raised so high that I feel mortified, in a degree, to see her so much fainter the mpts and success in comedy.

FRIDAY, JULY 31ST.—This afternoon, when I came into the parlour, I saw a stranger, but habited in the uniform, and of a pleasing appearance. We bowed and curtseyed—both silent. I expected him to announce his business; he expected me to give him some welcome; which when I found, concluding him arrived on some commands from the King, I begged him to be seated, and took my usual chair.

"Perhaps, ma'am," he then cried, "this is *your* room?"

I assented, a little surprised.

"I am just come," he said, "with the Duke of Gloucester, who is gone to His Majesty."

"Then perhaps, sir," cried I, "this is *your* room?"

He laughed, but disclaimed owning it. However, I found he was the Duke's gentleman in waiting, and had concluded this the apartment destined for the equerries.

This retort courteous in our address took off stiffness from either side, and we entered into a general conversation, chiefly upon the French. I found him sprightly, intelligent, and well-bred. He stayed with me more than an hour, and then parted to look for the equerries, to whose apartments I sent Columb to conduct him; and neither of us, probably, knew the name of the other till we were separated; I then found his was Vincent. He is a nephew of Sir George Howard.

CHAPTER XLI.

Royal Visit to Lulworth Castle—A Provincial Audience—Rural Excursion—Description of Lulworth Castle—Mrs. Siddons in Mrs. Oakley—Their Majesties at the Rooms—First Sight of Mr. Pitt—Lord Chatham, the Duke of Richmond, &c.—Royal Tour—Arrival at Exeter—Dr. Buller—Saltram—Mount Edgecumbe—Plymouth Dock—Admiral La Forey—Anchor-making—A British Man-of-War—Lords Falmouth and Stopford—Lord Hood—Lord and Lady Mount-Edgecumbe—Lord Valletort—Miss Harriet Bowdler—Departure of the Royal Party from Weymouth—Royal Visits to Sherborne Castle and Longleat—Marquis of Bath—Mrs. Delany—Old Portraits—Royal Visit to Lord Aylesbury at Tottenham Park—Return to Windsor—Horrors of the French Revolution—Reminiscences—Queen Elizabeth's "Virginal Book"—The Royal Family at the Theatre—Lord Mountmorres—Enthusiastic Reception of the King—The Dramatist—The French Notables—John Wilkes—A New Acquaintance—Major Garth—The Bishop of Salisbury—Bishop Hurd—The Waldegraves.

Gloucester House, Weymouth.

MONDAY, AUGUST 3RD.—The loyalty and obedient respect of the people here to their King are in a truly primitive style. The whole Royal party went to see Lulworth Castle, intending to be back to dinner, and go to the play at night, which their Majesties had ordered, with Mrs. Siddons to play Lady Townly. Dinner-time, however, came and passed, and they arrived not. They went by sea, and the wind proved contrary; and about seven o'clock a hobby groom was despatched hither by land, with intelligence that they had only reached Lulworth Castle at five o'clock. They meant to be certainly back by eight; but sent their commands that the farce might be performed first, and the play wait them.

The manager repeated this to the audience,—already waiting

and wearied ; but a loud applause testified their *agreeability* to whatever could be proposed.

The farce, however, was much sooner over than the passage from Lulworth Castle. It was *ten o'clock* when they landed ! And all this time the audience—spectators rather—quietly waited !

They landed just by the theatre, and went to the house of Lady Pembroke, who is now here in attendance upon the Queen : and there they sent home for the King's page, *with a wig, &c.* ; and the Queen's wardrobe-woman, with *similar decorations* ; and a message to Miss Planta and me, that we might go at once to the theatre.

We obeyed ; and soon after they appeared, and were received with the most violent gusts of joy and huzzas, even from the galleries over their heads, whose patience had not the reward of seeing them at last.

Is not this a charming trait of provincial popularity ?

Mrs. Siddons, in her looks, and the tragic part, was exquisite.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 4TH.—To-day all the Royals went to Sherborne Castle.

My day being perfectly at liberty, Mrs. Gwynn stayed and spent it with me.

The weather was beautiful ; the sea-breezes here keep off intense heat in the warmest season. We walked first to see the shrubbery and plantation of a lady, Mrs. B——, who has a very pretty house about a mile and a half out of the town. Here we rested, and regaled ourselves with sweet flowers, and then proceeded to the old castle,—its ruins rather,—which we most completely examined, not leaving one stone untrod, except such as must have precipitated us into the sea. This castle is built almost *in* the sea, upon a perpendicular rock, and its situation, therefore, is nobly bold and striking. It is little more now than walls, and a few little winding staircases at its four corners.

I had not imagined my beautiful companion could have taken so much pleasure from an excursion so romantic and lonely ; but she enjoyed it very much, clambered about as unaffectedly as if she had lived in rural scenes all her life, and left nothing unexamined.

We then prowled along the sands at the foot of the adjoining rocks, and picked up sea-weeds and shells; but I do not think they were such as to drive Sir Ashton Lever, or the Museum-keepers, to despair! We had the Queen's two little dogs, Badine and Phillis, for our guards and associates. We returned home to a very late tea, thoroughly tired, but very much pleased. To me it was the only rural excursion I had taken for more than three years.

The Royal party came not home till past eleven o'clock. The Queen was much delighted with Sherborne Castle, which abounds with regal curiosities, honourably acquired by the family.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8TH.—To-day we went to Lulworth Castle; but not with Mrs. Gwynn. Her Majesty ordered our Royal coach and four, and directed me to take the two De Lucs.

Lulworth Castle is beautifully situated, with a near and noble view of the sea. It has a spacious and very fine park, and commands a great extent of prospect. It is the property of Mr. Weld, a Roman Catholic, whose eldest brother was first husband of Mrs. Fitzherbert. A singular circumstance, that their Majesties should visit a house in which, so few years ago, *she* might have received them.

There is in it a Roman Catholic chapel that is truly elegant,—a Pantheon in miniature,—and ornamented with immense expense and richness. The altar is all of finest variegated marbles, and precious stones are glittering from every angle. The priests' vestments, which are very superb, and all the sacerdotal array, were shown us as particular favours: and Colonel Goldsworthy comically said he doubted not they had incense and oblations for a week to come, by way of purification for our heretical curiosity.

The castle is built with four turrets. It is not very ancient, and the inside is completely modern, and fitted up with great elegance. It abounds in pictures of priests, saints, monks, and nuns, and is decorated with crosses and Roman Catholic devices without end.

They show one room in which two of our Kings have slept; Charles II. and poor James II.

We returned home to dinner, and in the evening went to the

play. Mrs. Siddons performed Mrs. Oakley. What pity thus to throw away her talents! But the Queen dislikes tragedy, and the honour to play before the Royal family blinds her to the little credit acquired by playing comedy.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 9TH.—The King had a council yesterday, which brought most of the great officers of state to Weymouth.

This morning so many of them came to church, that, for want of room, Colonels Gwynn and Goldsworthy asked to sit in the pew appropriated for Miss Planta and me.

In the evening, Her Majesty desired Miss Planta and me to go to the rooms, whither they commonly go themselves on Sunday evenings, and, after looking round them, and speaking where they choose, they retire to tea in an inner apartment with their own party, but leave the door wide open, both to see and be seen.

Upon receiving this command, I called upon Mrs. Gwynn, and begged her permission for our joining her. We agreed to call for her at eight o'clock.

The rooms are convenient and spacious: we found them very full. As soon as the Royal party came, a circle was formed, and they moved round it, just as before the ball at St. James's, the King one way with his chamberlain, the new-made Marquis of Salisbury, and the Queen the other with the Princesses, Lady Courtown, &c. The rest of the attendants planted themselves round in the circle.

I had now the pleasure, for the first time, to see Mr. Pitt; but his appearance is his least recommendation; it is neither noble nor expressive. Lord Chatham, the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Villiers, Lord Delawarr, &c., &c., were in the circle, and spoken to a long time each.

MONDAY, AUGUST 10TH.—This evening I had a large party to tea; Lord Courtown, the new Marquis of Salisbury, Colonels Gwynne and Goldsworthy, Miss Planta, and the two De Lucs.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12TH.—This is the Prince of Wales's birthday; but it has not been kept.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13TH.—We began our Western tour. We all went in the same order as we set out from Windsor.

We arrived at Exeter to a very late dinner. We were lodged

at the Deanery; and Dr. Buller, the dean, desired a conference with me, for we came first, leaving the Royals at Sir George Young's. He was very civil, and in high glee: I had never seen him before; but he told me he introduced himself, by this opportunity, at the express desire of Mrs. Chapone and Mrs. Castle, who were both his relations, as well as of Dr. Warton. I was glad to hear myself yet remembered by them.

The crowds, the rejoicings, the hallooing, and singing, and garlanding, and decorating of all the inhabitants of this old city, and of all the country through which we passed, made the journey quite charming—such happy loyalty as beamed from all ranks and descriptions of men came close to the heart in sympathetic joy.

We passed all the next day at the Deanery, which was so insufficient to our party, that not only the gentlemen, one and all, lodged at the hotel, but even Lady Courtown and the two Lady Waldegraves. I saw nothing of any of them while we stayed at Exeter. I strolled with Miss Planta about the town, which is populous and busy enough, but close and ugly. The principal parade for company, however, takes in a fine view of the country; and the cathedral is old and curious.

I had already been all this tour, with Mr. and Mrs. Rishton, on the first year of their marriage, as my dearest Susanna may remember.

The excessive and intemperate eagerness of the people to see the Royal Family here made them crowd so immoderately that, after the first essay, they feared going out amongst them.

The next morning, Saturday the 15th, we quitted Exeter, in which there had been one constant mob surrounding the Deanery from the moment of our entrance.

We proceeded through a country the most fertile, varied, rural, and delightful in England, till we came to the end of our aim, Salt-ram. We passed through such beautiful villages, and so animated a concourse of people, that the whole journey proved truly delectable. Arches of flowers were erected for the Royal Family to pass under at almost every town, with various loyal devices, expressive of their satisfaction in this circuit. How happy must

have been the King!—how deservedly! The greatest conqueror could never pass through his dominions with fuller acclamations of joy from his devoted subjects than George III. experienced, simply from having won their love by the even tenor of an unspotted life, which, at length, has vanquished all the hearts of all his subjects.

Our entrance at Saltram was, personally to Miss Planta and me, very disagreeable. We followed immediately after the Royals and equerries; and so many of the neighbouring gentry, the officers, &c., were assembled to receive them, that we had to make our way through a crowd of starers the most tremendous, while the Royals all stood at the windows, and the other attendants in the hall.

The house is one of the most magnificent in the kingdom. It accommodated us all, even to every footman, without by any means filling the whole.

The state apartments on the ground floor are superb; hung with crimson damask, and ornamented with pictures, some few of the Spanish school, the rest by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Angelica, and some few by other artists.

Its view is noble; it extends to Plymouth, Mount-Edgecumbe, and the neighbouring fine country. The sea at times fills up a part of the domain almost close to the house, and then its prospect is complete.

I had a sweet parlour allotted me, with the far most beautiful view of any, on the ground floor, and opening upon the state apartments, with a library for the next room to it. It is a very superb apartment in its fitting up. Lord Borringdon, the owner, is a minor. Mr. Robinson, who married Miss Harris, is one of his maternal uncles, and one of his guardians.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 16TH.—This is the birthday of the Duke of York. Births and deaths!—how do they make up the calculations of time!

Lord Courtown brought me a very obliging message from Lady Mount-Edgecumbe, who had been here at noon to kiss hands, on becoming a Countess from a Baroness. She sent to invite me to see her place, and contrive to dine and spend the day there. Her Majesty approves the Mount-Edgecumbe invitation.

MONDAY, AUGUST 17TH.—The Queen sent for me in the afternoon, to hear her own private diary, and tell her if it was English. Indeed there was scarce an expression that was foreign.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 18TH.—This morning the Royals were all at a grand naval review. I spent the time very serenely in my favourite wood, which abounds in seats of all sorts; and then I took a fountain pen, and wrote my rough journal for copying to my dear Sorelle.

In the evening, Lord Courtown, opening my parlour door, called out,

“May one come in?”

“May *one*?” exclaimed Colonel Goldsworthy; “may *two*—may *three*—may *four*?—I like your *one*, indeed!”

And in they all entered, and remained in sociable conversation till they were all called, late, to cards.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19TH.—Again this morning was spent by the Royals at Plymouth Dock—by me in strolls round the house. The wood here is truly enchanting; the paths on the slant down to the water resemble those of sweet Norbury Park.

The tea, also, was too much the same to be worth detailing. I will only mention a speech which could not but divert me, of Mr. Alberts, the Queen’s page. He said nobody dared represent to the King the danger of his present continual exertion in this hot weather, “unless it is Mr. Fairly,” he added, “who can say anything, in his genteel roundabout way.”

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21ST.—To-day the Royals went to Mount-Edgecumbe, and her Majesty had commissioned Lady Courtown to arrange a plan for Miss Planta and me to see Plymouth Dock. According, therefore, to her ladyship’s directions, we set off for that place, and, after a dull drive of about five miles, arrived at the house of the Commissioner, Admiral La Forey.

Here Mrs. La Forey and her daughters were prepared to expect us, and take the trouble of entertaining us for the day.

Three large and populous towns, Plymouth, Stockton, and Dock, nearly join each other. Plymouth is long, dirty, ill-built, and wholly unornamented with any edifice worth notice. Stockton is rather neater—nothing more. Dock runs higher, and is newer, and looks far cleaner and more habitable.

The Commissioner's is the best-situated house in Dock: it is opposite a handsome quay, on an arm of the sea, with a pretty paved walk or terrace, before the house, which seems used as a mall by the inhabitants, and is stored with naval offices innumerable.

The two ladies received us very pleasantly. Mrs. La Forey is well bred, in the formal way; but her eldest daughter, Mrs. Molloy, is quite free from stiffness, yet perfectly obliging, very easy, very modest, and very engaging; and, when dressed for a ball in the evening, very handsome. She does not become a *déshabille*, but cannot look otherwise than pleasing and agreeable, from her manners and countenance.

Captain Molloy, her husband, was gone to attend in the naval procession that conducted the Royals to Mount-Edgecumbe, where he expected to dine: but he had left a younger officer, Lieutenant Gregory, to do the honours of the naval show to us.

The Commissioner himself is yet more formal than his lady, but equally civil. An unmarried daughter appeared next, who seems sensible and good-humoured, but very plain.

We sallied forth to the dockyard, with these two daughters, and Lieutenant Gregory, a very pleasing and well-bred young officer. How often I wished my dear James had happened to be here, in any employment, at this time!

The dockyard you will dispense with my describing. It is a noble and tremendous sight, and we were shown it with every advantage of explanation. It was a sort of sighing satisfaction to see such numerous stores of war's alarms!—ropes, sails, masts, anchors—and all in the finest symmetry, divided and subdivided, as if placed only for show. The neatness and exactness of all the arrangement of those stores for tempests, filled me with admiration; so did the whole scene—though not with pleasure! All assurances, however well to be depended upon, of safety, are but so many indications of danger.

While we were seeing the anchor business—which seemed performed by Vulcanic demons, so black they looked, so savage was their howl in striking the red-hot iron, and so coarse and slight their attire—we were saluted with three cheers, from the

accidental entranee of Lord Stopford, Lord Courtown's son, and Mr. Townshend, his nephew, a son of Lord Sydney, just made a Lord of the Admiralty. And the sound, in those back regions, where all the light was red-hot fire, had a very fine demoniac effect. In beating the anchor they all strike at the same instant, giving about three quick strokes to one slow sloke; and were, they not to time them with the most perfect conformity, they must inevitably knock out one another's brains. The sight of this apparently continual danger gave to the whole the appearance of some wild rite performed from motives of superstition in some uncivilised country.

While we were yet in the dockyard we were joined by two sea-captains, Captain Molloy and Captain Duckworth.

Captain Molloy is a sensible and agreeable man, but somewhat haughty, and of conscious consequence. He is a first cousin of my friend Miss Baker; and talking of that excellent person and her worthy mother brought us soon into acquaintance.

Captain Duckworth is both sensible and amiable in his style of conversation, and has a most perfect and kind openness of manner and countenance; but he greatly amused me by letting me see how much *I* amused *him*. I never surprised him looking near me, without seeing on his face so irresistible a simper, that I expected him every moment to break forth; never even trying to keep a grave face, except when I looked at him in full front.

I found he knew "Burney of the Bristol," as he called our James, and I named and conversed about him by every opportunity.

Captain Molloy invited us, when we had exhausted the show on land, to see his ship. I dislike going anywhere beyond the reach of the Humane Society, but could not be left without breaking up the party: this was my first water-excursion, though two had been proposed to me at Weymouth, which I had begged leave to decline.

All, however, was smooth and calm, and we had the best possible navigators. We went to the ship in Captain Molloy's large boat, which was very trim and neat, and had all its rowers new dressed and smart for royal attendance, as it followed the King in all his water-excursions.

The ship is the "Bombay Castle," of seventy-four guns. It had the Admiralty flag hoisted, as Lord Chatham had held a board there in the morning. It is a very fine ship, and I was truly edified by the sight of all its accommodations, ingenuity, utility, cleanliness, and contrivances. A man of war, fitted out and manned, is a glorious and a fearful sight!

In going over the ship we came to the midshipmen's mess, and those young officers were at dinner, but we were taken in: they were lighted by a few candles fastened to the wall in sockets. Involuntarily I exclaimed, "Dining by candle-light at noon-day!" A midshipman, starting forward, said, "Yes, ma'am, and Admiral Lord Hood did the same for seven years following!"

I liked his spirit so much that I turned to him, and said I was very glad they looked forward to such an example, for I had a brother in the service, which gave me a warm interest in its prosperity.

This made the midshipman so much my friend, that we entered into a detailed discourse upon the accommodations of their cabin, mess, &c., and various other matters. I liked him much, though I know not his name; but my constant Captain Duckworth kept me again wholly to his own cicerone-ing, when I turned out of the cabin.

A little, however, he was mortified to find me a coward upon the water. I assured him he should cure me if he could convince me there was no reason for fear. He would not allow of any, but could not disprove it. "Tell me," I said, "and honestly—should we be overturned in the boat while out at sea, what would prevent our being drowned?"

He would not suppose such an accident possible.

I pressed him, however, upon the possibility it might happen once in a century, and he could not help laughing, and answered, "O, we should pick you all up!"

I desired to know by what means. "Instruments," he said. I forced him, after a long and comic resistance, to show me them. Good Heaven! they were three-pronged iron forks—very tridents of Neptune!

I exclaimed with great horror, "These!—why, they would tear the body to pieces!"

"Oh," answered he calmly, "one must not think of legs and arms when life is in danger."

I would not, however, under such protection, refuse sailing round Mount Edgecumbe, which we did in Captain Molloy's boat, and just at the time when the Royals, in sundry garden-chairs, were driving about the place. It was a beautiful view; the situation is delightful. But Captain Molloy was not in the best harmony with its owners, as they had disappointed his expectations of an invitation to dinner.

The Commissioner did not retort upon us the omission; on the contrary, he invited to his own table most of the personages who shared in the mortification of Captain Molloy; Lord Stopford, Mr. Townshend, Lord Falmouth, Lord Hood, Commodore Goodal, Sir Richard Bickerton, and three or four more.

The dinner was very pleasant. My two neighbours were Lords Falmouth and Stopford: the first is heavy, and unlike his conversible and elegant mother, Mrs. Boscawen; the other is a cheerful, lively, well-bred young man. But my chief pleasure was in seeing Lord Hood, and all I saw and heard struck me much in his favour.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22ND.—To-day was devoted to general quiet; and I spent all I could of it in my sweet wood, reading the 'Art of Contentment,' a delightful old treatise, by the author of 'The Whole Duty of Man,' which I have found in the Saltram Library.

MONDAY, AUGUST 24TH.—To-day the Royals went to Marystow, Colonel Heywood's, and Miss Planta and myself to Mount-Edgecumbe. The Queen had desired me to take Miss Planta, and I had written to prepare Lady Mount-Edgecumbe for a companion.

We went in a chaise to the ferry, and thence in a boat. I did not like this part of the business, for we had no pilot we knew, nor any one to direct us. They would hardly believe, at Mount-Edgecumbe, we had adventured in so unguarded a manner: but our superior is too high to discover difficulties, or know common precautions; and we fare, therefore, considerably worse in all these excursions, from belonging to crowned heads, than we

should do in our own private stations, if visiting at any part of the kingdom.

Safe, however, though not pleasantly, we arrived on the opposite shore; where we found a gardener and a very commodious garden-chair waiting for us. We drove through a sweet park to the house, at the gate of which stood Lord and Lady Mount-Edgumbe, who told us that they had just heard an intention of their Majesties to sail the next day up the River Tamar, and therefore they thought it their duty to hasten off to a seat they have near its banks, Coteil, with refreshments and accommodations, in case they should be honoured with a visit to see the place, which was very ancient and curious. They should leave Lord Valletort to do the honours, and expressed much civil regret in the circumstance: but the distance was too great to admit of the journey, over bad roads, if they deferred it till after dinner.

We then proceeded, in the chair, to see the place: it is truly noble; but I shall enter into no description from want of time: but take a list simply of its particular points. The sea, in some places, shows itself in its whole vast and unlimited expanse; at others, the jutting land renders it merely a beautiful basin or canal; the borders down to the sea are in some parts flourishing with the finest evergreens and most vivid verdure, and in others are barren, rocky, and perilous. In one moment you might suppose yourself cast on a desert island, and the next find yourself in the most fertile and luxurious country. In different views we were shown Cawsand Bay, the Hamoaze, the rocks called The Maker, &c.,—Dartmoor Hills, Plymouth, the Dockyard, Saltram, and St. George's Channel. Several noble ships, manned and commissioned, were in the Hamoaze; amongst them our Weymouth friends, the "Magnificent" and "Southampton."

A very beautiful flower-garden is enclosed in one part of the grounds; and huts, seats, and ornaments in general, were well adapted to the scenery of the place. A seat is consecrated to Mrs. Damer, with an acrostic on her name by Lord Valletort. It is surprising to see the state of vegetation at this place, so close to the main. Myrtles, pomegranates, evergreens, and flowering shrubs, all thrive, and stand the cold blast, when planted

in a southern aspect, as safely as in an inland country. As it is a peninsula, it has all aspects, and the plantations and dispositions of the ground are admirably and skilfully assorted to them.

The great open view, however, disappointed me: the towns it shows have no prominent features, the country is as flat as it is extensive, and the various branches of the sea which run into it give, upon their retreat, a marshy, muddy, unpleasant appearance. There is, besides, a want of some one striking object to arrest the eye, and fix the attention, which wearies from the general glare. Points, however, there are, both of the sublime and beautiful, that merit all the fame which this noble place has acquired.

In our tour around it we met Lord Stopford, Mr. Townshend, and Captain Douglas; and heard a tremendous account of the rage of the sea-captains, on being disappointed of a dinner at the Royal visit to Mount-Edgcombe.

We did not quit these fine grounds till near dinner-time. The housekeeper then showed us the house, and a set of apartments newly fitted up for the Royals, had they chosen to sleep at Mount-Edgcombe.

The house is old, and seems pleasant and convenient.

In a very pretty circular parlour, which had the appearance of being the chief living room, I saw amongst a small collection of books, 'Cecilia.' I immediately laid a wager with myself the first volume would open upon Pacchierotti; and I won it very honestly, though I never expect to be paid it. The chapter, "An Opera Rehearsal," was so well read, the leaves always flew apart to display it.

The library is an exceeding good room, and seems charmingly furnished. Here Lord Valletort received us. His lady was confined to her room by indisposition. He is a most neat little beau, and his face has the roses and lilies as finely blended as that of his pretty young wife. He was extremely civil and attentive, and appears to be really amiable in his disposition.

Mr. Brett, a plain, sensible, conversible man, who has an estate in the neighbourhood, dined with us, and a young Frenchman.

The dinner was very cheerful: my lord, at the head of the table, looked only like his lady in a riding-dress.

However, he received one mortifying trial of his temper; he had sent to request sailing up the Tamar next day with Sir Richard Bickerton; and he had a blunt refusal, in a note, during our repast. Not an officer in the fleet would accommodate him! their resentment of the dinner slight is quite vehement.

We returned home the same way we came; the good-natured little lord, and Mr. Brett also, quite shocked we had no better guard or care taken of us.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 25TH.—This morning all the Royals went sailing up the Tamar; and I had the pleasure of a visit from the very amiable and ingenious Miss Harriet Bowdler, whom I had not seen since the tea-party at Mrs. De Luc's in my first monastic year. She is here to see the naval review, at Captain Fanshaw's, and was brought by Captain Duckworth. Her sister Frances is now at Teignmouth, where first I met her; and rather better, but in a miserable state of health, which I heard with much concern.

Captain Duckworth, I find, has both a house and a mate in this neighbourhood, and Mrs. Bowdler is now on a visit to both. They made me a long and pleasant visit, and were scarce gone when Mrs. Fox was announced. She was Miss Clayton, half-sister to poor Emily; and I had not seen her since her marriage to the Colonel, who is own brother to Charles Fox. She is a very pleasing woman. These all came on the strength of the Royals' absence. Mrs. Fox invited me much to her barrack, where she is quartered with her husband; and offered to show Miss Planta and me the citadel, &c.; but we can arrange nothing for ourselves.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26TH.—This was our last day at Saltram.

The Royals went to see Kitley, a place of Mr. Bastard's; and at noon I had a visit of inquiry about them all, from Lord and Lady Mount-Edgumbe, and Lord Valletort; who were all full of the honours done them, and told me the obelisks and arches they meant to construct in commemoration. Lady Mount-Edgumbe made me promise to write to her from Weymouth, and from Windsor, news of Royal healths.

I had a visit also from Admiral La Forey, who came to a levée of the King, and was created a baronet.

From the window, besides, I had a call from Captain Onslow, who was waiting the King's return in the park. He told me he had brought up a brother of mine for the sea. I did not refresh his memory with the severities he practised in that marine education.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27TH.—We quitted Saltram in the same order we had reached it, and returned to Exeter, where we spent the rest of the day.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 28TH.—We travelled back to Weymouth.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4TH.—Her Majesty made a point that Miss Planta and myself should go to-night to the ball of the Master of the Ceremonies; though, having no party, it was so disagreeable to me, that I ventured to remonstrate. That is never, I find, even in declining favours, to be done.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6TH.—This evening, the Royals and their train all went again to the rooms to drink their tea.

Miss Planta and myself were taking ours quietly together, and I was finishing a charming sermon of Blair, while she was running over some old newspapers, when, suddenly, but very gently, the room-door was opened, and then I heard, "Will Miss Burney permit me to come in, and give me a dish of tea?"—'Twas Mr. Fairly.

He said we were to go on Monday se'nnight to Lord Bath's, on Wednesday to Lord Aylesbury's, and on Friday to return to Windsor. He was himself to be discharged some days sooner, as he should not be wanted on the road.

He said many things relative to Court lives and situations: with respect, deference, and regard invariable, he mentioned the leading individuals; but said nothing could be so weak as to look *there*, in such stations, for such impossibilities as sympathy, friendship, or cordiality! And he finished with saying, "People forget themselves who look for them!" Such, however, is not my feeling; and I am satisfied he has met with some unexpected coldness. Miss Planta being present, he explained only in generals.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH.—We all left Weymouth.

All possible honours were paid the King on his departure; lords, ladies, and sea-officers lined the way that he passed, the guns of the *Magnificent* and *Southampton* fired the parting salute, and the ships were under sail.

We all set out as before, but parted on the road. The Royals went to breakfast at Redlinch, the seat of Lord Ilchester, where Mr. Fairly was in waiting for them, and thence proceeded to a collation at Sherborne Castle, whither he was to accompany them, and then resign his present attendance, which has been long and troublesome and irksome, I am sure.

Miss Planta and myself proceeded to Longleat, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, late Lord Weymouth, where we were all to dine, sleep, and spend the following day and night.

Longleat was formerly the dwelling of the Earl of Lansdowne, uncle to Mrs. Delany; and here, at this seat, that heartless uncle, to promote some political views, sacrificed his incomparable niece, at the age of seventeen, marrying her to an unwieldy, uncultivated country esquire, near sixty years of age, and scarce ever sober—his name Pendarves.

With how sad an awe, in recollecting her submissive unhappiness, did I enter these doors!—and with what indignant hatred did I look at the portrait of the unfeeling Earl, to whom her gentle repugnance, shown by almost incessant tears, was thrown away, as if she, her person, and her existence were nothing in the scale, where the disposition of a few boroughs opposed them! Yet was this the famous Granville—the poet, the fine gentleman, the statesman, the friend and patron of Pope, of whom he wrote—

“What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?”

Mine, I am sure, for one.

Lady Bath showed us our rooms, to which we repaired immediately, to dress before the arrival of the Royals.

We dined with the gentlemen, all but the Marquis, who was admitted, in his own house, to dine with the King and Queen, as were all the ladies of his family. Lord Weymouth, the eldest

son, was our president; and two of his brothers, Lords George and John, with Lord Courtown and the two Colonels, made the party. The Weymouths, Thynnes rather, are silent, and we had but little talk or entertainment.

My poor Mrs. Delany was constantly in my mind—constantly, constantly! I thought I saw her meek image vainly combating affliction and disgust with duty and compliance, and weeping floods of tears, unnoticed by her unrelenting persecutor.

We spent all the following day here. I went to the chapel; I felt horror-struck as I looked at the altar; what an offering for ambition! what a sacrifice to tyranny!

The house is very magnificent, and of an immense magnitude. It seems much out of repair, and by no means cheerful or comfortable. Gloomy grandeur seems the proper epithet for the building and its fitting-up. It had been designed for a monastery, and, as such, was nearly completed when Henry VIII. dissolved those seminaries. It was finished as a dwelling-house in the reign of his son, by one of the Thynnes, who was knighted in a field of battle by the Protector Somerset.

Many things in the house, and many queer old portraits, afforded me matter of speculation, and would have filled up more time than I had to bestow. There are portraits of Jane Shore and Fair Rosamond, which have some marks of originality, being miserable daubs, yet from evidently beautiful subjects. Arabella Stuart is also at full length, and King Charleses and Jameses in abundance, with their queens, brethren, and cousins. There are galleries in this house of the dimensions of college halls.

The state rooms on the ground-floor are very handsome; but the queer antique little old corners, cells, recesses, "passages that lead to nothing," unexpected openings and abrupt stoppages, with the quaint devices of various old-fashioned ornaments, amused me the most.

My bed-room was furnished with crimson velvet, bed included, yet so high, though only the second story, that it made me giddy to look into the park, and tired to wind up the flight of stairs. It was formerly the favourite room, the housekeeper told me, of Bishop Ken, who put on his shroud in it before he died.

Had I fancied I had seen his ghost, I might have screamed my voice away, unheard by any assistant to lay it; for so far was I from the rest of the habitable part of the mansion, that not the lungs of Mr. Bruee could have availed me. 'Tis the room, however, in which the present Bishop of Exeter resides when here, and he was a favourite of my Mrs. Delany; and all that brought her to my mind without marrying her was soothing to me.

The housekeeper showed me a portrait of Mrs. Granville, her mother. It is handsome, and not wholly unressembling. Lord Bath was a distant relation of the Granvilles.

The park is noble and spacious. It was filled with country folks, permitted to enter that they might see their sovereigns, and it looked as gay without as it seemed gloomy within. The people were dressed in their best, as if they came to a fair; and such shouts and halloos ensued whenever the King appeared at a window, that the whole building rang again with the vibration. Nothing upon earth can be more gratifying than the sight of this dear and excellent King thus loved and received by all descriptions of his subjects.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16TH.—We set out, amidst the acclamations of a multitude, from Longleat for Tottenham Park, the seat of Lord Aylesbury. The park is of great extent and moderate beauty. The house is very well.

We had only our own party, the three gentlemen, at dinner and breakfast. These gentlemen only dine with the King when he keeps house, and keeps it *incog.* himself. At Tottenham Park, only my Lord Aylesbury, as master of the house, was admitted. He and his lady were both extremely desirous to make all their guests comfortable; and Lady Aylesbury very politely offered me the use of her own collection of books. But I found, at the top of the house, a very large old library, in which there were sundry uncommon and curious old English tracts, that afforded me much entertainment. 'Tis a library of long standing.

Here are many original portraits also, that offer enough for speculation. A "Bloody Mary," by Sir Anthony More, which I saw with much curiosity, and liked better than I expected. The

beautiful Duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth, I fancy by Kneller; but we had no cicerone. A very fine picture of a lady in black, that I can credit to be Vandyke, but who else can I know not. Several portraits by Sir Peter Lely, extremely soft and pleasing, and of subjects uncommonly beautiful; many by Sir Godfrey Kneller, well enough; and many more by Sir Something Thornhill, very thick and heavy.

The good lord of the mansion put up a new bed for the King and Queen that cost him £900.

We drove about the park in garden-chairs; but it is too flat for much diversity of prospect.

Two things I heard here with concern—that my godmother, Mrs. Greville, was dead: and that poor Sir Joshua Reynolds had lost the sight of one of his eyes.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18TH.—We left Tottenham Court, and returned to Windsor. The Royals hastened to the younger Princesses, and I . . . to Mrs. Schwellenberg. I was civilly received, however. But deadly dead sunk my heart as I entered her apartment.

The next day I had a visit from my dear brother Charles—full of business, letters, &c. I rejoiced to see him, and to confab over all his affairs, plans, and visions, more at full length than for a long time past. I was forced to introduce him to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and he flourished away successfully enough; but it was very vexatious, as he had matters innumerable for discussion.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

Queen's Lodge, Windsor, October 27, 1789.

MOST DEAR SIR,—We go on here amazingly well, though every day now presents some anniversary of such miseries as scarce any house ever knew before last year. They call back to my mind every circumstance, with daily accuracy, and a sort of recollective melancholy that I find always ready to mix with the joy and thanksgiving of the most blessed deliverance and change.

Nor is it possible to think more of our escape than of the sud-

den adversity of the French. Truly terrible and tremendous are revolutions such as these. There is nothing in old history that I shall any longer think fabulous; the destruction of the most ancient empires on record has nothing more wonderful, nor of more sounding improbability, than the demolition of this great nation, which rises up all against itself for its own ruin—perhaps annihilation. Even the Amazons were but the *poissardes* of the day; I no longer doubt their existence or their prowess; and name but some leader amongst the destroyers of the Bastile, and what is said of Hercules or Theseus we need no longer discredit. I only suppose those two heroes were the many-headed mob of ancient days.

I had the surprise and pleasure, a few days since, of a note from Mrs. Lambart: her son is married to a lady who lived at Windsor, and they are now all together in this town. I contrived, after encountering my difficulties successfully (a very female Hercules I think myself when I conquer them), to call upon her. She lamented losing the pleasure of your society, and of my mother's, by quitting Chelsea; and the cause, you may easily believe, she lamented far more deeply. Much had passed since I had seen her, and all bad; she had lost this brother, with whom she meant to reside frequently, and she had lost her other brother, Sir Philip Jennings Clerke, and two nephews; and the mutual friend through whom we became acquainted, and at whose house we had alone met, is lost also. How much and how melancholy was our conversation upon that subject! a subject always sad, yet invariably interesting and dear to me.

I was sorry to see in the papers the death of poor Mr. Bremner. I hope he had read, in your "History of Music," the honourable mention of his possessing Queen Elizabeth's "Virginal Book?" To whom does that book now devolve? I think what you say of the time required—a month's practice—to enable any master in Europe to play one of the lessons, will not much stimulate the sale, amongst the busy professors of these busy days: but a Dilettante purchaser may yet be found: they have generally most courage, because less belief in difficulties, from

being further off from discerning them ; I should else fear you had ruined the market.

I was told the other day, by Mrs. Fisher, wife of our canon, that "my friend Mr. Twining" was at Windsor. I did the impossible in order to meet him at her house for a moment, and then found it was that good friend's brother, with his wife. I was very glad to see them both, but not considerably the more for the disappointment and mistake.

My own dearest friends, Mr. and Mrs. Locke, have just paid me their annual visit here. How grieved was I, when it was over, to think another October must come ere Windsor had any chance of repeating that felicity to me ! Yet I shall have the pleasure soon of seeing the lovely Mrs. —— ; but her sight, poor thing ! is amongst the sensations that are even peculiarly melancholy at Windsor.

We all go on here, day by day, night by night, so precisely the same, that monotony cannot be more perfect.

I hope when you come to town you see dear Sir Joshua ?

Ever, dearest Sir,

Most lovingly and dutifully, your

F. B.

NOVEMBER.—My memorandums of this month are very regular ; but I shall beg leave to condense them all into the days and circumstances essential.

Upon the birthday of the Princess Sophia I had the honour to present my pretty Leatherhead fairings—the pincushion, needle-book, and letter-case of pink satin, and the inkstand, so long deferred, for Princess Mary.

Early in this month I had the solace of three little interviews with my beloved Susanna. On the birthday of the Princess Augusta, the excellent Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, just arrived from their summer tour to their daughters, came hither with congratulations. As it proved, 'twas the last visit of that very white-souled and amiable woman, and the last time I ever beheld her ; but she was particularly well, and there appeared no symptom of the fatal end so near approaching.

The following day Colonel Gwynn came. He told us, at tea-time, the wonderful recovery of Colonel Goldsworthy, who has had an almost desperate illness; and then added that he had dined the preceding day with him, and met Mr. Fairly, who was coming to Windsor, and all prepared, when he was suddenly stopped, on the very preceding evening, by a fresh attack of the gout.

I heard this with much concern, and made many inquiries, which were presently interrupted by an exclamation of Major Garth, who was now in waiting: "The gout?" he cried: "nay, then, it is time he should get a nurse; and, indeed, I hear he has one in view."

Colonel Gwynn instantly turned short, with a very significant smile of triumph, towards me, that seemed to confirm this assertion, while it exulted in his own prediction at Cheltenham.

The following morning, while I was alone with my Royal Mistress, she mentioned Mr. Fairly for the first time since we left Weymouth. It was to express much displeasure against him: he had misled Lord Aylesbury about the ensuing drawing-room, by affirming there would be none this month.

After saying how wrong this was, and hearing me venture to answer I could not doubt but he must have had some reason, which, if known, might account for his mistake, she suddenly, and with some severity of accent, said, "He will not come here! For some reason or other he does not choose it! He cannot bear to come!"

How was I amazed! and silenced pretty effectually!

She then added, "He has *set his heart* against coming. I know he has been in town some considerable time, but he has desired it may not be told here. I know, too, that when he has been met in the streets, he has called out, 'For heaven's sake, if you are going to Windsor, do not say you have seen me.'"

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18TH.—We were to go to town: but while I was taking my hasty breakfast Miss Planta flew into the room, eagerly exclaiming, "Have you heard the news?"

I saw, instantly, by her eyes and manner, what she meant, and therefore answered,

"I believe so."

"Mr. Fairly is going to be married! I resolved I would tell you."

"I heard the rumour," I replied, "the other day, from Colonel Gwynn."

"Oh, it is true!" she cried; "he has written to ask leave; but for Heaven's sake don't say so!"

I gave her my ready promise, for I believed not a syllable of the matter; but I would not tell her that.

We went to town not only for the drawing-room on the next day, but also for the play on this Wednesday night; and the party appointed to sit in the Queen's private box, as, on these occasions, the balcony-box opposite to the Royals is called, dined with Mrs. Schwellenberg—namely, Mrs. Stainforth, Miss Planta, Mr. De Luc, and Mr. Thomas Willis.

When we arrived at the playhouse we found the lobby and all the avenues so crowded, that it was with the utmost difficulty we forced our way up the stairs. It was the first appearance of the good King at the theatre since his illness.

When we got upstairs, we were stopped effectually: there was not room for a fly; and though our box was not only taken and kept, but partitioned off, to get to it was wholly impracticable.

Mr. Willis and Miss Planta protested they would go down again, and remonstrate with Mr. Harris, the manager; and I must own the scene that followed was not unentertaining. Mrs. Stainforth and myself were fast fixed in an angle at the corner of the stairs, and Mr. De Luc stood in the midst of the crowd, where he began offering so many grave arguments, with such deliberation and precision, every now and then going back in his reasoning to correct his own English, representing our right to proceed, and the wrong of not making way for us, that it was irresistibly comic to see the people stare, as they pushed on, and to see his unconscious content in their passing him, so long as he completed his expostulations on their indecorum.

Meanwhile, poor Mrs. Stainforth lost her cloak, and in her loud lamentations, and calls upon all present to witness her dis-

tress (to which, for enhancing its importance, she continually added, "Whoever has found it should bring it to the Queen's house,") she occupied the attention of all upon the stairs as completely as it was occupied by Mr. De Luc for all in the passages: but, hélas! neither the philosophic harangue of the one, nor the royal dignity of the other, prevailed; and while there we stood, expecting an avenue to be formed, either for our eloquence or our consequence, not an inch of ground did we gain, and those who had neither made their way, and got on in multitudes.

Offended, at length, as well as tired, Mrs. Stainforth proposed our going down and waiting in the lobby, till Mr. Harris arrived.

Here we were joined by a gentleman, whose manner of fixing me showed a half-recollection of my face, which I precisely returned him, without being able to recollect where I had seen him before. He spoke to Mrs. Stainforth, who answered as if she knew him, and then he came to me and offered to assist in getting me to my box. I told him the manager had already been sent to. He did not, however, go off, but entered into conversation upon the crowd, play, &c., with the ease of an old acquaintance. I took the first opportunity to inquire of Mrs. Stainforth who he was, and heard—Lord Mountmorres, whom you may remember I met with at the theatre at Cheltenham.

What, however, was ridiculous enough, was, that, after a considerable length of time, he asked me who Mrs. Stainforth was! and I afterwards heard he had made the same inquiry of herself about me! The difference of a dressed and undressed head had occasioned, I suppose, the doubt.

The moment, however, he had completely satisfied himself in this, he fairly joined me, as if he had naturally belonged to our party. And it turned out very acceptable, for we were involved in all such sort of difficulties as our philosopher was the least adapted to remove.

We now went about, in and out, up and down, but without any power to make way, the crowd every instant thickening.

We then were fain to return to our quiet post, behind the side-boxes in the lobby, where we remained till the arrival of the King, and then were somewhat recompensed for missing the

sight of his entrance, by hearing the sound of his reception : for so violent an huzzaing commenced, such thundering clapping, knocking with sticks, and shouting, and so universal a chorus of 'God save the King,' that not all the inconveniences of my situation could keep my heart from beating with joy, nor my eyes from running over with gratitude for its occasion.

Lord Mountmorres, who joined in the stick part of the general plaudit, exclaimed frequently,

"What popularity is this ! how fine to a man's feelings ! yet—he must find it embarrassing."

Indeed I should suppose he could with difficulty bear it. 'Twas almost adoration ! How much I lament that I lost the sight of his benign countenance, during such glorious moments as the most favoured monarchs can scarce enjoy twice in the longest life !

Miss Planta and Mr. Willis now returned. They had had no success ; Mr. Harris said they might as well stem the tide of the ocean as oppose or rule such a crowd.

The play now began ; and Lord Mountmorres went away to reconnoitre ; but, presently returning, said,

"If you will trust yourself to me, I will show you your chance."

And then he conducted me to the foot of the stairs leading to our box, which exhibited such a mass of living creatures, that the insects of an ant-hill could scarce be more compact.

We were passed by Lord Stopford, Captain Douglas, and some other of our acquaintance, who told us of similar distresses ; and in this manner passed the first act ! The box-keeper came and told Lord Mountmorres he could now give his lordship one seat : but the humours of the lobby he now preferred, and refused the place, though I repeatedly begged that we might not detain him. But he was determined to see us safe landed before he left us.

Mr. Harris now came again, and proposed taking us another way, to try to get up some back-stairs. We then went behind the scenes for this purpose : but here Mr. Harris was called away, and we were left upon the stage.

Lord Mountmorres led me to various peep-holes, where I could at least have the satisfaction of seeing the King and Royal

Family, as well as the people, and the whole was a sight most grateful to my eyes.

So civil, however, and so attentive he was, that a new perplexity now occurred to me. He had given up his place, and had taken so much trouble, that I thought, if we at last got to our box, he would certainly expect to be accommodated in it. And to take any one, without previous permission, into *the Queen's private box*, and immediately facing their Majesties, was a liberty I knew not how to risk; and, in truth, I knew not enough of his present politics to be at all sure if they might not be even peculiarly obnoxious.

This consideration, therefore, began now so much to reconcile me to this *emigrant evening*, that I ceased even to wish for recovering our box.

When Mr. Harris came back, he said he had nothing to propose but his own box, which we readily accepted.

To this our access was easy, as it was over the King and Queen, and consequently not desirable to those who came to see them. I too now preferred it, as it was out of their sight, and enabled me to tell Lord Mountmorres, who led me to it through the crowd with unceasing trouble and attention, that till he could get better accommodated a place was at his service.

He closed instantly with the offer, placing himself behind me; but said he saw some of his relations in the opposite stage box, Lady Mornington and her beautiful daughter Lady Ann Wellesley, and, as soon as the act was over, he would go down and persuade them to make room for him.

I was shocked, however, after all this, to hear him own himself glad to sit down, as he was still rather lame, from a dreadful overturn in a carriage, in which his leg had been nearly crushed by being caught within the coach-door, which beat down upon it, and almost demolished it.

This anecdote, however, led to another more pleasant; for it brought on a conversation which showed me his present principles, at least, were all on the government side. The accident had happened during a journey to Chester, in his way to Ireland, whither he was hastening upon the Regency business, last

winter: and he went to the Irish House of Peers the first time he quitted his room, after a confinement of three weeks from this terrible bruise.

"But how," cried I, "could you stand?"

"I did not stand," he answered; "they indulged me with leave to speak sitting."

"What a useful opening, then, my lord," cried I, "did you lose for every new paragraph!"

I meant the cant of "Now I am upon my legs." He understood it instantly, and laughed heartily, protesting it was no small detriment to his oratory.

The play was the "Dramatist," written with that species of humour in caricature that resembles O'Keefe's performances; full of absurdities, yet laughable in the extreme. We heard very ill, and, missing the beginning, we understood still worse: so that, in fact, I was indebted to my new associate for all the entertainment I received the whole evening.

When the act was over, the place on which he had cast his eye, near Lady Mornington, was seized; he laughed, put down his hat, and composed himself quietly for remaining where he was.

He must be a man of a singular character, though of what sort I know not: but in his conversation he showed much information, and a spirited desire of interchanging ideas with those who came in his way.

We talked a great deal of France, and he related to me a variety of anecdotes just fresh imported thence. He was there at the first assembling of the Notables, and he saw, he said, impending great events from that assemblage. The two most remarkable things that had struck him, he told me, in this wonderful revolution, were—first, that the French Guards should ever give up their King; and secondly, that the chief spirit and capacity hitherto shown amongst individuals had come from the ecclesiastics.

He is very much of opinion the spirit of the times will come round to this island. In what, I asked, could be its pretence?—The game laws, he answered, and the tithes.

He told me, also, a great deal of Ireland, and enlarged my political knowledge abundantly—but I shall not be so generous, my dear friends, as to let you into all these state matters.

But I must tell you a good sort of quirk of Mr. Wilkes, who, when the power of the mob and their cruelty were first reciting, quarrelled with a gentleman for saying the French government was become a democracy, and asserted it was rather a *mobocracy*. The pit, he said, reminded him of a sight he once saw in Westminster Hall—a floor of faces.

He was a candidate for Westminster at that time, with Charles Fox!—Thus do we veer about.

At the end of the farce, “God save the King” was most vociferously called for from all parts of the theatre, and all the singers of the theatre came on the stage to sing it, joined by the whole audience, who kept it up till the Sovereign of his people’s hearts left the house. It was noble and heart-melting at once to hear and see such loyal rapture, and to feel and to know it so deserved.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH.—Some business sent me to speak with Miss Planta before our journey back to Windsor. When it was executed and I was coming away, she called out, “Oh! à propos—it’s all declared, and the Princesses wished Miss Fuzilier joy yesterday in the drawing-room. She looked remarkably well; but said Mr. Fairly had still a little gout, and could not appear.”

Now first my belief followed assertion;—but it was only because it was inevitable, since the Princesses could not have proceeded so far without certainty.

We returned to Windsor as usual, and there I was just as usual, obliged to finish every evening with picquet!—and to pass all and every afternoon, from dinner to midnight, in picquet company.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28TH.—The Queen, after a very long airing, came in to dress, and summoned me immediately; and in two minutes the Princess Royal entered, and said something in German, and then added, “And Mr. Fairly, ma’am, begs he may see you a moment now, if possible.”

This is his first coming to the house since her Royal Highness's birthday, just two months ago.

"I am very sorry," was answered coolly, "but I am going to dress."

"He won't keep you a moment, mamma, only he wants to get on to St. Leonards to dinner."

Miss Fuzilier is now there.

"Well, then," she answered, "I'll slip on my powdering-gown, and see him."

I found, however, they had already met, probably in the passage, for the Queen added, "How melancholy he looks!—does not he, Princess Royal?"

"Yes, indeed, mamma!"—They then again talked in German.

The Princess then went to call him; and I hastened into the next room, with some caps just then inspecting.

Mr. Turbulent again dined with us, and said, "I find Mr. Fairly is here to day; when is he to be married?"

Mrs. Schwollenberg reproved him for talking of "soeh things:" she holds it petty treason to speak of it, as they are both in office about the Court; though she confessed it would be in a fortnight.

At tea, when the gentlemen—General Budé, Majors Price and Garth, and Mr. Willis—appeared, she said, "Where be Mr. Fairly?" They all exclaimed, "Is he here?"

"Oh, eertain, if he ben't gone!"

I then said he had gone on to St. Leonards.

They all expressed the utmost surprise that he should come, and go, and see none of them.

When they retired, Mrs. Schwollenberg exclaimed, "For what not stay one night? For what not go to the gentlemen?—It looks like when he been ashamed.—Oh, fie! I don't not like soeh ting. And for what always say eontraire?—always say to everybody he won't not have her!—There might be someting wrong in all that—it looks not well."

I saw a strong desire to have me enter into the merits of the ease; but I constantly answer to these exclamations, that these

sort of situations are regarded in the world as licensing denials first, and truancy from all others afterwards.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH.—General Harcourt was here at tea; but not one of our gentlemen inquired after his guest;—they are affronted at his running away from all.

General Harcourt, however, uncalled, made the following speech. “Fairly is not the thing—not at all—very unwell: an unformed gout—the most disagreeable sensation I suppose a man can have, and the most uncomfortable; a real fit would be far preferable; but it is something hanging about him that comes to nothing.”

This was heard by all, even his particular friend General Budé, without the least expression of care. To forget is soon to be forgotten!—he has dropped them till they now drop him.

DECEMBER.—Most gratefully I met the mild anniversaries of this month, which was so dreadful in the year '88. The King's health seems perfect, and there is a coolness and composure in his manner that promise its permanency—God be praised!

But let me now, to enliven you a little, introduce to you a new acquaintance, self-made, that I meet at the chapel, and who always sits next me when there is room,—Mrs. J——, wife to the Bishop of K——: and before the service begins, she enters into small talk, with a pretty tolerable degree of frankness, not much repressed by scruples of delicacy.

Take a specimen. She opened, the other morning, upon my situation and occupation, and made the most plump inquiries into its particulars, with a sort of hearty good humour that removed all impertinence, whatever it left of inelegance:—and then began her comments.

“Well; the Queen, to be sure, is a great deal better dressed than she used to be; but, for all that, I really think it is but an odd thing for you!—Dear! I think it's something so out of the way for you!—I can't think how you set about it. It must have been very droll to you at first. A' great deal of honour, to be sure, to serve a Queen, and all that; but I dare say a lady's-maid could do it better; though to be called about a Queen, as I say, is a great deal of honour: but, for my part, I should not like it;

because to be always obliged to go to a person, whether one was in the humour or not, and to get up in a morning, if one was never so sleepy!—dear! it must be a mighty hurry-skurry life! you don't look at all fit for it, to judge by appearances, for all its great honour, and all that."

Is not this a fit bishop's wife? is not here primitive candour and veracity? I laughed most heartily,—and we have now commenced acquaintance for these occasional meetings.

If this honest dame does not think me fit for this part of my business, there is another person, Madlle. Montmollin, who, with equal simplicity, expresses her idea of my unfitness for another part.—"How you bear it," she cries, "living with Mrs. Schwellenberg!—I like it better living in prison!—'pon m'honneur, I prefer it bread and water; I think her so cross never was. If I you, I won't bear it—poor Miss Burney!—I so sorry!—'pon m'honneur, I think to you oftens!—you so confined, you won't have no pleasures!—"

Miss Gomm, less plaintive, but more solemn, declared the other day, "I am sure you must go to heaven for living this life!"—So, at least, you see, though in a court, I am not an object of envy.

Towards the end of the month, Colonel Welbred came into waiting, to my never-failing satisfaction. Yet I was sorry to lose Major Garth, who seems a man of real worth, religious principles, and unaffected honour, with a strong share of wit and a great deal of literature.

The Bishop of Salisbury came for the Christmas sermon, and spent some days here. Bishop Hurd had not health for coming, which I lament sincerely. I made much acquaintance with the Bishop of Salisbury; and, as Mrs. Schwellenberg passed the holidays in town, we were altogether very cheerful and comfortable. The Major is kept by the King's invitation, and always at Windsor.

Madame La Fite told me she liked *extremmelee* dat Collonel respectable Major Preece.

Poor Lady Caroline Waldegrave was taken very dangerously ill at this time; and as her sister was absent, I devoted to her

every moment in my power. Sir Lucas Pepys was sent for in the middle of the night to her. The extreme danger from inflammation soon gave way to his prescriptions; but pain and illness were not of such rapid flight.

How I pitied poor Lady Elizabeth! She had but just lost her eldest brother, Lord Waldegrave, and was only gone on a melancholy visit to his beautiful widow, who was one of the House of Waldegrave Graces, married to her first cousin.

Sir Lucas wrote to Captain Waldegrave, the only surviving brother, who came instantly.

The Queen committed to me the preparing Lady Caroline to see him. I was so much head nurse, that I had every opportunity to do it gently, and it was very essential not to cause her any emotion, even of joy. She is of so placid a nature, that the task was not difficult, though I devised means to save all risks, which some time or other may divert you. Captain Waldegrave is a gentle and interesting young man, and tenderly affectionate to his sisters.

CHAPTER XLII.

1790.

Home Events—An odd Marriage Ceremony—The Bishop of Salisbury—A Bridal Visit—Mr. Alison—The Duchesse de Biron—Recommencement of Hastings's Trial—Edmund Burke—Impromptu by Hastings on Mr. Grey's Speech—Lords Chesterfield, Bulkley, and Fortescue—A Literary Party—Jacob Bryant—Scene in the Queen's Dressing-room—Court Etiquette—Garriek—Mrs. Piozzi—Easter Party at Windsor—Jacob Bryant—A Patriot King—Reading to the Queen—Mrs. Piozzi's Travels—Memoirs of Cardinal Wolsey—Colonel Manners—A Senator—Mr. Pitt's Tax on Bachelors—A Day at Hastings's Trial—Wyndham and Burke—Sturm's Meditations—Interview with Mrs. Piozzi—Bruce's Travels—Madame Benda—Mr. Twining—Lady Corke—Lord Valletort—An English Sailor—A Day at Hastings's Trial—Speeches of Burke and Wyndham—Mrs. Crewe—Lady Mary Duncan—"The Rivals"—Lady Harcourt—Lady Juliana Penn—Hastings's Trial—Speech of his Counsel—Conversation with Wyndham—His Skill in Greek—His Remarks on Burke—Private and Personal Character of Hastings—Sir Joshua Reynolds—His Loss of Sight—The Duchesse de Biron—Mesdames de Boufflers—Project of Miss Burney's Retirement from Court—The Duchess of Dorset—Mr. Cambridge.

JANUARY.—Mrs. Smelt was now most dangerously ill, and her excellent husband wretched in the extreme: and this unhappy circumstance was the leading interest and occupation of the period.

I saw my dear and good Mrs. Ord by every opportunity; indeed, I made no other visit out of my family, nor received any other visitor at home.

At Chelsea I saw my dearest father from the time we settled in town once a-week, that is, twice in the month! I met there

also Pacchierotti, to my great delight; and he sang so liberally and so exchantingly, that, just during that time, I knew not an ill in the world!

My Esterina too I visited twice! were she but as fat as she is dear! as stout as she is good!—far enough is she from it!—yet her sweet spirits keep their native gaiety, at least their native propensity; for they re-illuminate through all her thinness and sufferings, and bring her out, from time to time, such as she was meant to be. Dearest Esther, it saddened me within to see her!—God restore and preserve her!

Mr. Fairly was married the 6th.—I must wish happiness to smile on that day, and all its anniversaries; it gave a happiness to me unequalled, for it was the birthday of my Susanna!

One evening, about this time, Mr. Fisher, now Doctor, drank tea with us at Windsor, and gave me an account of Mr. Fairly's marriage that much amazed me. He had been called upon to perform the ceremony. It was by special licence, and at the house of Sir R—— F——.

So religious, so strict in all ceremonies, even, of religion, as he always appeared, his marrying out of a church was to me very unexpected. Dr. Fisher was himself surprised, when called upon, and said he supposed it must be to please the lady.

Nothing, he owned, could be less formal or solemn than the whole. Lady C., Mrs. and Miss S., and her father and brother and sister, were present. They all dined together at the usual hour, and then the ladies, as usual, retired. Some time after, the clerk was sent for, and then, with the gentlemen, joined the ladies, who were in the drawing-room, seated on sofas, just as at any other time. Dr. Fisher says he is not sure they were working, but the air of common employment was such, that he rather thinks it, and everything of that sort was spread about, as on any common day—work-boxes, netting-cases, &c., &c.!

Mr. Fairly then asked Dr. Fisher what they were to do? He answered, he could not tell; for he had never married anybody in a room before.

Upon this, they agreed to move a table to the upper end of the room, the ladies still sitting quietly, and then put on it candles

and a prayer-book. Dr. Fisher says he hopes it was not a card-table, and rather believes it was only a Pembroke work-table.

The lady and Sir R. then came forward, and Dr. Fisher read the service.

So this, methinks, seems the way to make all things easy !

Yet—with so little solemnity—without even a room prepared and empty—to go through a business of such portentous seriousness ! 'Tis truly amazing from a man who seemed to delight so much in religious regulations and observances. Dr. Fisher himself was dissatisfied, and wondered at his compliance, though he attributed the plan to the lady.

The bride behaved extremely well, he said, and was all smile and complacency. He had never seen her to such advantage, or in such soft looks before ; and perfectly serene, though her sister was so much moved as to go into hysterics.

Afterwards, at seven o'clock, the bride and bridegroom set off for a friend's house in Hertfordshire by themselves, attended by servants with white favours. The rest of the party, father, sister, and priest included, went to the play, which happened to be *Benedict*.

I shall say nothing of the Queen's birthday, but that I had a most beautiful trimming worked me for it by Miss Cambridge, who half fatigued herself to death, for the kind pleasure that I should have my decorations from her hands.

If in some points my lot has been unenviable, what a constant solace, what sweet and soft amends do I find and feel in the almost unexampled union of kindness and excellence in my chosen friends !

The day after the birthday produced a curious scene. To soften off, by the air, a violent headache, I determined upon walking to Chelsea to see my dear father. I knew I should thus avoid numerous visitors of the household, who might pay their devoirs to Mrs. Schwellenberg.

I missed my errand, and speedily returned, and found many cards from bedchamber-women and maids of honour ; and, while

still reading them, I was honoured with a call from the Bishop of Salisbury ; and in two minutes my father came himself.

A pleasant conversation was commencing, when Columb opened the door, and said, " Colonel Fairly begs leave to ask you how you do."

He had been married but a week before he came into the midst of all the Court bustle, which he had regularly attended ever since !

It was a good while before the door opened again, and I heard a buzz of voices in the passage ; but when it was thrown open, there appeared—the bride herself !—and alone !

She looked quite brilliant in smiles and spirits. I never saw a countenance so enlivened. I really believe she has long cherished a passionate regard for Mr. Fairly, and brightens now from its prosperity.

I received her with all the attention in my power, immediately wishing her joy : she accepted it with a thousand dimples, and I seated her on the sofa, and myself by her side.

Nobody followed ; and I left the Bishop to my father, while we entered into conversation, upon the birthday, her new situation in being exempt from its fatigues, and other matters of the time being.

I apologised to Mrs. Fairly for my inability to return the honour of her visit, but readily undertook to inform Her Majesty of her inquiries, which she earnestly begged from me.

FEBRUARY.—I shall take the liberty to give this month in loose scraps of anecdotes, and have done with it.

The safety of my beautiful friend, Mrs. —, I must first mention, as it was the most important circumstance of this period to my mind. Delighted with a little child, she wrote me word she could now forget every sorrow, if her innocent darling might be spared to her.

My dearest Charlotte also spent this time in town, and was with me, as usual, whenever I could make opportunity for the happiness of her dear and innocent society.

The loss of the excellent Mrs. Smelt, and all its grief and distress, you were informed of at the time. Her truly afflicted mate

is quite lost without her. His daughters behave like angels. Mrs. Goulton came in the illness, and has never left him since his deprivation, and means never to part from him more, except to Mrs. Cholmley.

I have been introduced to this lady, and in a melancholy correspondence with her upon this subject, she seems very worthy her origin; which, from me, is very high praise.

I received a good deal of pleasure, at this time, from a letter sent me by Mrs. Alison, formerly my old friend, Miss Gregory. She is married, and very happy, and has four children. Mr. Alison lives wholly in Scotland; but she took the opportunity of his having just published a metaphysical disquisition on Taste, to renew our long-dropped acquaintance, by sending me the work. I dread attacking metaphysics, but I have thanked her cordially for her kind remembrance.

I had much more difficulty from another call to an old connexion, Mrs. North; she wrote me quite a warmly-affectionate regret of losing all sight of me, but an earnest invitation, in the Bishop's name as well as her own, to come one day to meet la Duchesse de Biron and the French noblesse now in England.

I should really have liked it, as I hear nothing but commendation of that Duchesse, and have had already two or three propositions for meeting her; but it was not approved, and therefore I was fain to decline it. I took what precaution I could to avoid giving offence, but I have heard no more from Mrs. North.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH.—Mr. Hastings's trial recommenced; and Her Majesty graciously presented me with tickets for Mr. Francis, Charlotte, and myself. She acknowledged a very great curiosity to know whether my old friends amongst the managers would renew their intercourse with a Court friend, or include me in the distaste conceived against herself, and drop their visits. I had not once been to the trial the preceding year, nor seen any of the set since the King's illness.

We were three hours before they entered, all spent in a harmony of converse and communication I never for three hours following can have elsewhere: no summons impending—no fear of accidental delay drawing off attention to official solicitude.

At the stated time they entered in the usual form, Mr. Burke first. I felt so grieved a resentment of his late conduct, that I was glad to turn away from his countenance. I looked elsewhere during the whole procession, and their subsequent arrangement, that I might leave totally to themselves and their consciences whether to notice a friend from Court or not. Their consciences said *not*. No one came; I only heard through Charlotte that Mr. Wyndham was of the set.

Mr. Anstruther spoke, and all the others took gentle naps! I don't believe he found it out.

When all was concluded, I saw one of them ascending towards our seats: and presently heard the voice of Mr. Burke.

I wished myself many miles off!—'tis so painful to see with utter disapprobation those faces we have met with joy and pleasure! He came to speak to some relations of Mr. Anstruther; I was next them, and, when recovered from my first repugnance, I thought it better to turn round, not to seem leading the way myself to any breach. I met his eyes immediately, and curtseyed. He only said, "Oh! is it you?"—then asked how I did, said something in praise of Mr. Anstruther, partly to his friends and partly to me—heard from *me* no reply—and hurried away, coldly, and with a look dissatisfied and uncordial.

I was much concerned; and we came away soon after.

Here is an impromptu, said to have been written by Mr. Hastings during Mr. Grey's speech, which was a panegyric on Mr. Philip Francis:—

It hurts me not, that Grey, as Burke's assessor,
Proclaims me Tyrant, Robber, and Oppressor,
Tho' for abuse alone meant:
For when he call'd himself the bosom friend,
The Friend of Philip Francis,—I contend
He made me full atonement."

I was called upon, on my return, to relate the day's business. Heavy and lame was the relation; but their Majesties were curious, and nothing better suited truth.

Major Price and Colonel Welbred continued regularly of our Windsor parties, and their society is most amiable and pleasing.

The Colonel told me he had several of Smith's drawings, and

expressed a wish to show me the collection, as well as the collections of his brother, if I would make a party of my friends, and bring them to a little breakfast at his house, at any day or hour that would suit me.

I have heard there is much worth seeing in his and his brother's repository; and I should accept his obliging proposal with great pleasure if I had opportunity. I think I should not long hesitate as to the party of friends I should hope would accompany me. He has repeated the request so earnestly and so politely that I have half promised to make the attempt.

Another time Mr. Thomas Willis was of the set. Mrs. Schwel-
lenberg did not leave London all the month. He startled me a little by a hint of some newspaper paragraph concerning me. He stayed on, when all were gone but Miss Planta, and I then demanded an explanation.

It was a peremptory promise, he said, of a new book.

"Oh, yes!" cried Miss Planta; "I have heard of it some time; and Mr. Turbulent says we shall all be in it."

"Why—I have been thinking of that," said Mr. Willis, in a dry way peculiar to himself, "and shaking my poor head and shoulders, to feel how I could keep them steady in case of an assault. And, indeed, this thought, all along, has made me, as you may have observed, rather cautious and circumspect, and *very* civil. I hope it has not been thrown away."

"Well, anybody's welcome to me and my character," cried Miss Planta, "and that's always the answer I make them when they tell me of it."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Willis, affecting great solemnity, "I cannot say quite so much. On the contrary, I never go out of the room but I think to myself, How have I behaved to-night? Will that do? Will t'other tell well? No, no; not well!—not well at all!—all in the wrong there. But, hang it!—never mind!—she's very—humane—she won't be hard upon a trifle!"

I told him I was very glad he had such a trust.

I could learn nothing more of the paragraph; but it served for ample play to his dry humour the next evening, when our tea-party was suddenly enlarged by the entrance of the Lords Chesterfield, Bulkley, and Forteseue.

Lord Chesterfield brought in the two latter without any ceremony, and never introduced nor named them, but chatted on with them apart, as if they were in a room to themselves; and Colonel Welbred, to whom all gentlemen here belong, was out of the room in search of a curious snuff-box that he had promised to show to us. Major Price, who by great chance was seated next me, jumped up as if so many wild beasts had entered, and escaped to the other side of the room, and Mr. Willis was only a sharp looker-on.

This was awkward enough for a thing so immaterial, as I could not even ask them to have any tea, from uncertainty how to address them; and I believe they were entirely ignorant whither Lord Chesterfield was bringing them, as they came in to wait for a Royal summons.

How would that quintessence of high ton, the late Lord Chesterfield, blush to behold his successor! who, with much share of humour, and of good humour also, has as little good breeding as any man I ever met with.

Take an instance: Lord Bulkley, who is a handsome man, is immensely tall; the Major, who is middle-sized, was standing by his chair, in close conference with him.

"Why, Bulkley," cried Lord Chesterfield, "you are just the height *sitting* that Price is *standing*."

Disconcerted a little, they slightly laughed; but Lord Bulkley rose, and they walked off to a greater distance.

Lord Chesterfield, looking after them, exclaimed, "What a walking steeple he is!—why, Bulkley, you ought to cut off your legs to be on a level with society!"

Colonel Welbred, ever elegant in all attentions, and uniform in showing them, no sooner returned, and perceived that Lord Chesterfield had formed a separate party with his friends, than he stationed himself at the tea-table, dividing with the exactest propriety his time and conversation between the two sets.

When they were all summoned away, except Mr. Willis, who has never that honour but in private, he lifted up his hands and eyes, and called out,

"I shall pity those men when the book comes out!—I would not be in their skins!"

I understood him perfectly, and answered, truly, that I was never affronted more than a minute with those by whom I could never longer be pleased.

My dearest readers know that this month I went to meet *my own assembly*, as it is honourably called, at Lady Rothes': it was smaller than at Mrs. Ord's, but very pleasant—Mrs. Montagn, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. and Miss Ord, the Attorney-General, Sir Archibald Macdonald, his Lady Louisa, Mr. Pepys, Mrs. Buller Lord Leslie, and my dearest father.

All our talk was of France, the illustrious fugitives now here, and poor Sir Joshua Reynolds's Academic troubles.

MONDAY, MARCH 1ST.—This morning we went to Windsor. Mr. De Luc was already there; but Miss Planta and myself had our former esquire, Mr. Turbulent, for the first time these two years.

Her Majesty graciously read to Mr. De Luc and me a part of a speech of Mr. Burke upon the revolution in France, and then she lent it me to finish. It is truly beautiful, alike in nobleness of sentiment and animation of language. How happy does it make me to see this old favourite once more on the side of right and reason! Do I call this side so only because it is my own?

I had no time, however, for going on with old annals; I had a commission from the Queen which demanded all my leisure.

TUESDAY, MARCH 2ND.—To-day I invited Mr. Bryant to dinner, and had much cause to be glad of his coming, from the pleasantry and information he afforded me. Mr. De Luc and Mr. Turbulent met him, and we had philosophy at play with good humour all the afternoon.

At tea, Lords Chesterfield and Bulkley joined us with the equeries. Mr. Thomas Willis would have been somewhat gratified with their better behaviour. Lord Bulkley took a chair next mine, and talked just enough to show he was a very loyal subject, and no more.

But I was very sorry to hear from Major Price that this was his last Windsor excursion this year. "I have stayed," he told

me, "till all my workmen in the country are at *sixes and sevens*, and in want of my directions; and till I have hardly a sixpence in my pocket! I am always at the command of their Majesties, but—I am only a younger brother, and cannot afford to live away from my own little cottage."

'Tis amazing something is not done for this most deserving and faithful adherent, who only relinquished his post from absolute inability to maintain it.

This month lost us Colonel Welbred, whose waiting never finishes but to my regret. I had much confidential talk with him the last evening of his residence, in which he opened to me the whole of his situation, both with respect to his place and his family, as far as they are political. He gave me much concern for him in his statement, and the more, because all he said confirmed my best opinion of his honour and delicacy. He has the misfortune to have two brothers who never meet—solely from dissension in politics. He loves them both, and with both keeps well; but while he has a place that devotes a fourth of the year to the King, his residence for the rest of it is with the brother who is in opposition to Government. Not small must be the difficulties of such circumstances, and his preferment is probably checked by this determined fraternal amity; though his moderation and uprightness secure him the esteem, and force the good word, of both parties, as well as of both brothers.

Much injustice, however, has I believe accrued to him from this mild conduct, which is not calculated for advantage in a station that demands decisive vigour, though in private or retired life it makes the happiness and peace of all around. He grew so engaged, and I was so much interested for him, in the course of this explication, that, when called away to cards, he said he would not make me his final bow, but see me again the next morning. I set off, however, by sudden commands, so much earlier than usual, that I saw him no more; nor probably may meet him again till his waiting next year.

In one of our Windsor excursions at this time, while I was in Her Majesty's dressing-room, with only Mr. De Luc present, she

suddenly said, "Prepare yourself, Miss Burney, with all your spirits, for to-night you must be reader."

She then added that she recollected what she had been told by my honoured Mrs. Delany, of my reading Shakespeare to her, and was desirous that I should read a play to herself and the Princesses; and she had lately heard from Mrs. Schwellenberg, "nobody could do it better when I would."

I assured Her Majesty it was rather *when I could*, as any reading Mrs. Schwellenberg had heard must wholly have been better or worse according to my spirits, as she had justly seemed to suggest.

The moment coffee was over the Princess Elizabeth came for me. I found Her Majesty knotting, the Princess Royal drawing, Princess Augusta spinning, and Lady Courtown I believe in the same employment, but I saw none of them perfectly well.

"Come, Miss Burney," cried the Queen, "how are your spirits?—How is your voice?"

"She says, ma'am," cried the kind Princess Elizabeth, "she shall do her best."

This had been said in attending Her Royal Highness back. I could only confirm it, and that *cheerfully*—to hide *fearfully*.

I had not the advantage of choosing my play, nor do I know what would have been my decision had it fallen to my lot. Her Majesty had just begun Colman's works, and "Polly Honeycomb" was to open my campaign.

"I think," cried the Queen most graciously, "Miss Burney will read the better for drawing a chair and sitting down."

"O yes, mamma! I dare say so!" cried Princess Augusta and Princess Elizabeth, both in a moment.

The Queen then told me to draw my chair close to her side. I made no scruples. Heaven knows I needed not the addition of standing! but most glad I felt in being placed thus near, as it saved a constant painful effort of loud reading.

"Lady Courtown," cried the Queen, "you had better draw nearer, for Miss Burney *has the misfortune* of reading rather low at first."

Nothing could be more amiable than this opening. Accord-

ingly, I did, as I had promised, my best; and, indifferent as that was, it would rather have surprised you, all things considered, that it was not yet worse. But I exerted all the courage I possess, and, having often read to the Queen, I felt how much it behoved me not to let her surmise I had any *greater* awe to surmount.

It is but a vulgar performance; and I was obliged to omit, as well as I could at sight, several circumstances very unpleasant for reading, and ill enough fitted for such hearers.

It went off pretty flat. Nobody is to comment, nobody is to interrupt; and even between one act and another not a moment's pause is expected to be made.

I had been already informed of this etiquette by Mr. Turbulent and Miss Planta; nevertheless, it is not only oppressive to the reader, but loses to the hearers so much spirit and satisfaction, that I determined to endeavour, should I again be called upon, to introduce a little break into this tiresome and unnatural profundity of respectful solemnity. My own embarrassment, however, made it agree with me, for the present, uncommonly well.

Lady Courtown never uttered one single word the whole time; yet is she one of the most loquacious of our establishment. But such is the settled etiquette.

The Queen has a taste for conversation, and the Princesses a good-humoured love for it, that doubles the regret of such an annihilation of all nature and all pleasantry. But what will not prejudice and education inculcate? They have been brought up to annex silence to respect and decorum: to talk, therefore, unbid, or to differ from any given opinion, even when called upon, are regarded as high improprieties, if not presumptions.

They none of them do justice to their own minds, while they enforce this subjection upon the minds of others. I had not experienced it before; for when reading alone with the Queen, or listening to her reading to me, I have always frankly spoken almost whatever has occurred to me. But there I had no other examples before me, and therefore I might inoffensively be guided by my-

self; and Her Majesty's continuance of the same honour has shown no disapprobation of my proceeding. But here it was not easy to make any decision for myself; to have done what Lady Courtown forebore doing would have been undoubtedly a liberty.

So we all behaved alike; and easily can I now conceive the disappointment and mortification of poor Mr. Garrick when he read "Lethe" to a Royal audience. Its tameness must have tamed him, and I doubt not he never acquitted himself so ill.

The next evening I had the same summons; but "The English Merchant" was the play, which did far better. It is an elegant and serious piece, which I read with far greater ease, and into which they all entered with far greater interest.

The Princess Royal was so gracious when the Queen left the room, upon our next coming to town, to pay me very kind compliments upon my own part of the entertainment, though her brother the Duke of Clarence happened to be present. And the two other Princesses were full of the characters of the comedy, and called upon me to say which were my favourites, while they told me their own, at all our subsequent meetings for some time.

This is all I have been able to recollect of March in which my dearest readers might not themselves be writers. Chiefly I rejoice they witnessed the long-wished, the long-dreaded interview with my formerly most dearly-loved Mrs. Thrale—not writing it saves me much pang.

APRIL.—I have involuntarily let this month creep along unrecorded till this Tuesday the 20th. I could not muster courage for a journal; but now, to avoid any future long arrears, I determine to put down its poor shallow memorials.

On Easter Sunday, the 4th of April, when I left my beloved Susan at St. James's, I left with her all spirit for any voluntary employment, and it occurred to me I could best while away the leisure allowed me by returning to my long-forgotten tragedy. This I have done, in those moments as yet given to my Journal, and it is well I had so sad a resource, since any merrier I must have aimed at in vain.

It was a year and four months since I had looked at or thought of it. I found nothing but unconnected speeches, and hints, and

ideas, though enough in quantity, perhaps, for a whole play. I have now begun planning and methodising, and have written three or four regular scenes. I mention all these particulars of my progress, in answer to certain queries in the comments of my Susan and Fredy, both of old date.

Well (for that is my hack, as "however" is my dear Susanna's), we set off rather late for Windsor,—Mr. De Luc, Miss Planta, and myself; Mrs. Schwellenberg stayed in town.

The Easter party for the Queen consisted of Ladies Harcourt and Courtown; for the Princesses, Ladies Elizabeth Waldegrave and Mary Howe; and for the King, Lord Courtown, General Grenville, Colonels Goldsworthy and Manners, General Budé, and Mr. Thomas Willis. General and Mrs. Harcourt were at St. Leonards, and came occasionally, and Lord and Lady Chesterfield were at their adjoining villa, and were invited every evening. Dr. John Willis also came for one day.

I invited my old beau, as Her Majesty calls Mr. Bryant, to dinner, and he made me my best day out of the ten days of our Windsor sojourn. He has insisted upon lending me some more books, all concerning the most distant parts of the earth, or on subjects the most abstruse. His singular simplicity in constantly conceiving that, because to him such books alone are new, they must have the same recommendation to me, is extremely amusing; and though I do all that is possible to clear up the distinction, he never remembers it.

The King, for which I was very sorry, did not come into the room. He made it but one visit, indeed, during this recess. He then conversed almost wholly with General Grenville upon the affairs of France; and in a manner so unaffected, open, and manly, so highly superior to all despotic principles, even while most condemning the unlicensed fury of the Parisian mob, that I wished all the nations of the world to have heard him, that they might have known the real existence of a patriot King.

Another reading took place, and much more comfortably; it was to the Queen and Princesses, without any lady-in-waiting. The Queen, as before, condescended to order me to sit close to her side; and as I had no model before me, I scrupled much less

to follow the bent of my own ideas by small occasional comments. And these were of use both to body and mind; they rested the lungs from one invariable exertion, as much as they saved the mind from one strain of attention.

Our play was "The Man of Business," a very good comedy, but too local for long life. And another of Colman's which I read afterwards has the same defect. Half the follies and peculiarities it satirises are wholly at an end and forgotten. Humour springing from mere dress, or habits, or phraseology, is quickly obsolete; when it sinks deeper, and dives into character, it may live *for ever*.

To myself I read Mrs. Piozzi's "Travels." The "Travels" are just like herself, abounding in sallies of genius.

The "Memoirs of Cardinal Wolsey," with which I have been singularly entertained, from their unconscious sketches of life and manners in the reign of Henry VIII., I obtained licence, at last, to return, though they were still unperused. But the mention I chanced to make of them one morning to Lady Harcourt, who professes a particular taste for ancient biography, made her request to read them so earnestly, that I wrote a little note to Mr. Seward of apology, and lent them. He has sent me a most gallant answer, desiring me to look upon them as my own, either for myself or my friends, from this time forward. I shall by no means, however, accept this offer, though I am much obliged by it.

I took down with me from town a "Commentary on the Lord's Prayer," which is just published by Dr. Lort, who has had the good-humour to send me a copy from the author. I am always much gratified when I find myself remembered by old acquaintance after long absence. It has not much information, but it is pious and perfectly good.

Another book fell into my possession through Mrs. De Luc; finding I had never—strange to tell!—read Goldsmith's Poems, she sent me a little neat pocket volume, which I accept from that valuable friend, as just the keepsake, I told her, that could give me only pleasure from her hands.

I dedicated my Wednesday evening to a very comfortable

visit to our dear James, whose very good and deserving wife, and fine little fat children, with our Esther and her fair Marianne and Fanny, all cordially conspired to make me happy. We read a good deal of Captain Bligh's interesting narrative, every word of which James has taken as much to heart as if it were his own production.

I go on, occasionally, with my tragedy. It does not much enliven, but it soothes me.

Windsor.

FRIDAY, APRIL 23RD.—The anniversary of the Thanksgiving Day, a day in which my gratitude was heightened by making my acknowledgments for its blessing with my Susan by my side.

I shall add nothing at present to my Journal but the summary of a conversation I have had with Colonel Manners, who, at our last excursion, was here without any other gentleman.

Knowing he likes to be considered as a senator, I thought the best subject for our discussion would be the House of Commons; I therefore made sundry political inquiries, so foreign to my usual mode, that you would not a little have smiled to have heard them.

I had been informed he had once made an attempt to speak, during the Regency business, last winter; I begged to know how the matter stood, and he made a most frank display of its whole circumstances.

"Why, they were speaking away," he cried, "upon the Regency, and so,—and they were saying the King could not reign, and recover; and Burke was making some of his eloquence, and talking; and, says he, 'hurled from his throne,'—and so I put out my finger in this manner, as if I was in a great passion, for I felt myself very red, and I was in a monstrous passion I suppose, but I was only going to say 'Hear! Hear!' but I happened to lean one hand down upon my knee, in this way, just as Mr. Pitt does when he wants to speak; and I stooped forward, just as if I was going to rise up and begin; but just then I caught Mr. Pitt's eye, looking at me so pitifully; he thought I was

going to speak, and he was frightened to death, for he thought—for the thing was, he got up himself, and he said over all I wanted to say; and the thing is, he almost always does; for just as I have something particular to say, Mr. Pitt begins, and goes through it all, so that he don't leave anything more to be said about it; and so I suppose, as he looked at me so pitifully, he thought I should say it first, or else that I should get into some scrape, because I was so warm and looking so red."

Any comment would disgrace this; I will therefore only tell you his opinion, in his own words, of one of our late taxes.

"There's only one tax, ma'am, that ever I voted for against my conscience, for I've always been very particular about that; but that is the *bachelors*' tax, and that I hold to be very unconstitutional, and I am very sorry I voted for it, because it's very unfair; for how can a man help being a *bachelor*, if nobody will have him? and, besides, it's not any fault to be taxed for, because we did not make ourselves *bachelors*, for we were made so by God, for nobody was born married, and so I think it's a very unconstitutional tax."

TUESDAY, APRIL 27TH.—I had the happiness of my dearest Fredy's society in Westminster Hall—if happiness and that place may be named together.

The day was mixed; evidence and Mr. Anstruther weighing it down, and Mr. Burke speaking from time to time, and lighting it up. Oh, were his purpose worthy his talents, what an effect would his oratory produce! I always hear him with so much concern, I can scarce rejoice even in being kept awake by him.

The day was nearly passed, and I was eating a biscuit to prevent an absolute doze while Mr. Anstruther was talking, when, raising myself from a listening bend, I turned to the left, and perceived Mr. Wyndham, who had quietly placed himself by my side without speaking.

My surprise was so great, and so totally had I given up all idea of renewing our conferences, that I could scarce refrain expressing it.

Probably it was visible enough, for he said, as if apologising for coming up, that so to do was the only regale their toils allowed them.

He then regretted that it was a stupid day, and, with all his old civility about me and my time, declared he was always sorry to see me there when nothing worth attention was going forward.

This soon brought us round to our former intimacy of converse; and, the moment I was able, I ventured at my usual inquiry about his own speaking, and if it would soon take place.

"No," he answered, with a look of great pleasure, "I shall now not speak at all—I have cleared myself from that task, and never with such satisfaction did I get rid of any!"

Amazed, yet internally glad, I hazarded some further inquiry into the reason of this change of plan.

They were drawing, he said, to a conclusion, and the particular charge which he had engaged himself to open was relinquished. "I have, therefore," he cried, "washed my hands of making a speech, yet satisfied my conscience, my honour, my promises, and my intentions; for I have declined undertaking anything new, and no claim, therefore, remains upon me."

"Well," quoth I, "I am at a loss whether to be glad or sorry."

He comprehended instantly: glad for Mr. Hastings, or sorry for not hearing him. He laughed, but said something a little reproachful, upon my continued interest for that gentleman.

I would not pretend it was diminished; I determined he should find me as frank as heretofore, and abscond, or abide, as his nerves stood the firmness.

"You are never, then," (I said afterwards) "to speak here?"

"Once," he answered, "I said a few words——"

"Oh when?" I cried: "I am very sorry I did not know it, and hear you—as you did speak!"

"Oh!" cried he, laughing, "I do not fear this flattery now, as I shall speak no more!"

"But what," cried I, "was the occasion that drew you forth?"

"Nothing very material; but I saw Burke run hard, and I wished to help him."

"That was just," cried I, "what I should have expected from you—and just what I have not been able not to honour, on some other occasions, even where I have most blamed the matter that has drawn forth the assistance."

This was going pretty far:—he could not but instantly feel I meant the Regency discussions. He neither made me any answer, nor turned his head, even obliquely, my way.

I was not sorry, however. 'Tis always best to be sincere.

Finding him quite silent, to soften matters as well as I could with honesty, I began an *éloge* of Mr. Burke, both warm and true, as far as regards his wonderful abilities. But he soon distinguished the rigorous precision with which, involuntarily, I praised the powers, without adverting to their use.

Suddenly then, and with a look of extreme keenness, he turned his eyes upon me, and exclaimed, "Yes; and he has very highly, also, the faculty of being right!"

I would the friendship that dictated this assertion were as unwarped as it is animated.

I could not help saying, rather faintly, "Has he?"

Not faintly he answered. "He has!—but not the world alone, even his friends, are apt to misjudge him. What he enters upon, however, with earnestness, you will commonly find turn out as he represents it."

His genius, his mental faculties, and the natural goodness of his heart, I then praised as warmly as Mr. Wyndham could have praised them himself; but the subject ran me aground a second time, as, quite undesignedly, I concluded my panegyric with declaring that I found it impossible not to admire—nay, love him—through all his wrong.

Finding another total silence and averted head, I started something more general upon the trial.

His openness then returned, with all its customary vivacity, and he expressed himself extremely irritated upon various matters which had been carried against the managers by the judges.

"But, Mr. Wyndham!" exclaimed I; "the judges!—is it possible you can enter into such a notion as to suppose Mr. Hastings capable of bribing them?"

"Oh, for capable," cried he, "I don't know!"

"Well, leave that word out, and suppose him even willing—can you imagine all the judges and all the lords—for they must concur—disposed to be bribed?"

"No ; but I see them all determined to acquit Mr. Hastings."

"Determined ?—nay, that indeed is doing him very little honour."

"Oh, for honour !—if he is acquitted——"

He stopped—as if that were sufficient.

I ventured to ask why the judges and the lords should make such a determination.

"From the general knavery and villany of mankind," was his hard answer ; "which always wishes to abet successful guilt."

"Well !" cried I, shaking my head ; "you have not, I see, relinquished your speech from having nothing to say. But I am glad you have relinquished it, for I have always been most afraid of you ; and the reason is, those who know how to hold back will not for nothing come forward. There is one down there, who, if he knew how ever to hold back, would be great indeed !"

He could not deny this, but would not affirm it. Poor Mr. Burke !—so near to being wholly right, while yet wholly wrong !

When Mr. Burke mounted the rostrum, Mr. Wyndham stopped short, saying, "I won't interrupt you ;" and, in a moment, glided back to the managers' box, where he stood behind Mr. Burke, evidently at hand to assist in any difficulty. His affection for him seems to amount to fondness. This is not for me to wonder at. Who was so captivated as myself by that extraordinary man, till he would no longer suffer me to reverence the talents I must still ever admire ?

SATURDAY, MAY 1ST.—My dear Susanna will remember Mrs. Holroyd, whom we met at Twickenham, during our visit there before the Boulogne expedition. She is now at Mrs. De Luc's, and she called upon me while I was in waiting yesterday, and this morning I returned the compliment. She has lately translated, from a French version, a German work of four thick volumes, by M. Sturm, consisting of Religious Meditations and Observations for every Day in the Year. Miss Cambridge had lent me the first volume, with which I was much pleased, as

well as instructed, though it is a work both too high and too low for general use, rising up to philosophers, and sinking down to children, alternately.

We talked this a good deal over, and she was much gratified in having heard, from Miss Cambridge, that I had mentioned and shown it to my Royal Mistress, for whom she has the most profound veneration, notwithstanding her passionate love for her brother, Lord Sheffield, who is in the Opposition. Of him, too, and his lady and children, I was glad to hear a good account, for old acquaintance' sake: though when she hinted at something of its being renewed, I was obliged to fly aloof. The *Opposition* interest is not quite that of our abode!

In one speech she a good deal surprised me. She led me to speak of the Queen, and expressed herself satisfied how high I must stand in her graciousness, but added, she knew not if that was desirable, since "the more," she said, "you become attached the greater will be your pain and difficulty in any future plan of quitting her."

Was it not odd?—I made some general answer, disclaiming any such plan; she took no notice of it, but enlarged with much pity on my extreme confinement.

SUNDAY, MAY 2ND.—This morning, in my way to church, just as I arrived at the iron gate of our courtyard, a well-known voice called out, "Ah, there's Miss Burney!"

I started, and looked round—and saw—Mrs. Piozzi.

I hastened up to her; she met my held-out hand with both hers; Mr. Piozzi and Cecilia were with her—all smiling and good-humoured.

"You are going," she cried, "to church?—so am I. I must run first to the inn: I suppose one may sit—anywhere one pleases?"

"Yes," I cried, "but you must be quick, or you will sit nowhere, there will be such a throng."

This was all;—she hurried on—so did I.

I received exceeding great satisfaction in this little and unexpected meeting. She had been upon the Terrace, and was going to change her hat; and haste on both sides prevented awkwardness on either.

Yet I saw she had taken in good part my concluding *hand-presentation* at my dear Mr. Locke's: she met me no more with that *fierté* of defiance: it was not—nor can it ever be—with her old cordiality, but it was with some degree of pleasure, and that species of readiness which evinces a consciousness of meeting with a good reception.

Dr. Fisher lent me the first volume of Mr. Bruce. But I could only find time to look over the Introduction; which, indeed, in pompous promise of what is to come, and satisfied boast of what has been performed, exceeds whatever yet the most doughty hero has advanced of his own *faits et gestes*. Your two little men are quite undone!

This extraordinary wight acquainted my father, not long since, that he should take the liberty to order a set of his Travels to be finely bound up, and sent to "his daughter with the Queen!" because there had appeared, some years ago, an ode, addressed to himself, which he attributed to that person, and felt eager to acknowledge!

Much surprised, my father inquired further, and heard there was a great compliment to himself, also, which induced this suggestion. My father said that alone was sufficient to satisfy him it was not his daughter's.

He sent the ode to my father. It is such a one as I might be proud enough, Heaven knows, to own, in point of poetry and idea, and far superior to anything I have a chance to produce in the Apollo line; but I am free to confess—I rather think I should have chosen another subject! It is all panegyric; no Laureate birthday incense breathes higher flattery.

THURSDAY, MAY 6TH.—This being the last Pantheon, I put in my long-intended claim; and it was greatly facilitated by the circumstance of a new singer, Madame Benda, making her first appearance. She is just arrived from Germany, and has been humbly recommended to the notice of Her Majesty: it was on this account my father engaged her to try her powers at the Pantheon; and the Queen was herself interested I should hear her success.

My dearest father fetched me from the Queen's house, Esther and Marianne kept me places between them. Marianne never looked so pretty; I saw not a face there I thought equally lovely. And, oh, how Pacchierotti sung!—HOW!—with what exquisite feeling, what penetrating pathos!—I could almost have cried the whole time, that this one short song was all I should be able to hear!

For the short time I was empowered to stay, I was most fortunate in my rencounters; for who should sit next my dear Esther but Mr. Twining? Glad was I to see him—most glad indeed—and the more, as I have no other chance to have that gratification. When I told him this, he answered, “Oh no!—I know that!—I know you are a *sight*! I look upon you as a *show*—just as I do upon the Lincolnshire ox, or new American bird!”

I saw very few of my general acquaintance, for I sat near the private door to the chairs, that I might glide away without disturbance. Amongst the few, however, I was claimed by Mrs. Monckton, a sister-in-law of the queerly celebrated Miss Monckton, now Lady Corke, at whose house I had formerly the pleasure to meet her. Indeed, she visited me in St. Martin's-street. She was a daughter of the unfortunate Lord Pigot, and is a very sensible, agreeable, and accomplished woman. We were too distantly seated for many words; but all that we interchanged were in perfect harmony, since they sung, in alternate strains, the praises of Pacchierotti.

The first person who accosted me on my entrance was Lord Valletort, who had so regularly attended this charming concert as instantly to pronounce to me that this was my first appearance.

Mrs. John Hunter, also, recollected me: I had once met her at an assembly at Mrs. Thrale's. She is a very fine woman, and highly accomplished; but with rather too much glare, both without and within.

Poor Madame Benda pleased neither friend nor foe: she has a prodigious voice, great powers of execution, but a manner of singing so vehemently boisterous, that a boatswain might entreat her to moderate it.

At the beginning of the second act I was obliged to decamp.

James, who had just found me out, was my esquire. "Well," he cried, in our way to the chair, "will there be war with Spain?"

I assured him I thought not.

"So I am afraid!" answered the true English tar. "However if there is, I should be glad of a frigate of thirty-two guns. Now, if you ask for it, don't say a *frigate*, and get me one of twenty-eight!"

Good Heaven!—poor innocent James!—

And just as I reached the chair—"But how shall you feel," he cried, "when I ask you to desire a guard-ship for me, in about two years' time?"

I could make no precise answer to that!

He then added that he intended coming to court!

Very much frightened, I besought him first to come and drink tea with me—which he promised.

In my way home, as I went ruminating upon this apparently but just, though really impracticable, demand, I weighed well certain thoughts long revolving, and of late nearly bursting forth; and the result was this—to *try all, while yet there is time!* Reproach else may aver, when too late, greater courage would have had greater success. This idea settled my resolutions, and they all bent to one point, risking all risks.

MONDAY, MAY 10TH.—This evening, by appointment, came our good James and his wife, and soon afterwards, to my great pleasure, Captain Phillips joined us.

I take it, therefore, for granted, he will have told all that passed in the business way. I was very anxious to gather more intelligibly the wishes and requests of poor James, and to put a stop to his coming to court without taking such previous steps as are customary. I prevailed, and promised, in return, to make known his pretensions.

You may believe, my dear friends, this promise was the result of the same wish of experiment, and sense of claim upon me of my family to make it *while I may*, that I have mentioned. I did this very evening. I did it *gaily*, and in relating such anecdotes as were amusingly characteristic of a sailor's honest but singular notions of things: yet I have done it completely; his

wishes and his claims are now laid open—Heaven knows to what effect! The court-scheme I have also told; and my Royal Mistress very graciously informed me, that if presented by some superior officer there could be no objection; but otherwise, unless he had some promotion, it was not quite usual.

TUESDAY, MAY 11TH.—This morning my Royal Mistress had previously arranged for me that I should go to the trial, and had given me a ticket for my little Sarah to accompany me; and late last night, I believe after twelve o'clock, she most graciously gave me another for James. Just at this time she could not more have gratified me than by a condescension to my dear brother. Poor Columb was sent with the intelligence, and directions for our meeting at seven o'clock this morning, to Norton Street.

Sarah came early; but James was so late we were obliged to leave word for him to follow us.

He did, two hours afterwards! by way of being our esquire; and then told me he knew it would be in good time, and so he had stopped to breakfast at Sir Joseph Banks's.

I suppose the truth is, it saved him a fresh puff of powder for some other day.

We talked over all affairs, naval and national, very comfortably. The trial is my only place for long dialogues!

I gave him a new and earnest charge that he would not *speak home* concerning the prosecution to Mr. Wyndham, should he join us. He made me a less reluctant promise than heretofore, for when last with Charlotta at Aylsham he had frequently visited Mr. Wyndham, and had several battles at draughts or backgammon with him; and there is no such good security against giving offence as seeing ourselves that our opponents are worth pleasing. Here, too, as I told James, however we might think all the managers in the wrong, they were at least open enemies, and acting a public part, and therefore they must fight it out, as he would do with the Spaniards, if, after all negotiations, they came to battle.

He allowed this; and promised to leave him to the attacks of the little privateer, without falling foul of him with a broadside.

Soon after the trial began, Mr. Wyndham came up to us, and

after a few minutes' chat with me, addressed himself to James about the approaching war.

"Are you preparing," he cried, "for a campaign?"

"Not such a one," cried James, "as we had last summer at Aylsham!"

"But what officers you are!" he cried, "*you men of Captain Cook*; you rise upon us in every trial! This Captain Bligh—what feats, what wonders he has performed! What difficulties got through! What dangers defied! And with such cool, manly skill!"

They talked the narrative over as far as Mr. Wyndham had in manuscript seen its sketch: but as I had not read it, I could not enter into its detail.

This over, he took his seat by my elbow, and renewed one of his old style of conversations about the trial, each of us firmly maintaining our original ground. I believe he has now relinquished his expectation of making me a convert.

He surprised me soon by saying,

"I begin to fear, after all, that what you have been talking about to me will come to pass."

I found he meant his own speaking upon a new charge, which, when I last saw him, he exultingly told me was given up. He explained the apparent inconsistency by telling me that some new change of plan had taken place, and that Mr. Burke was extremely urgent with him to open the next charge.

"And I cannot," he cried emphatically, "leave Burke in the lurch!"

I both believed and applauded him so far; but why are either of them engaged in a prosecution uncoloured by necessity?

One chance he had still of escaping this tremendous task, he told me, which was, that it might devolve upon Grey; but Burke, he did not disavow, wished it to be himself.

"However," he laughingly added, "I think we may toss up!"

In that case, how I wish he may lose! not only from believing him the abler enemy, but to reserve his name from amongst the Active List in such a cause.

He bewailed, with an arch look that showed his conscious-

ness I should like the lamentation, that he was now all unprepared—all fresh to begin in documents and materials—the charge being wholly new and unexpected, and that which he had considered relinquished.

“I am glad, however,” cried I, “your original charge is given up; for I well remember what you said of it.”

“I might be flattered,” cried he, “and enough, that you should remember anything I say, did I not know it was for the sake of its subject,” looking down upon Mr. Hastings.

I could not possibly deny this; but added that I recollected he had acknowledged his charge was to prove Mr. Hastings “mean, pitiful, little, and fraudulent.”

The trial this day consisted almost wholly in dispute upon evidence; the managers offered such as the counsel held improper, and the judges and lords at last adjourned to debate the matter in their own chamber.

Mr. Burke made a very fine speech upon the rights of the prosecutor to bring forward his accusation, for the benefit of justice, in such mode as appeared most consonant to his own reason and the nature of things, according to their varying appearances as fresh and fresh matter occurred.

The counsel justly alleged the hardship to the client, if thus liable to new allegations and suggestions, for which he came unprepared, from a reliance that those publicly given were all against which he need arm himself, and that, if those were disproved, he was cleared: while the desultory and shifting charges of the managers put him out in every method of defence, by making it impossible to him to discern where he might be attacked.

In the course of this debate I observed Mr. Wyndham so agitated and so deeply attentive, that it prepared me for what soon followed: he mounted the rostrum—for the third time only since this trial commenced.

His speech was only to a point of law respecting evidence: he kept close to his subject, with a clearness and perspicuity very uncommon indeed amongst these orators. His voice, however, is greatly in his disfavour; for he forces it so violently, either

from earnestness or a fear of not being heard, that, though it answered the purpose of giving the most perfect distinctness to what he uttered, its sound had an unpleasing and crude quality that amazed and disappointed me. The command of his language and fluency of his delivery, joined to the compact style of his reasoning and conciseness of his arguments, were all that could answer my expectations: but his manner—whether from energy or secret terror—lost all its grace, and by no means seemed to belong to the elegant and high-bred character that had just quitted me.

In brief—how it may happen I know not—but he certainly does not do justice to his own powers and talents in public.

He was excessively agitated: when he had done and dismounted, I saw his pale face of the most fiery red. Yet he had uttered nothing in a passion. It must have been simply from internal effort.

The counsel answered him; and he mounted to reply. Here, indeed, he did himself honour; his readiness of answer, the vivacity of his objections, and the instantaneous command of all his reasoning faculties, were truly striking. Had what he said not fallen in reply to a speech but that moment made, I must have concluded it the result of study, and an harangue learnt by heart.

He was heard with the most marked attention.

The second speech, like the first, was wholly upon the laws of evidence, and Mr. Hastings was not named in either.

He is certainly practising against his great day. And, in truth, I hold still to my fear of it; for, however little his *manner* in public speaking may keep pace with its promise in private conversation, his *matter* was tremendously pointed and severe.

The trial of the day concluded by an adjournment to consult upon the evidence in debate, with the judges, in the House of Lords.

Mr. Wyndham came up to the seats of the Commons in my neighbourhood, but not to me; he spoke to the Misses Francis,—daughters of Mr. Hastings's worst foe,—and hurried down.

While Sarah and I were waiting downstairs in the Great

Hall, and James was gone for Columb, I was addressed by Mrs. Crewe, who most civilly renewed old acquaintance, with kind *complaints* against my immured life.

I told her, with a laugh, that coming to this trial might reconcile any one to stillness and confinement; for it gave but little encouragement to action and exertion.

On my return I was called upon to give an account of the trial to their Majesties and the Princesses. 'Tis a formidable business, I assure you, to perform.

THURSDAY, MAY 13TH.—I went to a musical party at our Esther's: I heard, as usual, only the opening of the concert; but it was very sweet to me. Lady Mary Duncan was amongst the company, and I thought her much altered from her wonted cordiality; whether from resenting my never having waited upon her I could not tell; but it made me uneasy, her many kindnesses always combating her queernesses in my regard; and therefore I could not rest till I made my peace, by proposing a visit on my first attainable Monday. The offer was very smilingly accepted, and all did well. I must represent my case to my Royal Mistress, and manage it if possible.

I had the pleasure also to meet our old acquaintance Mrs. Maling, and some of her grown-up daughters; but my first pleasure was in seeing Pacchierotti, that sweetly gentle old friend and favourite, whose fascinating talents would carry me almost anywhere, without any other inducement.

He was so kind as to sing one song, and that almost at the opening, for my indulgence. I was forced to fly without thanking him.

Our ever-good James was there, and full of his ship plans. I see him quite amazed that he has not had a vessel, just such a one as he wished, instantly given him, on making known, through me, his desire! Alas! * *

His excellent wife brought me their two fine and jovial children at St. James's, where we all made merry during the drawing-room.

FRIDAY MORNING.—Her Majesty sent the Princess Elizabeth to summon me to a public reading. I found, added to my Royal

hearers, Lady Harcourt and Lady Juliana Penn! However, the Queen was still so gracious as to order me to sit down, which I did close to her elbow.

The play chosen was "The Rivals." Mr. Sheridan does not, I presume, fancy me reading any of his works to Her Majesty.

These two ladies added much to the solemnity I have made such efforts to dispel: Lady Harcourt seemed to think it would be a liberty to attend to the play, so far as to enter at all into its spirit; and Lady Juliana had just been set about some spinning, and I believe was so absorbed in her work, either because it was new to her, or because it was for the Queen, that she held it most respectful to attend to nothing else. It is terrible to see how formality annihilates the best faculties!

TUESDAY, MAY 18TH.—This morning I again went to the trial of poor Mr. Hastings. Heavens! who can see him sit there unmoved? not even those who think him guilty,—if they are human.

I took with me Mrs. Bogle. She had long since begged a ticket for her husband, which I could never before procure. We now went all three. And, indeed, her original speeches and remarks made a great part of my entertainment.

Mr. Hastings and his counsel were this day most victorious, I never saw the prosecutors so dismayed. Yet both Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox spoke, and before the conclusion so did Mr. Wyndham. They were all in evident embarrassment. Mr. Hastings's counsel finished the day with a most noble appeal to justice and innocence, protesting that, if his client did not fairly claim the one, by proving the other, he wished himself that the prosecutors—that the Lords—that the nation at large—that the hand of God—might fall heavy upon him!

This had a great and sudden effect,—not a word was uttered. The prosecutors looked dismayed and astonished; and the day closed.

Mr. Wyndham came up to speak to Misses Francis about a *dinner*; but he only bowed to me, and with a look so conscious—so much saying "'Tis your turn to triumph now!"—that I had not the spite to attack him.

But when the counsel had uttered this animated speech, Mrs. Bogle was so much struck, she hastily arose, and, clapping her hands, called out audibly, in a broad Scotch accent, "*O chaarming!*" I could hardly quiet her till I assured her we should make a paragraph for the newspapers!

I had the pleasure to deliver this myself to their Majesties and the Princesses; and as I was called upon while it was fresh in my memory, I believe but little of the general energy was forgotten. It gave me great pleasure to repeat so striking an affirmation of the innocence of so high, so injured, I believe, a character. The Queen eagerly declared I should go again the next sitting.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19TH.—The real birthday of my Royal Mistress, to whom may Heaven grant many, many, and prosperous! Dressing, and so forth, filled up all the morning; and at night I had a tête-à-tête with Charles, till twelve. I got to bed about five in the morning. The sweet Princesses had a ball, and I could not lament my fatigue.

THURSDAY, MAY 20TH.—To-day again to the trial, to which I took Miss Young, Her Majesty having given me two tickets very late over-night. Miss Young is singularly, as far as I can see, the reverse of her eccentric parents; she is moderation personified.

Mr. Windham again spoke in the course of this morning's business, which was chiefly occupied in debating on the admissibility of the evidence brought forward by the prosecutors. The quickness and aptness of his arguments, with the admirable facility and address with which he seized upon those of his opponents, the counsel, were strong marks of that high and penetrating capacity so strikingly his characteristic. The only defect in his speaking is the tone of his voice, which, from exertion, loses all its powers of modulation, and has a crude accent and expression very disagreeable.

During the examination of Mr. Anderson, one of Mr. Hastings's best friends,—a sensible, well-bred, and gentleman-like man,—Mr. Wyndham came up to my elbow.

"And can this man," cried he, presently, "this man—so gentle—be guilty?"

I accused him of making a point to destroy all admiration of gentleness in my opinion. "But you are grown very good now!" I added, "No, *very bad* I mean!"

He knew I meant for speaking; and I then gave him, burlesqued, various definitions of good, which had fallen from Mr. Fox in my hearing; the most contradictory, and, taken out of their place, the most ridiculous imaginable.

He laughed very much, but seriously confessed that technical terms and explanations had better have been wholly avoided by them all, as the counsel were sure to out-technicalise them, and they were then exposed to greater embarrassments than by steering clear of the attempt, and resting only upon their common forces.

"There is one praise," I cried, "which I am always sure to meet in the newspapers whenever I meet with your name; and I begin to quite tire of seeing it for you—your skill in logic!"

"Oh, I thank you," he cried, earnestly; "I am indeed quite ashamed of the incessant misappropriation of that word."

"No, no," cried I; "I only tire of it because they seem to think, when once the word logic and your name are combined, they have completely stated all. However, in what little I have heard, I could have suspected you to have been prepared with a speech ready written, had I not myself heard just before all the arguments which it answered."

I then added that I was the less surprised at this facility of language, from having heard my brother declare he knew no man who read Greek with that extraordinary rapidity—no, not Dr. Parr, nor any of the professed Grecians, whose peculiar study it had been through life.

This could be nothing, he said, but partiality.

"Not mine, at least," cried I, laughing, "for Greek excellence is rather out of my sphere of panegyric!"

"Well," cried he, laughing, too, at my disclaiming, "'tis your brother's partiality. However, 'tis one I must try not to lose; I must take to my Greek exercises again."

They will do you a world of good, thought I, if they take you but from your prosecution-exercises.

We then talked of Mr. Burke. "How finely," I cried, "he has spoken!—with what fulness of intelligence, and what fervour!"

He agreed, with delighted concurrence.

"Yet—so much!—so long!" I added.

"True!" cried he, ingeniously, yet concerned. "What pity he can never stop!"

And then I enumerated some of the diffuse and unnecessary paragraphs which had weakened his cause, as well as his speech.

He was perfectly candid, though always with some reluctance. "But a man who speaks in public," he said, "should never forget what will do for his auditors: for himself alone, it is not enough to think; but for what is fitted, and likely to be interesting to them."

"He wants nothing," cried I, "but a flapper."

"Yes, and he takes flapping inimitably."

"You, then," I cried, "should be his flapper."

"And sometimes," said he, smiling, "I am."

"Oh, I often see," cried I, "of what use you are to him. I see you watching him—reminding, checking him in turn—at least, I fancy all this as I look into the managers' box, which is no small amusement to me—when there is any commotion there!"

He bowed; but I never diminished from the frank unfriendliness to the cause with which I began.

But I assured him I saw but too well how important and useful he was to them, even without speaking.

"Perhaps," cried he, laughing, "more than with speaking."

"I am not meaning to talk of that now," said I; "but yet, one thing I will tell you: I hear you more distinctly than any one; the rest I as often miss as catch, except when they turn this way—a favour which you never did me!"

"No, no, indeed!" cried he; "to abstract myself from all, is all that enables me to get on."

And then, with his native candour, he cast aside prejudice, and very liberally praised several points in this poor persecuted great man.

I had seen, I said, an imitation from Horace, which had manifested, I presumed, his scholarship.

"Oh, ay," cried he, "an Ode to Mr. Shore, who is one of the next witnesses. Burke was going to allude to it, but I begged him not. I do not like to make their Lordships smile in this grave business."

"That is so right!" cried I. "Ah, you know it is you and your attack I have feared most all along!"

"This flattery—" cried he.

"Do not use that word any more, Mr. Wyndham," interrupted I; "if you do, I shall be tempted to make a very shocking speech to you—the very reverse of flattery, I assure you!"

He stared—and I went on.

"I shall say—that those who think themselves flattered, flatter *themselves*."

"What!—hey?—how?" cried he.

"Nay, they cannot conclude themselves flattered, without concluding they have *de quoi* to make it worth while!"

"Why—there—there may be something in that; but not here!—no, here it must flow simply from general benevolence—from a wish to give comfort or pleasure."

I disclaimed all; and turned his attention again to Mr. Hastings. "See!" I cried, "see but how thin—how ill—looks that poor little uncle of yours!"

Again I upbraided him with being unnatural, and lamented Mr. Hastings's change since I had known him in former days. "And shall I tell you," I added, "something in which you had nearly been involved with him?"

"Me?—with Mr. Hastings!"

"Yes; and I regret it did not happen! You may recollect my mentioning my original acquaintance with him, before I lived where I now do?"

"Yes; but where you *now* . . . I understand you—expect ere long you *may* see him!"

He meant from his acquittal, and reception at the Queen's house. And I would not contradict him.

"But, however," I continued, "my acquaintance and regard

began very fairly while I lived at home at my father's; and indeed I regret you could not *then* and so have known him, as I am satisfied you would have been pleased with him, which *now* you cannot judge. He is so gentle-mannered, so intelligent, so unassuming, yet so full-minded."

"I have understood that," he answered; "yet 'tis amazing how little unison there may be between manners and characters, and how softly gentle a man may appear without, whose nature within is all ferocity and cruelty. This is a part of mankind of which you cannot judge—of which, indeed, you can scarce form an idea."

After a few comments I continued what I had to say, which, in fact, was nothing but another *malice* of my own against him. I reminded him of one day in a former year of this trial, when I had the happiness of sitting at it with my dearest Mrs. Locke, in which he had been so obliging, with reiterated offers, as to propose seeing for my servant, &c.—"Well," I continued, "I was afterwards extremely sorry I had not accepted your kindness; for . . . just as we were going away, who should be passing, and turn back to speak to me, but Mr. Hastings! 'Oh!' he cried, 'I must come here to see you, I find!' Now, had you but been with me at that moment, I own it would have been the greatest pleasure to me to have brought you together; though I am quite at a loss to know whether I ought, in that case, to have presented you to each other."

He laughed most heartily—half, probably, with joy at his escape; but he had all his wits about him in his answer. "If *you*," he cried, "had been between us, we might, for once, have coalesced—in both bowing to the same shrine!"

My dear Mrs. Ord was so good as to come to me one morning at nine o'clock, to take me to the exhibition, where I saw, I fear, the last works of the first of our painters, Sir Joshua Reynolds. The thought, and his unhappy loss of eyesight, made the view of his pictures very melancholy to me.

I have been very much pleased with Mr. Jerningham's verses to him upon his visual misfortune.

And now, my dear sisters, to a subject and narration interesting to your kind affections, because important to my future life.

FRIDAY, MAY 28TH.—The Princess Augusta condescended to bring me a most gracious message from the King, desiring to know if I wished to go to Handel's Commemoration, and if I should like the "Messiah," or prefer any other day?

With my humble acknowledgements for his goodness, I fixed instantly on the "Messiah;" and the very amiable Princess came smiling back to me, bringing me my ticket from the King.

This would not, indeed, much have availed me, but that I fortunately knew my dear father meant to go to the Abbey. I despatched Columb to Chelsea, and he promised to call for me the next morning.

My "Visions" I had meant to produce in a few days; and to know their chance before I left town for the summer. But I thought the present opportunity not to be slighted, for some little opening, that might lighten the task of the exordium upon the day of attempt.

He was all himself; all his native self;—kind, gay, open, and full fraught with converse.

Chance favoured me: we found so little room, that we were fain to accept two vacant places at once, though they separated us from my uncle, Mr. Burney, and his brother James, who were all there, and all meant to be of the same party.

I might not, at another time, have rejoiced in this disunion, but it was now most opportune: it gave me three hours' conference with my dearest father—the only conference of that length I have had in four years.

Fortune again was kind; for my father began relating various anecdotes of attacks made upon him for procuring to sundry strangers some acquaintance with his daughter, particularly with the Duchesse de Biron, and the Mesdames de Boufflers; to whom he answered, he had no power; but was somewhat struck by a question of Madame de B. in return, who exclaimed, "Mais, monsieur, est-ce possible! Mademoiselle votre fille n'a-t-elle point de vacance?"

This led to much interesting discussion, and to many con-

fessions and explanations on my part, never made before; which induced him to enter more fully into the whole of the situation, and its circumstances, than he had ever yet had the leisure or the spirits to do; and he repeated sundry speeches of discontent at my seclusion from the world.

All this encouraged me to much detail: I spoke my high and constant veneration for my Royal Mistress, her merits, her virtues, her condescension, and her even peculiar kindness towards me. But I owned the species of life distasteful to me; I was lost to all private comfort, dead to all domestic endearment; I was worn with want of rest, and fatigued with laborious watchfulness and attendance. My time was devoted to official duties; and all that in life was dearest to me—my friends, my chosen society, my best affections—lived now in my mind only by recollection, and rested upon that with nothing but bitter regret. With relations the most deservedly dear, with friends of almost unequalled goodness, I lived like an orphan—like one who had no natural ties, and must make her way as she could by those that were factitious. Melancholy was the existence where happiness was excluded, though not a complaint could be made; where the illustrious personages who were served possessed almost all human excellence,—yet where those who were their servants, though treated with the most benevolent condescension, could never, in any part of the live-long day, command liberty, or social intercourse, or repose!

The silence of my dearest father now silencing myself, I turned to look at him; but how was I struck to see his honoured head bowed down almost into his bosom with dejection and discomfort!—We were both perfectly still a few moments; but when he raised his head I could hardly keep my seat, to see his eyes filled with tears!—"I have long," he cried, "been uneasy, though I have not spoken; . . . but . . . if you wish to resign—my house, my purse, my arms, shall be open to receive you back!"

The emotion of my whole heart at this speech—this sweet, this generous speech—Oh, my dear friends, I need not say it!

We were mutually forced to break up our conference. I could only instantly accept his paternal offer, and tell him it was my

guardian angel, it was Providence in its own benignity, that inspired him with such goodness. I begged him to love the day in which he had given me such comfort, and assured him it would rest upon my heart with grateful pleasure till it ceased to beat.

He promised to drink tea with me before I left town, and settle all our proceedings. I acknowledged my intention to have ventured to solicit this very permission of resigning.—“But I,” cried he, smiling with the sweetest kindness, “have spoken first myself.”

What a joy to me, what a relief, this very circumstance! it will always lighten any evil that may, unhappily, follow this proposed step.

MONDAY, MAY 30TH.—This evening I obtained leave to make my first visit, from Court, to Lady Mary Duncan. I was really glad to see her again, and very kindly received, though not with the same cordial openness as when I came from St. Martin’s-street. She is a professed enemy of the Court, and it manifests no little remnant of original kindness that she will any longer even endure me.

She had an excellent concert, but I could only hear its opening! I was obliged to return home after the first song of Pacchierotti, which he sang in his first manner, with every sweetness of expression and sensibility that human powers can give the human voice.

Very few of my old friends were there; I think only Mr. Nicholls and Miss Farquhar. My father presented me to the new Duchess of Dorset, who seems to assume nothing upon her new dignity.

I have not, I believe, mentioned a correspondence in which I was engaged with Mr. Cambridge some time ago? It was one extremely pleasant to me; he sent me several fragments of poems, all upon the subject of the French Revolution, and wrote the kindest notes or letters to enclose them. His very excellent “Progress of Liberty” I am sure you have seen. His constant trust, and friendship, and affection are amongst my most cherished comforts, and, indeed, I must own, amongst my greatest astonish-

ments ; for so little I now see him, so seldom, so precariously, and with such difficulty to himself, that I am perpetually preparing myself for perceiving his thoughts about me *oblivionised*. I am very happy to find how far from just has proved hitherto this apprehension. With his daughter I have never that fear ; reliance can go no deeper than mine upon her, founded upon her firm and steady character, which deliberately forms its connexions, but as warmly as permanently adheres to them.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Correspondence—Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney—Miss Burney to Mrs.——
 —Anecdote of the Princess Sophia—A Sailor's notions of Etiquette—Lord
 Chatham and Captain Burney—Character of the proceedings at Hastings's
 Trial—Burke's Speech on the French Revolution—Its effect in the
 House described by Wyndham—Conversation with Wyndham—Mr.
 Courtney—His Pamphlet on the French Revolution—Mrs. Chapone and
 Mrs. Ord—Fox's Speech on Hastings's Trial—The Thrales—Windsor
 Terrace—Mrs. Gwynn—Mrs. Trimmer—Letter from Miss Burney to
 Mrs.———Maternal Solitude—Tragedy by Miss Burney—A Royal
 Birthday at Frogmore—Jacob Bryant—Death of a faithful Servant—An
 unpleasant Dilemma—Correspondence between Miss Burney and Horace
 Walpole—A friendly Cabal—Mr. Wyndham and the Literary Club—
 The Oddities of James Boswell—Edmund Burke—His work on the
 French Revolution—Declining Health of Miss Burney—Her Resignation
 of her Situation at Court—Her Memorial to the Queen—Conclusion
 of the Year 1790.

Mr. Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney.

Cyphenham, June 12, 1790.

DEAR MADAM,

Permit me through your hands most gratefully to make a return to the Queen of the book with which Her Majesty in her great goodness and condescension was pleased to intrust me. It has been read by me with much care, and with equal satisfaction and emolument. For though I trust (as I took the liberty to mention to Her Most Excellent Majesty) that my principles are well founded and determinately fixed, yet the renovation of these truths, and of the arguments in their favour, affords a refreshment to the mind, and is productive of many happy consequences.

It is like the dew from above upon herbs and plants; which, however verdant and well rooted before, yet find a sensible benefit from the heavenly supply.

In this Treatise we have an address from a father to a beloved daughter. But I found at the beginning of it, in manuscript, upon a spare leaf, an address, by another hand, to a daughter equally beloved, and truly noble and excellent. This affected me far more than all the letters of Baron Haller. The piety and parental love, and the affecting solicitude there displayed, absolutely brought tears into my eyes—such tears as flow from a pleasing sensibility, and from those heavenly emotions which we feel when we look up to transcendent goodness dealing out happiness to mankind. Plato says, “If Virtue could appear in a human form, what admiration would she excite!”—I think I have seen that appearance; and have been affected accordingly.

I am, dear Madam,

Your most obliged humble servant,

JACOB BRYANT.

This month opened with the truly afflicting intelligence of the death of my poor Mrs. ——'s little baby! How marked by misfortune is the youth of that lovely mourner! The poor child died last month, though the news reached me the first of this.

Not a little was I surprised by a visit on the same morning from Miss Payne, whom I had not seen since I left St. Martin's-street, nor been able to appoint: however, she came now of her own accord, and brought also Miss Mathias—not our Charlotte's acquaintance, but her cousin.

She came to execute a commission of Mr. Bentham, a stranger to me; who wished me to read the MS. Memoirs of his son, a Colonel in the Russian service, and present, if I approved them, the book to the Queen for perusal. There was no refusing; yet these are always dangerous commissions.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. ——.

Queen's Lodge, Windsor, June 11, 1790.

You were most kind to write again so soon, my sweet M——; very anxious was I to hear—yet hardly dared hope for—words

so very good, of calmness and determined fortitude. I scarce know how to direct to you, but I cannot rest easy without writing.

Most earnestly I hope the sea-scheme will take place. We know, at the worst, how we can meet, and neither of us will be too proud to accept such terms as our fates allow us to make. Half the world relinquish small comforts because disappointed of great ones: you and I must not do that. Indeed to me it will not be enrolled amongst the small ones to see my poor afflicted M—— in any way or manner whatsoever.

Those thoughts which entered your mind at the sight of so much agony with innocence, will not, I am sure, dwell there, and therefore I am not uneasy to hear of them: they hardly were thoughts; they were rather spontaneous feelings, and so natural at such a period of maternal wretchedness, that, believe me, my dearest M——, instead of blaming, I feel persuaded they are pardonable even in the sight of the Most High, so long as they are involuntary, and excited by such extreme anguish as weakens religious principles. The mind may, I trust, be as readily forgiven incapacity at such moments, when deprived of its reasoning faculties, as the body when enfeebled by sickness and infirmity.

To indulge in ruminations of that sort would indeed be reprehensible and presumptuous in the highest degree; for how should we, who never truly and candidly can judge one another, arraign the dispensations, as faulty or needless, of a Providence to our narrow senses unsearchable?

These are reflections which will bear much diffusion. I enlarge upon them for my own use, in every circumstance of calamity, when its first bitterness is past. My dearest M—— will draw them out for herself: she is able, from the goodness of her understanding; and she will be willing, from her veneration of one whose brightest quality, amid so many that were brilliant, was resignation to the will of God.

You are disposed to join in the idea that the little angel looks down upon you; and you finish by thanking God she is now at peace. These two instances satisfy me of what I have said, that the turn of your mind has not varied from right, in faith or sub-

mission, but that your feelings were too strongly stimulated to be under their proper command.

Write to me as soon and as often as you can ; my sympathising thoughts follow you in this unexpected blow with unceasing pity, —my dear, my sweet M——!—Heaven bless you!

May I try to make you smile? I could not help it myself when the other day the Princess Sophia came to my room, and said, "Dear, how sorry I am for poor Mrs. ——! I'm sure I hope she'll soon have another!" as if, so any one was to be had, it would do!

The next morning I went again to the trial of poor Mr. Hastings: Mrs. Ord received from me my companion ticket, kindly giving up the Duke of Newcastle's box to indulge me with her company.

But I must mention an extraordinary circumstance that happened in the last week. I received in a parcel—No I will recite it you as I told it to Mr. Wyndham, who, fortunately, saw and came up to me—fortunately, I say, as the business of the day was very unedifying, and as Mrs. Ord much wished to hear some of his conversation.

He inquired kindly about James and his affairs, and if he had yet a ship; and, to let him see a person might reside in a Court, and yet have no undue influence, I related his proceedings with Lord Chatham, and his laconic letter and interview. The first running thus:—

"MY LORD,—I should be glad of an audience; if your Lordship will be so good to appoint a time, I will wait upon you.

"I am, my Lord,

"Your humble servant,

"JAMES BURNEY."

"And pray," quoth I to James, when he told me this, "did you not say the honour of an audience?"

"No," answered he, "I was civil enough without that; I said, If you will be so good—that was very civil—and honour is quite left off now."

How comic! to run away proudly from forms and etiquettes, and then pretend it was only to be more in the last mode.

Mr. Wyndham enjoyed this characteristic trait very much; and he likes James so well that he deserved it, as well as the interview which ensued.

"How do you do, Captain Burney?"

"My Lord, I should be glad to be employed."

"You must be sensible, Captain Burney, we have many claimants just now, and more than it is possible to satisfy immediately.

"I am very sensible of that, my Lord; but, at the same time, I wish to let your Lordship know what I should like to have—a frigate of thirty-two guns."

"I am very glad to know what you wish, sir."

He took out his pocket-book, made a memorandum, and wished James a good morning.

Whether or not it occurred to Mr. Wyndham, while I told this, that there seemed a shorter way to Lord Chatham, and one more in his own style, I know not: he was too delicate to let such a hint escape, and I would not for the world intrust him with my applications and disappointments.

"But I have found," cried I afterwards, "another newspaper praise for you now. 'Mr. Wyndham, with his usual vein of irony.'"

"Oh, yes," cried he, "I saw that! But what can it mean?—I use no 'vein of irony'—I dislike it, except for peculiar purposes, keenly handled, and soon passed over."

"Yet this is the favourite panegyric you receive continually; this, or logic, always attends your name in the newspapers."

"But do I use it?"

"Nay, not to me, I own. As a manner, I never found it out, at least. However, I am less averse now than formerly to the other panegyric—close logic; for I own the more frequently I come hither the more convinced I find myself that that is no character of commendation to be given universally."

He could say nothing to this; and really the dilatory, desultory style of these prosecutors in general deserved a much deeper censure.

"If a little closeness of logic and reasoning were observed by one I look at now, what a man would he be, and who could compare with him!"

Mr. Burke you are sure was here my object; and his entire, though silent and unwilling assent was obvious.

"What a speech," I continued, "has he lately made! how noble, how energetic, how enlarged throughout!"

"Oh," cried he, very unaffectedly, "upon the French Revolution?"

"Yes; and any party might have been proud of it, for liberality, for feeling, for all in one—genius. I, who am only a reader of detached speeches, have read none I have thought its equal."

"Yet, such as you have seen it, it does not do him justice. I was not in the House that day; but I am assured the actual speech, as he spoke it at the moment, was highly superior to what has since been printed. There was in it a force—there were shades of reflection so fine—allusions so quick and so happy—and strokes of satire and observation so pointed and so apt—that it had ten times more brilliancy when absolutely extemporary than when transmitted to paper."

"Wonderful, wonderful! He is a truly wonderful creature!"

And, alas, thought I, as wonderful in inconsistency as in greatness!

In the course of a discussion more detailed upon his faculties, I ventured to tell him what impression they had made upon James, who was with me during one of the early long speeches. "I was listening," I said, "with the most fervent attention to such strokes of eloquence as, while I heard them, carried all before them, when my brother pulled me by the sleeve to exclaim, 'When will he come to the point?'"

The justness, notwithstanding its characteristic conciseness, of this criticism, I was glad thus to convey. Mr. Wyndham, however, would not subscribe to it; but, with a significant smile, coolly said,

"Yes, 'tis curious to hear a man of war's ideas of rhetoric."

"Well," quoth I, to make a little amends, "shall I tell you a compliment he paid you?"

"Me?"

"Yes. '*He* speaks to the purpose,' he cried."

Some time after, with a sudden recollection, he eagerly exclaimed, "Oh, I knew I had something I wished to tell you! I was the other day at a place to see Stuart's Athenian architecture, and whom do you think I met in the room?"

I could not guess.

"Nay, 'tis precisely what you will like—Mr. Hastings!"

"Indeed!" cried I, laughing, "I must own I am extremely glad to hear it. I only wish you could both meet without either knowing the other."

"Well, we behaved extremely well, I assure you; and looked each as if we had never seen one another before. I determined to let you know it."

"I also," quoth I, "have something to say to you; something, too, which perhaps to you may be intelligible, though to me perfectly incomprehensible."

How he stared!

"The other day, when I came home from Westminster Abbey, I found upon my table a present; not from any friend, not from any acquaintance, not even from a person whom I had ever beheld a moment, or whom I knew, even through any third person; but to you I think it likely he may be known—perhaps, indeed, intimately."

He really could not speak for wonderment.

"It was, in short, from Mr. Courtenay*—his '*Treatise on the French Revolution*.'"

Surprise, I saw, did not subside entirely, though curiosity was now no more; but he was still silent.

* John Courtenay, was born in Ireland in 1731. He was Secretary to the Marquis of Townshend when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and was subsequently chosen Member of Parliament for Tamworth in 1780, in 1784, and 1790. In 1783 he was appointed Surveyor of the Ordnance and Secretary to the Master-General, and in 1806 was one of the Commissioners of the Treasury. He was M.P. for the borough of Appleby from 1796 to 1812. In 1816 he died. Besides his "*Philosophical Reflections on the late Revolution in France*," (the work alluded to in the Diary), he published, in 1786, "*A Poetical Review of the Literary and Moral Character of Dr. Johnson*," and several other works, chiefly in verse.

"As I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Courtenay, nor any way of knowing him, you may suppose how much I was astonished. I concluded it some mistake."

"No one but you would have concluded that," was his civil interruption.

"Yes, I thought the printer sent it to a wrong person; but when I saw on the title-page, 'From the Author,' I was staggered. Hear, however, my mistake in consequence. I read the title-page, and finding it a political pamphlet, I next concluded it was sent to me by way of being laid in sight of the higher powers."

He began now to look as curious as ever.

"But I must here repeat what I have before told you, which is perfectly true, though perhaps you may never have heard anything so perfectly silly. I read and inquire so little into politics, that when any parliamentary debates come in my way I read only the detached speeches of those who are some way known to me. From this it had happened that I was really and actually ignorant of Mr. Courtenay's political creed; I only knew, in general, that he was a man of wit and satire; nothing further. Think, then, of my surprise at my own mistaken conjecture. Believe me, I had not read through the first page before I completely acquitted him of any, the most remote, idea of my presenting his pamphlet to the higher powers."

He found it impossible to look grave, but he would not speak a word.

"I then formed a new surmise; I supposed there might be occasional episodes from the given subject, and such a mixture of general information and literature, that he had sent it me for my instruction and entertainment in the parts not political. I have received an infinity of both in political speeches of Mr. Burke, without any reference to their main purport. I began, therefore, to look it over now with this new suggestion; but no—I soon found my second mistake as egregious as my first: 'tis all of one colour—and such a colour! Church, State, politics, and religion,—I know not which is treated worst."

"Indeed!" cried he, frankly; "I do not defend him. I do not go so far, not by any means."

"I am glad," I cried, "to hear it, but not surprised. However, I had soon done with it altogether, when I came to the passage, so scoffingly put, of 'a Prince of the House of Brunswick suffering for our sins.' Away went the book in hearty indignation, and I have looked at it no more. Why he should send it to me is truly unfathomable to me. I should again think my name written on it by mistake, could I suggest any other person in that house more likely to be meant; but really that I cannot do."

He looked so archly satisfied of the truth of this, that he had no need to speak.

"All my fear," I added, "is, that he thinks me a rebel at heart."

"Oh, no; he only wished you to read him."

"Indeed! if he does think so, he is very much mistaken."

I spoke this very gravely, not at all caring if he repeats it to him. 'Tis all the thanks I shall put in his way; though, if ever I meet him, in his own style of sarcasm I may give him a few more.

We then entered into a criticism upon his manner of writing. I told him it was all irony from period to period, as far as I had examined; and it was rather wearisome than poignant when thus spun on. "True," answered he; "a lady of my acquaintance admirably said of it, 'tis a copy of Bunbury's "Long Minuet,"—'tis a long joke. But I do not like that strain beyond an occasional word or sentence; 'tis a perversion of the real use of language, and the power and right meaning of words in time lose all their force and justness. Courtenay has acquired this habit so strongly, that he ceases to be even aware when using it or not."

He was soon after called away to the managers' cell by Mr. Burke, with whom I saw him engaged in so animated a conversation, that I imagined some great speech or business impending. However, 'twas no such thing; nothing was either said or done of any moment.

My good Mrs. Ord brought me home, and I had appointed to meet her at Mrs. Chapone's in the evening. But the Queen was indisposed; and though well enough to see a small party, I

thought it indecorous to propose going out myself, and could not stir without licence, according to my bond; therefore I disappointed myself, Mrs. Ord, and Mrs. Chapone, and whoever else was kind enough to expect me with any earnestness.

I was, nevertheless, called upon to give my narrative of the trial to their Majesties and the Princesses in a body; and then to my Royal Mistress separately, who declared I should certainly go again, wherever I might be, even from Windsor. I am happy my accounts afford her this little interest.

Her indisposition, thank Heaven, was slight, and the birthday had its usual splendour. But I shall not repeat any descriptions. I will not be worse than the poet-laureates—echo and re-echo annual flourishes without necessity.

In my drawing-room I saw only sundries of the household, Charles and his Rosette: and at night I went to the Chamberlain's Gallery with Charles.

I had two most affectionate little epistles from Mrs. Chapone before I left town, relative to the disappointed evening; they gave me very sincere pleasure.

The day after the birthday I had again a visit from Mrs. Fairly. I was in the midst of packing, and breakfasting, and confusion; for we left town immediately, to return no more till next year, except to St. James's for the drawing-room. However, I made her as welcome as I was able, and she was more soft and ingratiating in her manners than I ever before observed her. I apologised two or three times for not waiting upon her, representing my confined abilities for visiting.

I left town with a very deep concern upon my mind for my poor Columb, who was very ill, and unable to accompany me to Windsor. Dr. Gisburne and Mr. Devaynes mutually promised me to attend him, and I sent Goter to give him whatever of comfort or assistance from myself he could receive.

We fell immediately into our usual Windsor life, which I shall not undertake to new-set for your inspection. The old setting will amply suffice.

Colonel Gwynn was in waiting, and General Budé in almost constant residence. Generals Grenville and Harcourt, Colonels

Manners and Goldsworthy, and once Mr. Fairly, were the occasional visitors.

The Queen sent me to town on the next day's trial at Westminster Hall, to hear the summing up of Mr. Fox. I stopped at Hammersmith for Charles, who accompanied me. It was well we were together, for the business of the day was extremely heavy, and disappointed all hearers.

It was an oration without any effect whatsoever, bringing home neither conviction, nor delight, nor information to my ears.

Soon after the Ascot races began. The Royal Family all went, and Lord Chesterfield good-humouredly offered his carriage to Miss Planta and me, which the Queen bid us accept. There again I saw Mr. Crutchley, and heard a little of all the Thrales, whom I am always glad to inquire after by every possible opportunity. The daughters were at Tunbridge; the mother was at Streatham. Much I wonder she can there flatter herself with regaining any happiness. I should have thought it the seat of merely bitter recollections.

The Queen, in the kindest manner, when we went to town for the drawing-room, lent me her keys, to get, from her book-case at her own house, Henry's "History of England," as I had expressed a great disposition to read it.

There are four volumes quarto, and may, perhaps, be four more; she has permitted me to keep the whole as long as I please, so that I read at my leisure. I am extremely satisfied with the plan upon which it is written, which separates the military from the civil government, and the history of the church from that of general learning, arts, customs, and manners; so as to form seven complete histories of every given period, each of them distinct from the other, though chronologically similar.

Windsor, Queen's Lodge.

JULY.—At the chapel, about this time, while I was hurrying through a crowd to get home in time for the Queen, a kind but abrupt voice, which I instantly recollected as that of Dr. Lort,*

* Dr. Michael Lort, was born in Pembrokeshire in 1725. He was Rector successively of St. Matthew, Friday Street, and of Fulham. He died a short time after the above meeting in 1790.

called aloud after me, "Here, Miss Burney!" I turned back, and saw, with great pleasure, his good and very original physiognomy. He immediately introduced me to his wife. She seems a most light and merry-hearted dame, who has every quality that can make the good Doctor happy, in good humour, extreme high spirits, a careless disposition, and a passionate fondness for himself.

As I could not request the pleasure of seeing them in my apartment without previous regulation, I promised to meet them upon the Terrace in the evening.

This, accordingly, accompanied by Miss Planta, I effected. Mrs. Lort joined me instantly; she was walking with Mrs. Douglas, at whose house, at the Deanery, they were now on a visit; but she passed by the ceremony of keeping with her, and trotted me on, to chat more at ease, and be more at liberty, leaving poor Mrs. Douglas to manage her lameness and her stick as well as she could. When I remonstrated, she said it was too tiresome to drawl along with such slow people, and begged me not to mind her. I laughed at her easy humour, but now and then contrived an occasional rejoinder, till Dr. Shepherd fell into the suite of Mrs. Douglas: Mrs. Lort then said it was quite insupportable—that they were both so slow, that they might crawl on very well together, but she desired to have nothing more to do with them, as she really wished an opportunity to make more acquaintance with me, which they prodigiously interrupted. She knew me already, she added, so well, from Miss Cambridge, that she had no patience with letting such slugs come in the way of our progress.

I was really very much diverted with her comical frankness. But her Doctor we lost. I suppose some old shattered fragment of a falling chimney or cornice, in some unfrequented part of the Round Tower, or the ancient Castle, had crossed his eye, curious in every species of antiquity, and difficult in none, and had made him forget his appointment.

Who should Madame La Fite bring up to present me to, on the Terrace, but "Miss Vilkes!" She had engaged her to spend a fortnight at Windsor, and would fain have introduced her here;

but I must have fewer occasions than at present for exertions, to make any for total strangers; though I really respect all I have heard of Miss Wilkes, who seems to have conducted herself with admirable prudence in situations the most difficult.

The fourth Sunday Mr. Hutton appeared, and he came to my room at once, with an honest, straightforward security of the welcome he really found.

A far fairer visitor—a better there hardly can be—took the same method twice, in evenings during the absence of Madame Schwellenberg—Mrs. Gwynn. This beautiful woman, who idolises her husband, takes every opportunity in her power to see him when he is in waiting: she made a fortnight's visit at St. Leonard's, at Mrs. Harecourt's, and thence came to me for these two evenings, all of which, except the half-hour or so that the Colonel joined us, we spent alone.

She has associated much with certain seditious spirits, who inveigh against all breaches of freedom; and she talked over the confined situation in which she saw a friend of yours, till she grew quite melancholy. Her chief instigator is Sir Joshua Reynolds.

You will wonder to hear that one evening, at Kew, I received a visit from Miss ——. She wrote me most pressing notes to renew acquaintance, as she could come to me at any hour and day I would appoint. There were reasons, respecting her connections, which made this no difficult matter to arrange. She came early, and stayed late; we were quite alone; she flung aside the fine lady and a world of shallow affectation, and was sociable, good-humoured, and desirous to please; so we did mighty well. But the cultivation she begged might ensue—that indeed requires a larger garden than I have yet planted.

Mrs. Trimmer* came to Windsor one morning, and had a

* Sarah Trimmer, was born at Ipswich in 1741. She was the daughter of Mr. Joshua Kirby, Clerk of the works at Kew Palace, who had instructed some of the younger branches of the Royal Family in drawing. Mrs. Trimmer's works are exclusively written for young folks. She died in 1810.

private audience of Her Majesty. What honour do not those persons merit from the heads of that nation for which they forward actual reformation! She desired to see me, through Miss Planta, with whom she has been long acquainted. I invited her into my room, and sat with her till summoned away. We had begun some intercourse a year or two ago, through an application I made to her for a spinning wheel for my dearest Fredy. This served to open our discourses: however, she is so unaffected, mild, pleasing, and placid in her manners and conversation, that there was not the least difficulty in setting aside our mutual strangeness. I respect so highly her benevolence of character, and beneficence of conduct, that I was happy to be enrolled in the list of her acquaintances. She has since written to me, and warmly expressed her desire of our further meeting, and of seeing me at Brentford, when the Royal Family are so near as Kew. If I should be able to settle it, I shall be very willing.

Miss Burney to Mrs.——

Queen's Lodge, Windsor, August 6th, 1790.

The sad turn of your thoughts softens without surprising me, the misfortune was so unexpected; nevertheless, the religious view in which your melancholy places it convinces me your grief will give way, when it can, and not be nourished repiningly or without effort. How, how shall I wish and pray, my dearest M., that a scene of new and permanent maternal comfort may repay, in some measure, your past afflictions, and awaken and enliven you to new happiness! I only fear the terror you will conceive from every possible alarm may lessen the coming consolation, by increasing its anxiety. Endeavour, my dear friend, endeavour, *d'avance*, to prepare your mind for a confidence without which you can enjoy nothing, and which, without exertion, will now surely fly you.

A singular instance of the unhappiness of wanting this confidence has lately fallen under my eyes. The mother of a very fine child felt and indulged a solicitude so great that, by degrees, it became a part of her existence; she was never without it,—in

presence, in absence, in sickness, in health,—no matter which,—prosperity and adversity made no difference; and the anxiety grew to such a height that she is now threatened with a consumption herself from no other cause. You know, and may perhaps divine her. She used to walk out by the side of the nurse with a watch in her hand, to measure, to a minute, the exact time it spent in the air. She started forward to meet every passenger, and examine their appearance, before she suffered the child to proceed in its walk; and turned it to the right to avoid one face, and presently back to the left that it might not see another. She rose in the dead of night to go and look at it; she quitted all society two or three times in a visit, to examine it; and, in short, she made herself, her husband, and all her friends miserable by this constant distrust and apprehension, and is now, in a languishing and declining state, sent southward to try the change of air for herself, while all the time the child is one of the most healthy, beautiful, and robust I ever saw in my life.

What a world is this! can one help to exclaim, when the first of blessings can thus be rendered a scourge to our friends and an infelicity to ourselves? For this lady, who, happy in her conjugal fate, had no wish but for a child, has never known a tranquil day since her boon has been granted.

Heaven shield you from such sufferings henceforth! Give me your best compliments to Mr. —, and write when you can to your truly, truly affectionate

F. B.

Queen's Lodge, Windsor, August, 1790.

As I have only my almanac memorandums for this month, I shall hasten immediately to what I think my dear partial readers will find most to their taste in the course of it.

Know then, fair ladies, about the middle of this August, 1790, the author finished the rough first draught and copy of her first tragedy. What species of a composition it may prove she is very unable to tell; she only knows it was an almost spontaneous

work, and soothed the melancholy of imagination for a while, though afterwards it impressed it with a secret sensation of horror, so like real woe, that she believes it contributed to the injury her sleep received about this period.

Nevertheless, whether well or ill, she is pleased to have done something at last, she had so long lived in all ways as nothing.

You will smile, however, at my next trust; but scarce was this completed,—as to design and scenery I mean, for the whole is in its first rough state, and legible only to herself,—scarce, however, had this done with imagination, to be consigned over to correction, when imagination seized upon another subject for another tragedy.

The first therefore I have deposited in my strong-box, in all its imperfections, to attend to the other; I well know correction may always be summoned, imagination never will come but by choice. I received her, therefore, a welcome guest,—the best adapted for softening weary solitude, where only coveted to avoid irksome exertion.

The first day of this month, Sunday, I had the two beautiful sisters, Mrs. Gwynn and Mrs. Bunbury, to tea. Mrs. Schwellenberg was absent on a visit to Mrs. Hastings. These sisters look still in their first bloom. Their husbands were both here. We had a cheerful evening; Miss Gomme was with me also. When I am thus in my reign she comes frequently; she has much more mind than I have commonly observed fall to official lot.

On the 6th was the Princess Amelia's birthday. It was ushered in by a breakfast at a new small house which the Queen has just purchased at Frogmore, about half a mile from Windsor. The Princess Elizabeth was ordered there early to prepare for the King's reception, who, with the Queen and the rest of the Princesses, went to early prayers. Miss Planta attended the Princess till the Royal arrival, and Her Majesty graciously commissioned Her Royal Highness to gratify me with a sight of these preparations. She is always happy when permitted to show her native obligingness. We were there a full hour before the King, &c., came. The apartments were dressed out in flowers, and made very simply pretty and gay. A band of musicians were

stationed in a long bower running across the garden, who struck up 'God save the King' as His Majesty entered the house. The whole was very elegant, and fitted to the innocence and youth of the sweet little Princess whose birth it celebrated.

I placed one of my fairing work-baskets, with its implements, on a table, ready for her little Royal Highness, with the leave of Princess Elizabeth, who smilingly put her own cadeau, a bon-bonnière, into the basket, that her sister might see them together. In whatever she does there is a most captivating condescension.

I had worked with them all, the Queen herself superintending, the day before, in forwarding the decorations.

A select party of company were invited upon the occasion to the breakfast: the titled part of the females were admitted to the Royal table, the others had a similar repast in an adjoining apartment.

At noon, according to a negotiation in which I had been prime agent, Mr. Bryant brought from Cypenham a beautiful small spaniel, which he was allowed to carry himself to Frogmore, and present to the Princess. I believe she had no cadeau that gave her equal delight

We had all much interest about this time in the welfare of the dear little Princess, who was inoculated. Thank Heaven! all prospered, and she suffered nothing.

Lord Harcourt, the Queen's new Master of the Horse, spent a week here, and made me a very long visit one day, in which we discussed the merits of Mr. Mason, Mrs. Macaulay, and divers republicans, with tolerable ease for courtiers! He was of late a chief of their clan. I was not surprised to hear afterwards, from Lady Harcourt, that they had not received a letter from Mr. Mason for the last three months; yet she told it as a matter of wonder.

Sadly, and therefore briefly, shall I conclude the anecdotes of this month. My poor excellent Columb, half recovered, precipitately followed me to Windsor, where he grew worse and worse; he was attended by Dr. Gisburne,* who at this time resided in Windsor, to watch the Princess Amelia, just inoculated. Mr.

* Physician to his Majesty's Household.

Keate, the surgeon, here also for the same reason, did what was possible for him; but the conclusion was, sending him, by the interest and kindness of Dr. Gisburne, to St. George's Hospital, as his disorder called for the constant attendance of a surgeon; it was a swelling upon the liver.

He was extremely willing, nay eager to go, from a persuasion he should there recover. I had proposed his trying the native air of Switzerland, but he was miserable at the thoughts of going away; I had then offered him a quiet lodging at Clewer, a village near Windsor, but he could not bear to leave the place in which the mistress to whom he had so kindly attached himself resided; nor would he agree to any plan but that of the hospital.

I obtained permission of Lady Courtown to let her Lord's butler accompany him to the hospital. This butler is his countryman and intimate friend, M. Cuenod, and a very worthy man. I sent them in a chaise, with a charge to travel slow, and three letters of recommendation from Dr. Gisburne.

He had already kept his bed two days, but I desired to see him before he went, and I sent Goter to him, with a stamped receipt for settling his wages with her, that I might not fatigue him when he came to take leave of me. He refused this, sent me back the receipt, and told Goter he wanted no money, and should beg me to keep some which he had by him already.

This was not pleasant; all money transactions have some portion of distaste to me, though I little foresaw what would follow a compliance I could not refuse.

The poor good creature came to me in his way to the chaise; he looked like death, yet was in good hopes and spirits. I said whatever I could suggest to encourage and comfort him. He expressed himself in terms of such strong attachment that he quite melted me with sorrow and compassion; he again refused his wages, and brought me, in a paper, ten guineas to keep for him. I drew up a receipt and acknowledgment of the whole; he would not take it—I insisted. He trembled all over with emotion and extreme feebleness, and probably with pain, as he said,—“No, ma'am, I won't take it! You know what it is, and I know what it is; and if I live I'm sure you won't wrong me; and if I don't,

nobody else sha'n't have it ; for neither father, nor mother, nor any relation that I have, has ever been so kind to me as you have been !”

In short, my dear friends, he left me neither more nor less than deluged in tears ; for a testimony so simple and so affecting, of regard from a poor man scarce able to stand, and looking already fit for a shroud ! It seemed as if further resistance would break his heart, in his present enfeebled state. I only gave him my best wishes, with a solemn promise to keep his place open for his return, and never to hire any servant but by the week so long as he lived, till he was able to come back to me himself.

This pleased him, and, with the kindest expressions of thankfulness, he set off for the hospital.

I sent after him a message, however, that I had sealed up his wages and his savings, and had written upon them what and whose they were, that, if any accident happened to me, my sister might restore the money to the right claimant, without confusion or doubt.

I heard the next day, through M. Cnenod, that the poor man bore the journey better than could have been expected, and was settled much to his satisfaction.

Dr. Gisburne promised me to superintend, and Mr. Keate to see him from time to time. Mr. Keate, also, to show he meant to take some trouble, came to me with a request I would canvass the Provost of Eton, Dr. Roberts, concerning a living for his brother. I told him my little right to such an application ; but for the sake of my poor Columb, I would refuse nothing demanded of me. I therefore posted to Eton ; but though I met with every civility from the Provost, I found the request was of a nature impracticable for consent, as it opposed the fixed rules of the College. So I was only paid for the difficult, nay arduous, to me, exertion of asking a favour, by manifesting to Mr. Keate my readiness to allow claim for claim.

You may imagine I made continual inquiries how the poor man went on, but no accounts were promising which reached me during the month.

SEPTEMBER.—I must immediately proceed to the melancholy but only interest of this month—my poor Columb. After various accounts concerning him, I received on the 15th a letter, informing me, in his own name, that he was so much recovered he hoped soon to return to me.

Quite happy in this wished-for news, I prepared William Moss, a former servant of Mrs. Schwollenberg, whom I had hired for the present, to leave me, and flattered myself a few days would restore to me this good and faithful creature: but a few days told another tale! I was just come in one evening from calling upon Madame de la Fite, who was ill, when Mrs. Schwollenberg's man informed me Columb was dying; the King's hobby-groom had called at the hospital, and heard he was given over!

Equally disappointed and concerned, I sent immediately for M. Cuenod, Lord Courtown's butler, and entreated him to go early the next morning to the hospital, and to see his poor countryman and hear his last wishes, and inquire if he was properly attended, and carry him my sincerest good wishes, and earnest desire to know his own, both for while he lived and for after, if he should be survived by me. Every caution to prevent giving him any shock by this message I strongly inculcated, and M. Cuenod seems a good and tender-hearted man.

At six o'clock the next morning he left Windsor. He returned again at night. He told me poor Columb would not allow himself to be in any such danger, but persisted he should soon see me himself; nor would he hear of any regulation as to his affairs, angrily saying, "Everything was settled, and if it were a thousand pounds it should not be altered."

You will not wonder I was extremely affected by this persevering manifestation of extraordinary regard. I had already shown M. Cuenod the paper I had drawn up;—we agreed nothing more could be now done; but he told me of two sisters in Switzerland, of whom I had not before heard, and I determined, if the poor man died without further injunctions or directions, to transmit to them all he should leave.

He had also, at my desire, left orders with a M. Huguenon another Swiss friend, to superintend his affairs, and when all was

over see that his poor remains were decently interred, and every attention paid that seemed right and kind.

I heard of him still daily for three days more. The morning of this third day I had a message from him of his duty, and he hoped to see me soon ; in the evening—another account !—he was dead !

My intelligencer was this M. Huguenon, who is a perfumer. He told me poor Columb, in the last quarter of an hour, desired to leave everything to his sisters. He certainly meant everything of his wearing apparel, watches, &c., for what money he had left in my hands he would never tell anybody ; purposely, M. Cuenod says, that no one might have any claim upon me !

I told M. Huguenon how it all stood, and that all should be forthwith sent over to Switzerland, when the clothes, &c., were sold. I gave him an order to Kew and the Queen's house, as well as here at Windsor, for searching and collecting all his poor chattels.

A fortnight after we went as usual to Kew previous to the Thursday's drawing-room ; and here a letter was brought me upstairs by Goter from Mr. Burney, telling me he sent another from his friend Mr. Ffrye, recommending to my assistance one Peter Bayond, as heir and executor of my late servant, Jacob Columb ! The accompanying letter from Mr. Ffrye was to the same purpose.

I can by no means tell you my astonishment at this Peter Bayond's hardy attempt, nor my horror at what I was completely convinced must be a forgery. Poor Columb had no possible motive to make such a will in private and in secret ; and in public and openly he had repeatedly declared all I have already related.

Expecting something unpleasant might ensue, and firmly persuaded of this executor's perjury, I desired Mr. de Luc to be so good as to be present at my admitting him ; for he had brought the letter himself. At first, indeed, I was strongly tempted to refuse seeing him ; but when I considered my belief in his baseness was without proof, I felt I had no right to decline hearing him speak for himself.

In he came, looking precisely like one of the Irish chairmen

in "The Jealous Wife," who attempt to smuggle away old Russet; black and all black—dress, hair, and countenance; sturdy strong, decided, and ill-marked were his face and figure, yet perplexed, stammering, and uncertain his speech; he had a thick stick in his hand, and his whole appearance was really tremendous.

He produced the will; every word showed its falsehood more strongly. It left James Columb, a cousin, who resides with Mr. Walpole, joint heir: it specified nothing; the will might have served for any man of any fortune in any kingdom.

I asked why he held it back so long.

He answered, he had written to me a week ago.

I found he had spelt my name Burnet, and the letter had missed me.

"Even then," I cried, "my servant had been dead a week. Why did you not immediately send?"

He had waited to prove the will.

There could be no occasion for that in so small a concern if there were no doubt of its validity. Proved, however, it was, and signed and sealed at Doctors' Commons!

After much discussion, the result was, that he should meet M. Huguenon at my apartment at St. James's the next day.

The next day I had a message from James Columb, charging me not to pay this man, whom he believed a cheat, and honestly declining to share in any such perjury; but persisting all should go to the sisters.

I was pleased to see my good Columb had left a relation of worth so like his own.

This miserable being never came. He durst not face M. Huguenon, who knew him well, and who begged me to pay no regard to him, as he was a man of the very worst character, though also a Swiss.

I then settled with this M. Huguenon, and Mr. de Luc and my father, to pay nothing further but to Philip or James Columb, both servants of Mr. Walpole. Here the matter rested till October.

For the miscellanies of this month I have no memorandums. The only pleasant part of it is well known to you, unrecorded.

I was obliged to receive Mr. Bentham, in order to soften returning to him his son's MS. Memoirs unviewed. I think I have mentioned Her Majesty declined looking at them from prudential motives. He made a very long visit, and seemed perfectly good-humoured and well satisfied; he appears to be a very worthy, open-hearted, cheerful, and happy character. He settled "much future acquaintance" by bringing me acquainted with Mrs. Bentham!—O, very much, thought I,—nothing so easy!

Queen's Lodge, Windsor.

OCTOBER.—I open again with my poor Columb. How little did he imagine his singular kindness would involve me in such difficulties! but, as I heard from M. Cuenod, he certainly resolved against telling any one what money was in my hands, that there might be no claim upon me. Worthy, affectionate creature!—how often and how long shall I miss him!

I had been returned here but a short time when I received a letter from an attorney, Mr. F. Matthews, desiring me to pay forthwith to Peter Bayond the sum in my hands of the late Jacob Columb!

It was now necessary to apply to the cousins. I therefore took the courageous step of addressing myself to Mr. Walpole himself, that through him I might act with them. His former kindness to me was a secret stimulus to assure me he would not take amiss such a call upon his remembrance and his time.

I opened my cause thus—or to this effect:—

"If Mr. Walpole has still the goodness to remember an old acquaintance, long lost to all apparent claim for that honour, he is requested to spare his servant, James Columb, to call at her apartment next Thursday, at St. James's Palace, about two o'clock; as she wishes to learn from said James Columb what he would have her do with the small sum of money still remaining in her hands of her late servant, Jacob Columb, his cousin. She received his message ten days ago requiring her not to pay it to

one Peter Bayond, but this morning she has had a letter from an attorney with reverse directions."

Thus you see I came to the point in a very business-like manner. But, as I thought he might have more acquaintance at St. James's Palace than one, I concluded it would not be amiss to intimate a little who addressed him—which I did in a rather quaint way, somewhat suited to Strawberry Hill, as thus:—"And, now, can Mr. Walpole pardon this abrupt and troublesome intrusion from one who seemed at least consigned to silence and quiet?—she will not say to oblivion, lest a quotation should occur for an answer: 'Seemed, madam? nay, you were!' She trusts, however, there can be no local impropriety in bringing herself again to life, purely to speak for the dead; yet her courage of renovation does not amount to expecting a place in the memory of Mr. Walpole, without calling to its aid that she has the honour to be, &c., &c.,

F. BURNEY."

Never was quaintness so successful. A letter filled with the most flattering kindness was brought to me at St. James's by his servant, Philip Columb. I shall show it you when we meet, as it is too long to copy: but there is one paragraph at the conclusion so striking in this present juncture, that I am tempted to put aside my blushes, and give it you at once; especially as it was read, with singular opportuneness, by my dearest father. After the business part, this follows:—

"As this will come to you by my servant, give me leave to add another word on your most unfounded idea that I can forget you, because it is almost impossible for me even to meet you. Believe me, I heartily regret that privation, but would not repine, were your situation, either in point of fortune or position, equal in any degree to your merit. But were your talents given to be buried in obscurity? You have retired from the world to a closet at Court—where, indeed, you will still discover mankind, though not disclose it; for if you could penetrate its characters in the earliest glimpse of its superficies, will it escape your piercing eye when it shrinks from your inspection, knowing that you have the mirror of truth in your pocket?—I will not embarrass you by saying more, nor would have you take notice

of or reply to what I have said : judge, only, that feeling hearts reflect, not forget. Wishes that are empty look like vanity ;— my vanity is to be thought capable of esteeming you as much as you deserve, and to be reckoned, though a very distant, a most *sincere* friend,—and give me leave to say, dear madam, your most obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE."

"Strawberry Hill, October, '90."

It was not only pleasure I received from this extreme kindness, but real use : such an expression as that I have marked under, from such a man, operated most powerfully upon a loved paternal heart, that, from time to time, is strengthened in its plans by assurances of approbation from those whose opinion is of weight, and worthy of counterbalancing such worldly wights as will probably start up in censure, wonder, and objecting.

In my answer to Mr. Walpole, I told him that, even from that closet in which he had deposited me, I could look for truth in words, and expect there might be meaning in professions ; therefore, I ventured to rely upon his sincerity, and crave his advice how to proceed. I then stated the case more fully.

I received from him the kindest of answers immediately, offering to join his own security with his servant's, to insure me from ever more being troubled upon this subject, and protesting that if, at any time, I could employ him "in any great or little service, it was a happiness I owed him," and finishing with warmest and most cordial professions of a regard with which I am extremely flattered.

You will not want to be told that I declined his generous offer of security. I could not bear to involve in any such possible embarrassment a much nearer and dearer friend ; but I thankfully accepted his counsel, and resolved upon paying the whole into the hands of his servants, the Columbs, assuring him, at the same time, that I had now in my possession a security much more valuable to me than any indemnity in money matters, namely, that of the kindness and the remembrance with which he honoured me.

Would you not, now, have supposed this vexatious business,

as far as it regarded me, at an end? No such thing! I had meetings, writings, consultations, torments about it innumerable; and this vile Peter Bayond followed me with incessant menace, though he was afraid and ashamed of encountering M. Huguenon, his countryman.

I was reduced, at last, to entreat my dear father to beg counsel of Mr. Batt. Mr. Batt was just gone to Twickenham! He then kindly applied to Mr. Woodcock, whom I know not, though I was formerly much acquainted with Lady Shelley, his sister, as you may remember from my Brighthelmstone journal.

Mr. Woodcock, with the most pleasant alacrity, undertook the business for me, which he settled, after much trouble and a thousand difficulties, in a manner the most friendly on his own part, though the most mortifying to Mr. Walpole and myself; for Peter Bayond obtained half the property, from persisting he would else sustain a lawsuit, in which Mr. Woodcock assured me I must necessarily be involved in expenses that would double the whole of what my poor servant had left!

The other half the cousin received.

My whole comfort is, that the poor ill-used sisters, at least, had never expected what they thus lost; for poor Columb had been deeply in debt till he lived with me, and they were not upon good terms.

The great kindness of Mr. Walpole has been all my solace for this disturbance.

I could not forbear concluding my letter with telling him that the opinion I enclosed for him had almost petrified me, and that, if such was our chance of *justice* with *law*, we must agree never to relate this little history to the democrats abroad, lest we should all be brought forward to illustrate the necessity of universal Reform, and the National Assembly should echo with all our names!

In his answer he agrees to this in strong terms.

I was ill the whole of this month, though not once with sufficient seriousness for confinement, yet with a difficulty of proceeding as usual so great, that the day was a burthen—or rather,

myself a burthen to the day. A languor so prodigious, with so great a failure of strength and spirit, augmented almost hourly, that I several times thought I must be compelled to excuse my constancy of attendance; but there was no one to take my place, except Miss Planta, whose health is insufficient for her own, and Mlle. Montmollin, to whom such an addition of duty is almost distraction. I could not, therefore, but work on while to work at any rate able.

I now drew up, however, my memorial, or rather, showed it now to my dearest father. He so much approved it, that he told me he would not have a comma of it altered. I will copy it for you. It is as respectful and as grateful as I had words at command to make it, and expressive of strong devotion and attachment; but it fairly and firmly states that my strength is inadequate to the duties of my charge, and, therefore, that I humbly crave permission to resign it, and retire into domestic life. It was written in my father's name and my own.

I had now that dear father's desire to present it upon the first auspicious moment: and O! with what a mixture of impatience and dread unspeakable did I look forward to such an opportunity!

The war was still undecided: still I inclined to wait its issue, as I perpetually brought in my wishes for poor James, though without avail. Major Garth, our last equerry, was raised to a high post in the West Indies, and the rank of Colonel. I recommended James to his notice and regard if they met; and a promise most readily and pleasantly made to seek him out and present him to his brother, the General, if they ever served in the same district, was all, I think, that my Court residence obtained for my marine department of interest!

Meanwhile, one morning at Kew, Miss Cambridge was so much alarmed at my declining state of health that she would take no denial to my seeing and consulting Mr. Dundas. He ordered me the bark, and it strengthened me so much for awhile, that I was too much recruited for presenting my sick memorial, which I therefore cast aside.

Mrs. Ord spent near a week at Windsor in the beginning of this month. I was ill, however, the whole time, and suffered so much

from my official duties, that my good Mrs. Ord, day after day, evidently lost something of her partiality to my situation, from witnessing fatigues of which she had formed no idea, and difficulties and disagreeabilities in carrying on a week's intercourse, even with so respectable a friend, which I believe she had thought impossible.

Two or three times she burst forth into ejaculations strongly expressive of fears for my health and sorrow at its exhausting calls. I could not but be relieved in my own mind that this much-valued, most maternal friend should thus receive a conviction beyond all powers of representation, that my place was of a sort to require a strength foreign to my make.

She left me in great and visible uneasiness, and wrote to me continually for bills of health. I never yet so much loved her, for, kind as I have always found her, I never yet saw in her so much true tenderness.

In this month, also, I first heard of the zealous exertions and chivalrous intentions of Mr. Wyndham. Charles told me they never met without his denouncing the whole thunders of his oratory against the confinement by which he thought my health injured ; with his opinion that it must be counteracted speedily by elopement, no other way seeming effectual.

But with Charlotte he came more home to the point. Their vicinity in Norfolk occasions their meeting, though very seldom at the house of Mr. Francis, who resents his prosecution of Mr. Hastings, and never returns his visits ; but at assemblies at Aylsham and at Lord Buckingham's dinners they are certain of now and then encountering.

This summer, when Mr. Wyndham went to Felbrig, his Norfolk seat, they soon met at an assembly, and he immediately opened upon his disapprobation of her sister's monastic life, adding, " I do not venture to speak thus freely upon this subject to everybody, but to you I think I may ; at least, I hope it."

Poor dear Charlotte was too full-hearted for disguise, and they presently entered into a confidential cabal, that made her quite disturbed and provoked when hurried away.

From this time, whenever they met, they were pretty much of

a mind. "I cannot see you," he always cried, "without recurring to that painful subject—your sister's situation." He then broke forth in an animated offer of his own services to induce Dr. Burney to finish such a captivity, if he could flatter himself he might have any influence.

Charlotte eagerly promised him the greatest, and he gave her his promise to go to work.

What a noble Quixote! How much I feel obliged to him! How happy, when I may thank him!

He then pondered upon ways and means. He had already sounded my father: "but it is resolution," he added, "not inclination, Dr. Burney wants." After some further reflection, he then fixed upon a plan: "I will set the Literary Club upon him!" he cried: "Miss Burney has some very true admirers there, and I am sure they will all eagerly assist. We will present him a petition—an address."

Much more passed: Mr. Wyndham expressed a degree of interest and kindness so cordial, that Charlotte says she quite longed to shake hands with him; and if any success ever accrues, she certainly must do it.

Frightened, however, after she returned home, she feared our dearest father might unfairly be overpowered, and frankly wrote him a recital of the whole, counselling him to see Mr. Wyndham in private before a meeting at the Club could take place.

And now for a scene a little surprising.

The beautiful chapel of St. George, repaired and finished by the best artists at an immense expense, which was now opened after a very long shutting up for its preparations, brought innumerable strangers to Windsor, and, among others, Mr. Boswell.

This I heard, in my way to the chapel, from Mr. Turbulent, who overtook me, and mentioned having met Mr. Boswell at the Bishop of Carlisle's the evening before. He proposed bringing him to call upon me; but this I declined, certain how little satisfaction would be given here by the entrance of a man so famous for compiling anecdotes. But yet I really wished to see him again, for old acquaintance' sake, and unavoidable amusement from his oddity and good humour, as well as respect for the object

of his constant admiration, my revered Dr. Johnson. I therefore told Mr. Turbulent I should be extremely glad to speak with him after the service was over.

Accordingly, at the gate of the choir, Mr. Turbulent brought him to me. We saluted with mutual glee: his comic-serious face and manner have lost nothing of their wonted singularity; nor yet have his mind and language, as you will soon confess.

"I am extremely glad to see you indeed," he cried, "but very sorry to see you here. My dear ma'am, why do you stay?—it won't do, ma'am! you must resign!—we can put up with it no longer. I told my good host the Bishop so last night; we are all grown quite outrageous!"

Whether I laughed the most, or stared the most, I am at a loss to say; but I hurried away from the cathedral, not to have such treasonable declarations overheard, for we were surrounded by a multitude.

He accompanied me, however, not losing one moment in continuing his exhortations:

"If you do not quit, ma'am, very soon, some violent measures, I assure you, will be taken. We shall address Dr. Burney in a body; I am ready to make the harangue myself. We shall fall upon him all at once."

I stopped him to inquire about Sir Joshua; he said he saw him very often, and that his spirits were very good. I asked about Mr. Burke's book.

"Oh," cried he, "it will come out next week: 'tis the first book in the world, except my own, and that's coming out also very soon; only I want your help."

"My help?"

"Yes, madam; you must give me some of your choice little notes of the Doctor's; we have seen him long enough upon stilts; I want to show him in a new light. Grave Sam, and great Sam, and solemn Sam, and learned Sam—all these he has appeared over and over. Now I want to entwine a wreath of the graces across his brow; I want to show him as gay Sam, agreeable Sam, pleasant Sam: so you must help me with some of his beautiful billets to yourself."

I evaded this by declaring I had not any stores at hand. He proposed a thousand curious expedients to get at them, but I was invincible.

Then I was hurrying on, lest I should be too late. He followed eagerly, and again exclaimed,

“But, ma’am, as I tell you, this won’t do—you must resign off-hand! Why, I would farm you out myself for double, treble the money! I wish I had the regulation of such a farm—yet I am no farmer-general. But I should like to farm you, and so I will tell Dr. Burney. I mean to address him; I have a speech ready for the first opportunity.”

He then told me his “Life of Dr. Johnson” was nearly printed, and took a proof-sheet out of his pocket to show me; with crowds passing and repassing, knowing me well, and staring well at him: for we were now at the iron rails of the Queen’s Lodge.

I stopped; I could not ask him in: I saw he expected it, and was reduced to apologise, and tell him I must attend the Queen immediately.

He uttered again stronger and stronger exhortations for my retreat, accompanied by expressions which I was obliged to cheek in their bud. But finding he had no chance for entering, he stopped me again at the gate, and said he would read me a part of his work.

There was no refusing this; and he began, with a letter of Dr. Johnson to himself. He read it in strong imitation of the Doctor’s manner, very well, and not caricature. But Mrs. Schwellenberg was at her window, a crowd was gathering to stand round the rails, and the King and Queen and Royal Family now approached from the Terrace. I made a rather quick apology, and, with a step as quick as my now weakened limbs have left in my power, I hurried to my apartment.

You may suppose I had inquiries enough, from all around, of “Who was the gentleman I was talking to at the rails?” And an injunction rather frank not to admit him beyond those limits.

However, I saw him again the next morning, in coming from early prayers, and he again renewed his remonstrances, and his petition for my letters of Dr. Johnson.

I cannot consent to print private letters, even of a man so justly celebrated, when addressed to myself: no, I shall hold sacred those revered and but too scarce testimonies of the high honour his kindness conferred upon me. One letter I have from him that is a masterpiece of elegance and kindness united. 'Twas his last.

NOVEMBER.—This month will be very brief of annals; I was so ill, so unsettled, so unhappy during every day, that I kept not a memorandum.

All the short benefit I had received from the bark was now at an end: languor, feverish nights, and restless days were incessant. My memorial was always in my mind; my courage never rose to bringing it from my letter-case. Yet the war was over, the hope of a ship for my brother demolished, and my health required a change of life.

The Queen was all graciousness; and her favour and confidence and smiles redoubled my difficulties. I saw she had no suspicion but that I was hers for life; and, unimportant as I felt myself to her, in any comparison with those for whom I quitted her, I yet knew not how to give her the unpleasant surprise of a resignation for which I saw her wholly unprepared.

It is true my depression of spirits and extreme alteration of person might have operated as a preface; for I saw no one, except my Royal Mistress and Mrs. Schwellenberg, who noticed not the change, or who failed to pity and question me upon my health and my fatigues; but as they alone saw it not, or mentioned it not, that afforded me no resource. And thus, with daily intention to present my petition and conclude this struggle, night always returned with the effort unmade, and the watchful morning arose fresh to new purposes that seemed only formed for demolition. And the month expired as it began, with a desire the most strenuous of liberty and peace, combated by reluctance unconquerable to give pain, displeasure, or distress to my very gracious Royal Mistress.

For the rest, all I can mention is in black unison: the loss of our very amiable cousin, one of the first and greatest favourites of our earliest life, and the affliction of all his disconsolate

family. This was the sadly principal event of this sadly wearing month.

Poor Dr. Lort, too, now breathed his last, from a terrible accident of an overturn in a carriage.

The worthy and every way meriting Mr. Thomas Willis has succeeded him as prebendary of St. Paul's.

Miss Burney to Mrs. —

November 23rd, '90.

I own myself entirely of Mrs. Montagu's opinion about Mr. Burke's book; it is the noblest, deepest, most animated, and exalted work that I think I have ever read. I am charmed to hear its éloge from Mrs. Montagu; it is a tribute to its excellence which reflects high honour on her own candour, as she was one of those the most vehemently irritated against its author but a short time since. How can man, with all his inequalities, be so little resembling to himself at different periods as this man? He is all ways a prodigy,—in fascinating talents, and incomprehensible inconsistencies.

When I read, however, such a book as this, I am apt to imagine the whole of such a being must be right, as well as the parts, and that the time may come when the mists which obscure the motives or incentives to those actions and proceedings which seem incongruous may be chased away, and we may find the internal intention had never been faulty, however ill appearances had supported any claim to right. Have you yet read it? You will find it to require so deep and so entire an attention, that perhaps you may delay it till in more established health; but read it you will, and with an admiration you cannot often feel excited.

We do not expect to go to town till a day or two before the birthday, the 19th of January: would that time suit my dear M——? Indeed I would not for the world it should be deferred any later; and that time will suit me, I believe, as well as any part of the year. You know the uncertainty of all things here.

F. B.

DECEMBER.—Leaving a little longer in the lurch the late months, let me endeavour to give to my beloved friends some account of this conclusion of the year while yet in being.

My loss of health was now so notorious, that no part of the house could wholly avoid acknowledging it; yet was the terrible picquet the catastrophe of every evening, though frequent pains in my side forced me, three or four times in a game, to creep to my own room for hartshorn and for rest. And so weak and faint I was become, that I was compelled to put my head out into the air, at all hours, and in all weathers, from time to time, to recover the power of breathing, which seemed not seldom almost withdrawn.

Her Majesty was very kind during this time, and the Princesses interested themselves about me with a sweetness very grateful to me; indeed, the whole household showed compassion and regard, and a general opinion that I was falling into a decline ran through the establishment. Miss Planta was particularly attentive and active to afford me help and advice; Mdlle. Montmollin's eyes glistened when we met; Miss Goldsworthy declared she thought my looks so altered as scarcely to be known again; Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave enjoined me earnestly to ask leave for respite and recruit, lest the Queen should lose me entirely by longer delay; Miss Gomme honestly protested she thought it became a folly to struggle on any longer against strength and nature; Mr. De Luc was so much struck with the change as to tell the Queen herself that a short and complete retirement from attendance seemed essential to my restoration; and even Mr. Turbulent himself called one day upon me, and frankly counselled me to resign at once, for, in my present state, a life such as that I led was enough to destroy me.

Thus there seemed about my little person a universal commotion; and it spread much further, amongst those I have never or slightly mentioned. You will not, therefore, be surprised to hear that my true and faithful friend Mrs. De Luc partook so largely in the general alarm as to come to me, with her kind eyes overflowing with tears, to entreat me, without the risk of farther delay, to relinquish a situation of which the fatigue would else

prove fatal to me. There seemed, indeed, but one opinion, that resignation of place or of life was the only remaining alternative.

There seemed now no time to be lost; when I saw my dear father he recommended to me to be speedy, and my mother was very kind in urgency for immediate measures. I could not, however, summon courage to present my memorial; my heart always failed me, from seeing the Queen's entire freedom from such an expectation: for though I was frequently so ill in her presence that I could hardly stand, I saw she concluded me, while life remained, inevitably hers.

Finding my inability unconquerable, I at length determined upon consulting Mr. Francis. I wrote to Charlotte a faithful and minute account of myself, with all my attacks—cough, pain in the side, weakness, sleeplessness, &c.—at full length, and begged Mr. Francis's opinion how I must proceed. Very kindly he wrote directly to my father, exhorting instantaneous resignation, as all that stood before me to avert some dangerous malady.

The dear Charlotte at the same time wrote to me conjuring my prompt retreat with the most affecting earnestness.

The uneasiness that preyed upon my spirits in a task so difficult to perform for myself, joined to my daily declension in health, was now so apparent, that, though I could go no farther, I paved the way for an opening, by owning to the Queen that Mr. Francis had been consulted upon my health.

The Queen now frequently inquired concerning his answer; but as I knew he had written to my father, I deferred giving the result till I had had a final conference with that dear parent. I told Her Majesty my father would show me the letter when I saw him.

This I saw raised for the first time a surmise that something was in agitation, though I am certain the suspicion did not exceed an expectation that leave would be requested for a short absence to recruit.

My dearest father, all kindness and goodness, yet all alarm, thought time could never be more favourable; and when next I saw him at Chelsea, I wrote a second memorial to enclose the original one.

With a beating heart, and every pulse throbbing, I returned thus armed to the Queen's house.

Mrs. Schwellenberg sent for me to her room. I could hardly articulate a word to her. My agitation was so great that I was compelled to acknowledge something very awful was impending in my affairs, and to beg she would make no present inquiries.

I had not meant to employ her in the business, nor to name it to her, but I was too much disturbed for concealment or evasion.

She seemed really sorry, and behaved with a humanity I had not much reason to expect.

I spent a terrible time till I went to the Queen at night, spiring myself up for my task, and yet finding apprehension gain ground every moment.

Mrs. Schwellenberg had already been some time with Her Majesty when I was summoned. I am sure she had already mentioned the little she had gathered. I could hardly perform my customary offices from excess of trepidation. The Queen looked at me with the most inquisitive solicitude. When left with her a moment I tried vainly to make an opening: I could not. She was too much impressed herself by my manner to wait long. She soon inquired what answer had arrived from Mr. Francis?

That he could not, I said, prescribe at a distance.

I hoped this would be understood, and said no more. The Queen looked much perplexed, but made no answer.

The next morning I was half dead with real illness, excessive nervousness, and the struggle of what I had to force myself to perform. The Queen again was struck with my appearance, which I believe indeed to have been shocking. When I was alone with her, she began upon Mr. Francis with more inquiry. I then tried to articulate that I had something of deep consequence to myself to lay before Her Majesty; but that I was so unequal in my weakened state to speak it, that I had ventured to commit it to writing, and entreated permission to produce it.

She could hardly hear me, yet understood enough to give immediate consent,

I then begged to know if I might present it myself, or whether I should give it to Mrs. Schwollenberg.

"O, to me! to me!" she cried, with kind eagerness.

She added, however, not then, as she was going to breakfast.

This done was already some relief, terrible as was all that remained; but I now knew I must go on, and that all my fears and horrors were powerless to stop me.

This was a drawing-room day. I saw the King at St. James's, and he made the most gracious inquiries about my health: so did each of the Princesses. I found they were now all aware of its failure.

The Queen proposed to me to see Dr. Gisburne: the King seconded the proposition. There was no refusing; yet, just now, it was distressing to comply.

The next morning, Friday, when again I was alone with the Queen, she named the subject, and told me she would rather I should give the paper to the Schwollenberg, who had been lamenting to her my want of confidence in her, and saying I confided and told everything to the Queen. "I answered," continued Her Majesty, "that you were always very good; but that, with regard to confiding, you seemed so happy with all your family, and to live so well together, that there was nothing to say."

I now perceived Mrs. Schwollenberg suspected some dissension at home was the cause of my depression. I was sorry not to deliver my memorial to the principal person, and yet glad to have it to do where I felt so much less compunction in giving pain.

I now desired an audience of Mrs. Schwollenberg. With what trembling agitation did I deliver her my paper, requesting her to have the goodness to lay it at the feet of the Queen before Her Majesty left town! We were then to set out for Windsor before twelve o'clock. Mrs. Schwollenberg herself remained in town.

Here let me copy the memorial.

Most humbly presented to Her Majesty.

MADAM,

With the deepest sense of your Majesty's goodness and condescension, amounting even to sweetness—to kindness—who

can wonder I should never have been able to say what I know not how to write—that I find my strength and health unequal to my duty?

Satisfied that I have been regularly spared and favoured by your Majesty's humane consideration to the utmost, I could never bring myself to the painful confession of my secret disquietude; but I have long felt creeping upon me a languor, a feebleness, that makes, at times, the most common attendance a degree of capital pain to me, and an exertion that I could scarce have made, but for the revived alacrity with which your Majesty's constant graciousness has inspired me, and would still, I believe, inspire me, even to my latest hour, while in your Majesty's immediate presence. I kept this to myself while I thought it might wear away—or, at least, I only communicated it to obtain some medical advice: but the weakness, though it comes only in fits, has of late so much increased, that I have hardly known how, many days, to keep myself about—or to rise in the morning, or to stay up at night.

At length, however, as my constitution itself seems slowly, yet surely, giving way, my father became alarmed.

I must not enter here, upon his mortification and disappointment: the health and preservation of his daughter could alone be more precious to him than your Majesty's protection.

With my own feelings upon the subject it would ill become me to detain your Majesty, and the less, as I am fully sensible my place, in point of its real business, may easily be far better supplied;—in point of sincere devotion to your Majesty, I do not so readily yield. I can only, therefore, most humbly entreat that your Majesty will deign to accept from my father and myself the most dutiful acknowledgments for the uniform benignity so graciously shown to me during the whole of my attendance. My father had originally been apprehensive of my inability, with regard to strength, for sustaining any but the indulgence of a domestic life: but your Majesty's justice and liberality will make every allowance for the flattered feelings of a parent's heart, which could not endure, untried, to relinquish for his daughter so high an honour as a personal office about your Majesty.

I dare not, Madam, presume to hope that your Majesty's condescension will reach to the smallest degree of concern at parting with me; but permit me, Madam, humbly, earnestly, and fervently, to solicit that I may not be deprived of the mental benevolence of your Majesty, which so thankfully I have experienced, and so gratefully must for ever remember.

That every blessing, every good, may light upon your Majesties here, and await a future and happier period hereafter, will be always amongst the first prayers of,

Madam,

Your Majesty's

Ever devoted, ever grateful,

Most attached, and most dutiful

Subject and servant,

FRANCES BURNEY.

With this, though written so long ago, I only wrote an explanatory note to accompany it, which I will also copy:—

MADAM,

May I yet humbly presume to entreat your Majesty's patience for a few added lines, to say that the address which I now most respectfully lay at your Majesty's feet was drawn up two months ago, when first I felt so extreme a weakness as to render the smallest exertion a fatigue? While I waited, however, for firmness to present it, I took the bark, and found myself, for some time, so much amended, that I put it aside, and my father, perceiving me better, lost his anxious uneasiness for my trying a new mode of life. But the good effect has, of late, so wholly failed, that an entire change of air and manner of living are strongly recommended as the best chance for restoring my shattered health. We hold it, therefore, a point of the grateful duty we owe to your Majesty's goodness and graciousness, to make this melancholy statement at once, rather than to stay till absolute incapacity might disable me from offering one small but sincere tribute of profound respect to your Majesty—the only one in my power—that of continuing the high honour of attend-

ing your Majesty, till your Majesty's own choice, time, and convenience nominate a successor.

Mrs. Schwellenberg took it, and promised me her services, but desired to know its contents. I begged vainly to be excused speaking them. She persisted, and I then was compelled to own they contained my resignation.

How aghast she looked!—how inflamed with wrath!—how petrified with astonishment! It was truly a dreadful moment to me.

She expostulated on such a step, as if it led to destruction: she offered to save me from it, as if the peace of my life depended on averting it; and she menaced me with its bad consequences, as if life itself, removed from these walls, would become an evil.

I plainly recapitulated the suffering state in which I had lived for the last three months: the difficulty with which I had waded through even the most common fatigues of the day; the constraint of attendance, however honourable, to an invalid; and the impracticability of pursuing such a life, when thus enfeebled, with the smallest chance of ever recovering the health and strength which it had demolished.

To all this she began a vehement eulogium on the superior happiness and blessing of my lot, while under such a protection; and angrily exhorted me not to forfeit what I could never regain.

I then frankly begged her to forbear so painful a discussion, and told her the memorial was from my father as well as myself—that I had no right or authority to hesitate in delivering it—that the Queen herself was prepared to expect it—and that I had promised my father not to go again to Windsor till it was presented. I entreated her, therefore, to have the goodness to show it at once.

This was unanswerable, and she left me with the paper in her hand, slowly conveying it to its place of destination.

Just as she was gone, I was called to Dr. Gisburne; or rather, without being called, I found him in my room, as I returned to it.

Think if my mind, now, wanted not medicine the most! I told him, however, my corporeal complaints; and he ordered me opium and three glasses of wine in the day, and recommended rest to me, and an application to retire to my friends for some weeks, as freedom from anxiety was as necessary to my restoration as freedom from attendance.

During this consultation I was called to Mrs. Schwellenberg. Do you think I breathed as I went along?—No!

She received me, nevertheless, with complacency and smiles; she began a laboured panegyric of her own friendly zeal and goodness, and then said she had a proposal to make me, which she considered as the most fortunate turn my affairs could take, and as a proof that I should find her the best friend I had in the world. She then premised that she had shown the paper,—that the Queen had read it, and said it was very modest, and nothing improper.

Her proposal was, that I should have leave of absence for six weeks, to go about and change the air, to Chelsea, and Norbury Park, and *Capitan* Phillips, and Mr. Franeis, and Mr. Cambrick, which would get me quite well; and, during that time, she would engage Mlle. Montmollin to perform my office.

I was much disturbed at this; and though rejoiced and relieved to understand that the Queen had read my memorial without displeasure, I was grieved to see it was not regarded as final. I only replied I would communicate her plan to my father.

Soon after this we set out for Windsor.

Here the first presenting myself before the Queen was a task the heaviest, if possible, of any. Yet I was ill enough, Heaven knows, to carry the apology of my retreat in my countenance. However, it was a terrible effort—I could hardly enter her room. She spoke at once, and with infinite softness, asking me how I did after my journey. “Not well, indeed,” I simply answered. “But better?” she cried: “are you not a little better?”

I only shook my head; I believe the rest of my frame shook without my aid.

“What! not a little?—not a little bit better?” she cried, in the most soothing voice

"To-day, ma'am," I said, "I did indeed not expect to be better."

I then muttered something, indistinctly enough, of the pain I had suffered in what I had done: she opened, however, upon another subject immediately, and no more was said upon this. But she was kind, and sweet, and gentle, and all consideration with respect to my attendance.

I wrote the proposal to my poor father. I received, by return of post, the most truly tender letter he ever wrote me. He returns thanks for the clemency with which my melancholy memorial has been received, and is truly sensible of the high honour shown me in the new proposition; but he sees my health so impaired, my strength so decayed, my whole frame so nearly demolished, that he apprehends anything short of a permanent resignation, that would ensure lasting rest and recruit, might prove fatal. He quotes a letter from Mr. Francis, containing his opinion that I must even be speedy in my retiring, or risk the utmost danger; and he finishes a letter filled with gratitude towards the Queen, and affection to his daughter, with his decisive opinion that I cannot go on, and his prayers and blessings on my retreat.

The term "speedy," in Mr. Francis's opinion, deterred me from producing this letter, as it seemed indelicate and unfair to hurry the Queen, after offering her the fullest time. I therefore waited till Mrs. Schwellenberg came to Windsor before I made any report of my answer.

A scene almost horrible ensued, when I told Cerbera the offer was declined. She was too much enraged for disguise, and uttered the most furious expressions of indignant contempt at our proceedings. I am sure she would gladly have confined us both in the Bastile, had England such a misery, as a fit place to bring us to ourselves, from a daring so outrageous against imperial wishes.

For the rest of this gloomy month and gloomy year, a few detached paragraphs must suffice.

Mr. Turbulent, as I have told you, won now all my good will by a visit in this my sinking and altered state, in which, with

very unaffected friendliness, he counselled and exhorted me to resign my office, in order to secure my recovery.

He related to me, also, his own most afflicting story—his mortifications, disappointments, and ill-treatment; and perhaps my concern for his injuries contributed to his complete restoration in my good will.

Another confidence soon followed, of a sort far more pleasant: my good friend '*Pon m'honneur*—Mlle. Montmollin—informed me of her engagements with M. d'Espère-en-Dieu, and with her hopes of his speedily coming over to England to claim her, and carry her to his château en Languedoc. I sincerely wish her happy, and her prospects wear all promise of her fulfilling my wish. Adieu, my dear friends!

Adieu—undear December!

Adieu—and away for ever, most painful 1790!

CHAPTER XLIV.

.1791.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—The Queen and Madame Schwellenberg—Verses to Lord Harcourt by Queen Charlotte and Miss Burney—Serious Illness of Miss Burney—Conference with the Queen—Her Opinion of Miss Burney's Character—Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave and Lord Cardigan—Mrs. Garrick—Hannah More—Mrs. Locke—Projected Tour with Mrs. Ord—Conference with the Queen on Miss Burney's Retirement from Office—Mr. Twining—Haydn—Dr. Willis—A Day at the Trial of Warren Hastings—Defence of Hastings—Old Acquaintance—Mr. Wyndham—Treatment of Hastings by the Ministers—The Duke of Clarence—Birthday Etiquette—Conversations with the King and Queen on Boswell's "Johnson"—The Pleasures of Literary Composition—Arrival of Miss Burney's Successor—Her final Retirement—Liberality of the Queen.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

January, 1791.

MOST DEAR SIR,—I had no opportunity to put in practice my plan of the *montre*. I found, by circumstances, a full expectation of some conceding and relenting plan to follow my Chelsea visit. A blank disappointment sat on the face I revere; a sharper austerity on that I shrink from.

Comfortless enough this went on till this morn: an incident then occurred that enabled me to say I had shown the *montre* to you.—“And how does he like it?” I was asked, very gently. “It made him, as me, almost melancholy,” was my true answer. It was felt and understood instantly. “But you must not encourage melancholy thoughts,” was very benignly spoken. This has revived me—I was drooping; and I am not much better in

my strength for this suspensive state! Yet, I trust, I am now finally comprehended, and that we are mutually believed to be simple and single in what is proposed, and, consequently, steady and unalterable.

Adieu, dearest of dear padres!—This is the sum total of all: the detail must await our meeting; and we do not go to town till the day before the birthday.—What a hurry it will be!

I was asked what I had bought for the birthday? That, therefore, is of course expected!

Well; “God’s above all,”—as you love to quote; so I must keep up my spirits with that.

I thank Heaven, there was much softness in the manner of naming you this morning. I see no ill-will mixed with the reluctance; which much consoles me. I do what is possible to avoid all discussion; I see its danger still so glaring. How could I resist, should the Queen condescend to desire, to ask, that I would yet try another year?—and another year would but be uselessly demolishing me; for never could I explain to her that a situation which unavoidably casts all my leisure into the presence of Mrs. Schwellenberg must necessarily be subversive of my health, because incompatible with my peace, my ease, my freedom, my spirits, and my affections. The Queen is probably kept from any suspicion of the true nature of the case, by the praises of Mrs. Schwellenberg, who, with all her asperity and persecution, is uncommonly partial to my society; because, in order to relieve myself from sullen gloom, or apparent dependency, I generally make my best exertions to appear gay and chatty; for when I can do this, she forbears both rudeness and imperiousness. She then, I have reason to believe, says to the Queen, as I know she does to some others, “The Bernan bin reely agribble;” and the Queen, not knowing the incitement that forces my elaborate and painful efforts, may suppose I am lively at heart, when she hears I am so in discourse. And there is no developing this without giving the Queen the severest embarrassment as well as chagrin. I would not turn informer for the world. Mrs. Schwellenberg, too, with all her faults, is heart and soul devoted to her Royal Mistress, with the truest faith and loyalty. I hold, therefore,

silence on this subject to be a sacred duty. To return to you, my dearest padre, is the only road that is open for my return to strength and comfort, bodily and mental. I am inexpressibly grateful to the Queen, but I burn to be delivered from Mrs. Schwollenberg, and I pine to be again in the arms of my padre.

Most dear Sir, your F. B.

You may suppose my recovery was not much forwarded by a ball given at the Castle on Twelfth-Day. The Queen condescended to say that I might go to bed, and she would content herself with the warbrobe-woman, in consideration of my weak state; but then she exhorted me not to make it known to the Schwollenberg, who would be quite wretched at such a thing.

I returned my proper thanks, but declined the proposal, so circumstanced, assuring Her Majesty that it would make me wretched to have an indulgence that could produce an impropriety which would make Mrs. Schwollenberg so through my means.

And now to enliven a little; what will you give me, fair ladies, for a copy of verses written between the Queen of Great Britain and your most small little journalist?

The morning of the ball the Queen sent for me, and said she had a fine pair of old-fashioned gloves, white, with stiff tops and a deep gold fringe, which she meant to send to her new Master of the Horse, Lord Harcourt, who was to be at the dance. She wished to convey them in a copy of verses, of which she had composed three lines, but could not get on. She told me her ideas, and I had the honour to help her in the metre; and now I have the honour to copy them from her own Royal hand:—

To the Earl of Harcourt.

Go, happy gloves, bedeck Earl Harcourt's hand,
And let him know they come from fairy-land,
Where ancient customs still retain their reign;
To modernize them all attempts were vain.
Go, cries Queen Mab, some noble owner seek,
Who has a proper taste for the antique.

Now, no criticising, fair ladies!—the assistant was neither

allowed a pen nor a moment, but called upon to help finish, as she might have been to hand a fan. The Earl, you may suppose, was sufficiently enchanted.

How, or by whom, or by what instigated, I know not, but I heard that the newspapers, this winter, had taken up the cause of my apparent seclusion from the world, and dealt round comments and lamentations profusely. I heard of this with much concern.

I have now nothing worth scribbling before my terrible illness, beginning about four o'clock in the morning of the day preceding the Queen's birthday: and of that, and its various adventures, you, my kind and tender nurses, are fully apprised.

FEBRUARY.—This month, my dearest Susanna, has no memorial but in my heart; which amply you supplied with never-dying materials for recollection.

MARCH.—And here may I gratefully say ditto, ditto, ditto, to the above three lines, inserting the name of my kindest, dearest Frederica.

APRIL.—Now, though I have kept memorandums since the departure of my dear Fredy, they are not chronological, and therefore you must pardon the omission of my former regularity.

In the course of this month I had two conferences with my Royal Mistress upon my resignation, in which I spoke with all possible openness upon its necessity. She condescended to speak very honourably of my dear father to me; and, in a long discourse upon my altered health with Mrs. De Luc, she still further condescended to speak most graciously of his daughter, saying, in particular, these strong words, in answer to something kind uttered by that good friend in my favour: "Oh, as to character, she is what we call in German 'true as gold;' and, in point of heart, there is not, all the world over, one better"—and added something further upon sincerity very forcibly. This makes me very happy.

She deigned, also, in one of these conferences, to consult with me openly upon my successor, stating her difficulties, and making me enumerate various requisites. It would be dangerous, she

said, to build upon meeting in England with one who would be discreet in point of keeping off friends and acquaintances from frequenting the palace; and she graciously implied much commendation of my discretion, in her statement of what she feared from a new person.

This Easter we lost from our house establishment Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave; her sister, Lady Caroline, and Lady Mary Howe, are united to supply her place, which required more attendance than could reasonably be expected from one. Lady Elizabeth is amiable and gentle and sensible; I wish her happy; and as she loves show and grandeur, and I believe was extremely worn by her attendance, perhaps Lord Cardigan's fondness and munificence joined may obliterate in her consideration his roughness of manner.

SUNDAY, MAY 1ST, TO SATURDAY, MAY 7TH.—I feel happy in those little occasions, so seldom occurring, of calling to mind my existence in the bosoms of those friends from whom my long absence might else banish it, or, at least, incline a belief that I had myself lost all care about them.

My sweet Fredy afforded me opportunities of this kind, in the frame pattern for roses which she left me for Mrs. Garrick. I waited some time in hopes of conveying it through Mrs. Ord; but, that scheme failing, I enclosed it in a letter to Mrs. Garrick, in which I expressed my obligation to my Fredy for thus enabling me to lay claim to her continued kindness, by reminding her that what in me she had excited was unabated.

I had an answer from Miss More, written at the request of Mrs. Garrick; very affectionate indeed, full of thanks to my dear Mrs. Locke, and professing all I could wish for myself. Miss More adds the strongest expressions of her own regard, and the most flattering solicitude about the bad state of my health.

That dear and valuable Mrs. Ord will now very rarely come near me. She fears suspicion of influencing my proceedings. I assured her, as I did Miss Cambridge, how clear I had kept all manner of people from any involvement.

A most kind plan she has since formed, which still remains unfixed: this is to take me on a tour with her, for the effect of

gentle travelling and change of air, this summer; and she said she would put the map of England in my hand, if I agreed to her scheme, and make me mark our route myself. Her goodness is indeed of the most genuine worth and sincerity, and I love her now as much as I have respected her always. What a treasure is such a friend! one who has grown in my esteem and affection by every added year of intimacy! In this first—this essence of human happiness, how peculiar has been my lot! and how has it softened all other bitter ingredients in it!

As no notice whatever was taken, all this time, of my successor, or my retirement, after very great harass of suspense, and sundry attempts to conquer it, I had at length again a conference with my Royal Mistress. She was evidently displeased at again being called upon, but I took the courage to openly remind her that the birthday was her Majesty's own time, and that my father conceived it to be the period of my attendance by her especial appointment. And this was a truth which flashed its own conviction on her recollection. She paused, and then, assentingly, said, "Certainly." I then added, that as, after the birthday, their Majesties went to Windsor, and the early prayers began immediately, I must needs confess I felt myself wholly unequal to encountering the fatigue of rising for them in my present weakened state. She was now very gracious again, conscious all this was fair and true. She told me her own embarrassments concerning the successor, spoke confidentially of her reasons for not engaging an Englishwoman, and acknowledged a person was fixed upon, though something yet remained unarranged. She gave me, however, to understand that all would be expedited: and foreign letters were despatched, I know, immediately.

This painful task over, of thus frequently reminding my Royal Mistress that my services were ending, I grew easier. She renewed, in a short time, all her old confidence and social condescension, and appeared to treat me with no other alteration than a visible regret that I should quit her—shown rather than avowed, or much indeed it would have distressed me.

Mrs. Schwellenberg was now invariable in kindness; but with regard to my servants, I could obtain no other satisfaction than

that they must each have a month's wages, as her Majesty would not consent to making my resignation known. William, she told me, might probably become the footman of my successor: poor little Goter has little chance! and I fear it will be a real tragedy when she knows her doom. She now improves daily, and I am quite sorry for her.

FROM SUNDAY, MAY 8TH, TO MAY 15TH.—I have again been very unwell—low, faint, and feeble. The sweet Princess Elizabeth has taken an animated interest about me; I have been prescribed for by Mrs. De Luc, and her Royal Highness has insisted on my performance of injunctions. Miss Planta has also been extremely friendly and assisting.

FROM SUNDAY, MAY 15TH, TO SUNDAY, MAY 22ND.—The trial of the poor persecuted Mr. Hastings being now again debating and arranging for continuance, all our house, I found, expected me now to come forth, and my Royal Mistress and Mrs. Schwellenberg thought I should find it irresistible. Indeed it nearly was so, from my anxious interest in the approaching defence; but when I considered the rumours likely to be raised after my retreat, by those terrifying watchers of court transactions who inform the public of their conjectures, I dreaded the probable assertion that I must needs be disgusted or discontented, for health could not be the true motive of my resignation, since I was in public just before it took place. I feared, too, that even those who promoted the enterprise might reproach me with my ability to do what I wished. These considerations determined me to run no voluntary risks; especially as I should so ill know how to parry Mr. Wyndham, should he now attack me upon a subject concerning which he merits thanks so nobly, that I am satisfied my next interview with him must draw them forth from me. Justice, satisfaction in his exertions, and gratitude for their spirited willingness, all call upon me to give him that poor return. The danger of it, however, now, is too great to be tried, if avoidable; and I had far rather avoid seeing him than either gratify myself by expressing my sense of his kindness, or unjustly withhold from him what I think of it.

These considerations determined me upon relinquishing all public places, and all private visits, for the present.

The trial, however, was delayed, and the Handelian commemoration came on. My beloved Mr. and Mrs. Locke will have told my Susan my difficulties in this business, and I will now tell all three how they ended.

The Queen, unexpectedly, having given me a ticket, and enjoined me to go the first day, that I might have longer time to recruit against the King's birthday, I became, as you will have heard, much distressed what course to pursue.

I took the first moment I was alone with Her Majesty to express my father's obligation to her for not suffering me to sit up on her own birthday, in this week, and I besought her permission to lay before her my father's motives for hitherto wishing me to keep quiet this spring, as well as my own, adding I was sure Her Majesty would benignly wish this business to be done as peaceably and unobserved as possible.

She looked extremely earnest, and bid me proceed.

I then briefly stated that whoever had the high honour of belonging to their Majesties were liable to comments upon all their actions; that, if the comment was only founded in truth, we had nothing to fear, but that, as the world was much less addicted to veracity than to mischief, my father and myself had an equal apprehension that, if I should now be seen in public so quickly before the impending change, reports might be spread, as soon as I went home, that it could not be for health I resigned.

She listened very attentively and graciously, and instantly acquiesced, giving me the ticket for my own disposal, and another for little Sarah, who was to have accompanied me. The other, therefore, I gave to James. And thus ended, most favourably, this dilemma.

My dear Fredy will have mentioned the circumstances of the Queen's real birthday, and her insistence that I should not sit up for the ball, and the most kind interference of the King to prevent my opposing her order, in which all the three elder Princesses joined, with looks of benevolent delight that I should thus be spared an exertion for which I was really most unequal. This once, therefore, the Queen had only Mrs. Thielky, and I had an admirable night's repose and recruit—most unpleasantly, how-

ever, circumstanced by the consciousness it was deemed a high impropriety. I told the Queen afterwards that, though I was most sensible of her gracious consideration in sparing me a fatigue which I believed would wholly have overpowered me, I yet never more thoroughly felt the necessity of my retreat, that my place might be supplied by one who could better perform its office. She was not much pleased with this speech; but I owed it to truth and justice, and could not repress it.

FROM SUNDAY 22ND, TO THE END OF MAY. — This Sunday, the birthday of the lovely and amiable Princess Elizabeth, found me very ill again; but as I am that now very frequently, and always come round to the same state as before these little occasional attacks, I will leave them unmentioned, except where they hang to other circumstances.

Poor Mr. Smelt, who had spent his melancholy winter at Kew, with his two deserving daughters, Mrs. Cholmley and Mrs. Goulton, was now preparing to return, for the summer, to their dwellings in the north. It seemed a species of duty on my part to acquaint him with my intended resignation, as he had been employed by Her Majesty to bring me the original proposition of the office; but I have no permission—on the contrary, repeated exhortations to tell no one; and therefore, from the time the transaction has become the Queen's, I have made no new confidence whatsoever.

When the trial actually recommenced, the Queen grew anxious for my going to it: she condescended to intimate that my accounts of it were the most faithful and satisfactory she received, and to express much ill-will to giving them up. The motives I had mentioned, however, were not merely personal; she could not but see any comments must involve more than myself, and therefore I abided steadily by her first agreement to my absenting myself from all public places, and only gently joined in her regret, which I forcibly enough felt in this instance, without venturing any offer of relinquishing the prudential plan previously arranged. She gave me tickets for Charles for every day that the Hall was opened, and I collected what I could of information from him for her satisfaction.

I had the pleasure, one evening at Chelsea, of meeting our ever-valued Mr. Twining, and seeing the justly renowned Haydn.* There was some sweet music of his performed; but Esther, his best exhibitor, was not well, and we all missed her in all ways.

I had a most friendly visit in my apartment from Dr. Willis, a man whom I as cordially like as I admire, and whose noble open heart is as worthy reverence as his truly original talents in his own art. He came to offer me his counsel for my health, telling me he really could not endure to see me look so wan and altered. I assured him very sincerely there was no medical advice I could receive in the whole world which would have such assistance with me from faith as his; but that as I was the formal and official patient of Dr. Gisburne, I feared he would be much offended at my indulging my private opinion by changing my physician.

"Why, now, I really think," cried he, "which you'll say is very vain, that I could cure you; and why should not we consult without his knowing it? I give you my word I would not offend any man; but you may take my word for it, for all that, I would affront all the college of doctors, and all the world beside, rather than not do you good if it is in my power."

When I thanked him for this exceeding kindness, which was uttered with a cordiality of manner that doubled its warmth, he said, "Why, to tell you the truth, I don't quite know how I could have got on at Kew, in the King's illness, if it had not been for seeing you in a morning. I assure you they worried me so, all round, one way or other, that I was almost ready to go off. But you used to keep me up prodigiously. Though, I give you my word, I was afraid sometimes to see you, with your good-humoured face, for all it helped me to keep up, because I did not know what to say to you, when things went bad, on account of vexing you."

He then examined me, and wrote me a prescription, and gave me directions, and told me I must write him word, into Lincolnshire, how his advice agreed. "If you were to do me the honour to send me a letter," he cried, "I'll assure you I should be very much pleased; but you would give me a very bad opinion of

you, which would be no easy thing to do neither, if you were to offer me a fee, except it be a letter, and now don't be stingy of that."

I tried his medicines, but they were too violent, and required rest and nursing; however, I really believe they will prove effectual.

Queen's House, London.

JUNE.—On the opening of this month Her Majesty told me that the next day Mr. Hastings was to make his defence, and warmly added, "I would give the world you could go to it!"

This was an expression so unusual in animation, that I instantly told her I would write to my father, who could not possibly, in that case, hesitate.

"Surely," she cried, "you may wrap up, so as not to catch cold that once?"

I told Her Majesty that, as my father had never thought going out would be really prejudicial to my health, he had only wished to have his motive laid fairly before Her Majesty, and then to leave it to her own command.

Her Majesty accepted this mode of consent, and gave me tickets for Charles and Sarah to accompany me, and gave leave and another ticket for Mr. de Luc to be of the party.

After this the Royal Family went to the Abbey, for which, also, the Queen graciously gave me a ticket for whom I pleased.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2ND.—I went once more to Westminster Hall. Charles and Sarah came not to their time, and I left directions and tickets, and set off with only Mr. de Luc, to secure our own, and keep places for them.

The Hall was more crowded than on any day since the trial commenced, except the first. Peers, commoners, and counsel, peeresses, commoneresses, and the numerous indefinites, crowded every part, with a just and fair curiosity to hear one day's defence, after seventy-three of accusation.

Unfortunately, I sat too high up to hear the opening, and when, afterwards, the departure of some of my obstacles removed me lower, I was just behind some of those unfeeling ene-

mies who have not even the decorum due to themselves, of appearing to listen to what is offered against their own side. I could only make out that this great and persecuted man, upon a plan all his own, and at a risk impossible to ascertain, was formally making his own defence, not with retaliating declamation, but by a simple, concise, and most interesting statement of facts, and of the necessities accompanying them in the situation to which the House then impeaching had five times called him. He spoke with most gentlemanly temper of his accusers, his provocation considered, yet with a firmness of disdain of the injustice with which he had been treated in return for his services, that was striking and affecting, though unadorned and manly.

His spirit, however, and the injuries which raised it, rested not quietly upon his particular accusers: he arraigned the late minister, Lord North, of ingratitude and double-dealing, and the present minister, Mr. Pitt, of unjustifiably and unworthily forbearing to sustain him.

Here Mr. Fox, artfully enough, interrupted him, to say the King's ministers were not to be arraigned for what passed in the House of Parliament.

Mr. Burke rose also to enter his protest.

But Mr. Hastings then lost his patience and his temper: he would not suffer the interruption; he had never, he said, interrupted their long speeches; and when Mr. Burke again attempted to speak, Mr. Hastings, in an impassioned but affecting manner, extended his arms, and called out loudly, "I throw myself upon the protection of your Lordships!—I am not used to public speaking, and cannot answer them; what I wish to submit to your Lordships I have committed to paper; but, if I am punished for what I say, I must insist upon being heard!—I call upon you, my Lords, to protect me from this violence!"

This animated appeal prevailed; the managers were silenced by an almost universal cry of "Hear, hear, hear!" from the Lords; and by Lord Kenyon, who represented the Chancellor, and said, "Mr. Hastings, proceed."

The angry orators, though with a very ill grace, were then

silenced. They were little aware what a compliment this intemperate eagerness was paying to Mr. Hastings, who for so many long days manifested that fortitude against attack, and that patience against abuse, which they could not muster, without any parallel in provocation, even for three short hours.

I rejoiced with all my heart to find Mr. Wyndham was not in their box. He did not enter with them in procession, nor appear as a manager or party concerned, further than as a member of the House of Commons. I could not distinguish him in so large a group, and he either saw not, or knew not, me.

The conclusion of the defence I heard better, as Mr. Hastings spoke considerably louder from this time; the spirit of indignation animated his manner and gave strength to his voice. You will have seen the chief parts of his discourse in the newspapers; and you cannot, I think, but grow more and more his friend as you peruse it. He called pathetically and solemnly for instant judgment; but the Lords, after an adjournment, decided to hear his defence by evidence, and in order, the next sessions. How grievous such continual delay to a man past sixty, and sighing for such a length of time for redress from a prosecution as yet unparalleled in our annals!

When it was over, Colonel Manners came round to speak to me, and talk over the defence. He is warmly for Mr. Hastings. He inquired about Windsor; I should have made him stare a little, had I told him I never expected to see him there again.

Mrs. Kennedy and the Miss Coopers knew me as I passed them; but I saw they read the history of my long illness in my face, by the expression of their eyes: and Mr. Nicholls, whom I had not met for two or three years, though I observed him looking hard at me, let me go on, without sufficiently recollecting to speak to me.

When we came down-stairs into the large waiting-hall, Mr. de Luc went in search of William and chairs. Sally then immediately discerned Mr. Wyndham with some ladies. He looked at me without at first knowing me.

Mr. Nicholls, however, now knew my voice: he came and chatted with his accustomed good humour and ease, and frankly

owned he had thought it was me, but felt too insecure to venture to speak earlier. He then very openly exhorted me to take more care of my health, and try change of air; Twickenham, for example, he said, he thought would prove serviceable, for, ill as I looked in health, he thought it was not incurably.

While this was going on, Sarah whispered me that Mr. Wyndham was looking harder and harder; and presently, at a pause with Mr. Nicholls, he came up to me, and in a tone of very deep concern, and with a look that fully concurred with it, he said. "Do I see Miss Burney?"

I could not but feel the extent of the interrogation, and my assent acknowledged my comprehension.

"Indeed," he cried, "I was going to make a speech—not very gallant!"

"But it is what I should like better," I cried, "for it is kind, if you were going to say I look miserably ill, as that is but a necessary consequence of feeling so,—and miserably ill enough I have felt this long time past."

He would not allow quite that, he said; but I flew from the subject, to tell him I had been made very happy by him.

He gave me one of his starts,—but immediately concluded it was by no good, and therefore would not speak an inquiry.

"Why, I did not see you in the box," I cried, "and I had been very much afraid I should have seen you there. But now my fears are completely over, and you have made me completely happy!"

He protested, with a comic but reproachful smile, he knew not how to be glad, if it was still only in the support of a bad cause, and if still I really supported it.

And then, he added, he had gone amongst the House of Commons instead of joining the managers, because that enabled him to give his place to a friend, who was not a member.

"You must be sure," said I, "you would see me here to-day."

I had always threatened him with giving fairest play to the defence, and always owned I had been most afraid of his harangue; therefore, to find the charges end without his making it saved me certainly a shake,—either for Mr. Hastings or himself,—for one of them must thenceforth have fallen in my estimation.

I believe, however, this was a rather delicate point, as he made me no answer, but a grave smile; but I am sure he instantly understood his relinquishing his intended charge was my subject of exultation. And, to make it plainer, I then added, "I am really very generous to be thus made happy, considering how great has been my curiosity."

"But, to have gratified that curiosity," cried he, "would have been no very particular inducement with me; though I have no right to take it for a compliment, as there are two species of curiosity—yours, therefore, you leave wholly ambiguous."

"O, I am content with that," cried I: "so long as I am gratified, I give you leave to take it which way you please."

He murmured something I could not distinctly hear, of concern at my continued opinion upon this subject; but I do not think, by his manner, it much surprised him.

"You know," cried I, "why, as well as what, I feared—that fatal candour, of which so long ago you warned me to beware. And, indeed, I was kept in alarm to the very last moment; for at every figure I saw start up, just now,—Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke. Mr. Grey,—I concluded yours would be the next."

"You were prepared, then," cried he, with no little malice, "for a 'voice issuing from a distant pew.'"

This unexpected turn put me quite out, whereupon he seized his opportunity to put himself in. For, after a little laugh at his victory, he very gravely, and even almost solemnly, said, "But, there is another subject,—always uppermost with me,—which I have not ventured to speak of to you; though, to others,—you know not how I have raved and raged! But I believe,—I am sure,—you know what I allude to."

'Twas impossible, thus challenged, to dissemble. "Yes," I answered, "I own,—I believe,—I understand you; and, indeed, I should be tempted to say farther,—if you would forget it when heard, and make no implications,—that, from what has come round to me from different quarters, I hold myself to be very much obliged to you."

I was sorry, as things are still circumstanced, to say this; but it would have been graceless, after all his zeal and kindness, thus called upon, to say less.

He looked very much pleased, and, entering instantly into the sort of inference I feared, mildly said, "But without any implication, now,—surely it is time! Now,—obviously,—strikingly,—all implication apart,—there is reason substantial, uncontrovertible——"

Mr. de Luc came to say something of the chair, and I dreaded his hearing what I felt coming, so turned off; but Mr. Wyndham's looks strongly finished his meaning concerning mine, as announcing a necessity of resignation. I ventured at no answer whatsoever.

He looked a little blank, and then I could not resist, in a very low voice, saying, "I should not have expected, Mr. Wyndham, from you, a generosity such as this, for one you regard as a captive!"

He was obliged to swallow this allusion; but began, with double eagerness, upon the subject uppermost; but I really heard nothing, from seeing Mr. de Luc's fixed attention, and dreading his discovering our topic: I therefore made the parting curtsy; he returned it with a bow, but, as I stood back, came on, very earnestly indeed, saying, "When shall I see you again?"

I was sure, by the expression of his voice, he meant, when should I again be visible in the world? I dared make no answer, but a little shook my head, and still retreated.

"When?" he cried again, perseveringly, and still more forcibly.

Still no answer could I make. Upon which, in a tone most emphatic, he answered himself, exclaiming "Never!" and, with a look that implied all the raving and raging he had acknowledged internally reviving, and with an air almost in heroics, he walked away.

I was really very much vexed not to be able to deal more openly with a champion whose sincere warmth in my service so much engages my real gratitude, and gives me so much real pleasure; but it was every way impossible. Mr. de Luc, much struck with his eager manner, did not let him be out of hearing before he cried, "Pray, ma'am, who is it, that gentleman?"

I told him. "Ha!" he exclaimed, astonished to find him one of that party; "and, really, he has an honest face of his own!"

But you both spoke so adroitly, under the cover, that I could not make it out, very well, what you were talking upon it ; but I suppose the French revolution."

What gave him this idea I know not, but I was glad the adroitness so well succeeded.

When we came home I was immediately summoned to Her Majesty, to whom I gave a full and fair account of all I had heard of the defence ; and it drew tears from her expressive eyes, as I repeated Mr. Hastings's own words, upon the hardship and injustice of the treatment he had sustained.

Afterwards, at night, the King called upon me to repeat my account ; and I was equally faithful, sparing nothing of what had dropped from the persecuted defendant relative to His Majesty's Ministers. I thought official accounts might be less detailed there than against the Managers, who, as open enemies, excite not so much my "high displeasure" as the friends of Government, who so insidiously elected and panegyrised him while they wanted his assistance, and betrayed and deserted him when he was no longer in a capacity to serve them. Such, at least, is the light in which the defence places them.

The King listened with much earnestness and a marked compassion. He had already read the account sent him officially, but he was as eager to hear all I could recollect, as if still uninformed of what had passed. The words may be given to the eye, but the impression they make can only be conveyed by the ear ; and I came back so eagerly interested, that my memory was not more stored with the very words than my voice with the intonations of all that had passed.

With regard to my bearing this sole unofficial exertion since my illness, I can only say the fatigue I felt bore not any parallel with that of every drawing-room day, because I was seated.

JUNE 4TH.—Let me now come to the 4th, the last birthday of the good, gracious, benevolent King I shall ever, in all human probability, pass under his Royal roof.

The thought was affecting to me, in defiance of my volunteer conduct, and I could scarce speak to the Queen when I first went to her, and wished to say something upon a day so interesting.

The King was most gracious and kind when he came into the State Dressing-Room at St. James's, and particularly inquired about my health and strength, and if they would befriend me for the day. I longed again to tell him how hard I would work them, rather than let them, on such a day, drive me from my office ; but I found it better suited me to be quiet ; it was safer not to trust to any expression of loyalty, with a mind so full, and on a day so critical.

With regard to health, my side is all that is attended with any uncasiness, and that is sometimes a serious business. Certainly there is nothing premature in what has been done.

And—O picquet!—life hardly hangs on earth during its compulsion, in these months succeeding months, and years creeping, crawling, after years.

At dinner Mrs. Schwollenberg presided, attired magnificently. Miss Goldsworthy, Mrs. Stainforth, Messrs. de Luc and Stanhope dined with us ; and, while we were still eating fruit, the Duke of Clarence entered.

He was just risen from the King's table, and waiting for his equipage to go home and prepare for the ball. To give you an idea of the energy of his Royal Highness's language, I ought to set apart a general objection to writing, or rather intimating, certain forcible words, and beg leave to show you, in genuine colours, a Royal sailor.

We all rose, of course, upon his entrance, and the two gentlemen placed themselves behind their chairs, while the footmen left the room ; but he ordered us all to sit down, and called the men back to hand about some wine. He was in exceeding high spirits and in the utmost good humour. He placed himself at the head of the table, next Mrs. Schwollenberg, and looked remarkably well, gay, and full of sport and mischief, yet clever withal as well as comical.

"Well, this is the first day I have ever dined with the King at St. James's on his birthday. Pray, have you all drunk His Majesty's health?"

"No, your Roy'l Highness : your Roy'l Highness might make dem do dat," said Mrs. Schwollenberg.

"O, by —— will I! Here, you (to the footman); bring champagne! I'll drink the King's health again, if I die for it! Yet, I have done pretty well already: so has the King, I promise you! I believe His Majesty was never taken such good care of before. We have kept his spirits up, I promise you; we have enabled him to go through his fatigues; and I should have done more still, but for the ball and Mary—I have promised to dance with Mary!"

Princess Mary made her first appearance at Court to-day: she looked most interesting and unaffectedly lovely: she is a sweet creature, and perhaps, in point of beauty, the first of this truly beautiful race, of which Princess Mary may be called *pendant* to the Prince of Wales.

Champagne being now brought for the Duke, he ordered it all round. When it came to me I whispered to Westerhaults to carry it on: the Duke slapped his hand violently on the table and called out, "O, by ——, you shall drink it!"

There was no resisting this. We all stood up, and the Duke sonorously gave the Royal toast.

"And now," cried he, making us all sit down again, "where are my rascals of servants? I sha'n't be in time for the ball; besides, I've got a deuced tailor waiting to fix on my epaulette! Here, you, go and see for my servants! d'ye hear? Scamper off!"

Off ran William.

"Come, let's have the King's health again. De Luc, drink it. Here, champagne to De Luc!"

I wish you could have seen Mr. De Luc's mixed simper—half pleased, half alarmed. However, the wine came and he drank it, the Duke taking a bumper for himself at the same time.

"Poor Stanhope!" cried he: "Stanhope shall have a glass, too! Here, champagne! what are you all about? Why don't you give champagne to poor Stanhope?"

Mr. Stanhope, with great pleasure, complied, and the Duke again accompanied him.

"Come hither, do you hear?" cried the Duke to the servants, and on the approach, slow and submissive, of Mrs. Stainforth's

man, he hit him a violent slap on the back, calling out, "Hang you! why don't you see for my rascals?"

Away flew the man, and then he called out to Westerhaults, "Hark'ee! bring another glass of champagne to Mr. De Luc!"

Mr. De Luc knows these Royal youths too well to venture at so vain an experiment as disputing with them; so he only shrugged his shoulders and drank the wine. The Duke did the same.

"And now, poor Stanhope," cried the Duke; "give another glass to poor Stanhope, d'ye hear?"

"Is not your Royal Highness afraid," cried Mr. Stanhope, displaying the full circle of his borrowed teeth, "I shall be apt to be rather up in the world, as the folks say, if I tope on at this rate?"

"Not at all! you can't get drunk in a better cause. I'd get drunk myself if it was not for the ball. Here, champagne! another glass for the philosopher! I keep sober for Mary."

"O, your Royal Highness!" cried Mr. De Luc, gaining courage as he drank, "you will make me quite droll of it if you make me go on—quite droll!"

"So much the better! so much the better! it will do you a monstrous deal of good. Here, another glass of champagne for the Queen's philosopher!"

Mr. De Luc obeyed, and the Duke then addressed Mrs. Schwel-
lenberg's George. "Here, you! you! why, where is my carriage?
run and see, do you hear?"

Off hurried George, grinning irrepressibly.

"If it was not for that deuced tailor, I would not stir. I shall dine at the Queen's house on Monday, Miss Goldsworthy; I shall come to dine with Princess Royal. I find she does not go to Windsor with the Queen."

The Queen meant to spend one day at Windsor, on account of a review which carried the King that way.

Some talk then ensued upon the Duke's new carriage, which they all agreed to be the most beautiful that day at Court. I had not seen it, which, to me, was some impediment against praising it.

He then said it was necessary to drink the Queen's health.

The gentlemen here made no demur, though Mr. De Luc arched his eyebrows in expressive fear of consequences.

"A bumper," cried the Duke, "to the Queen's gentleman-usher."

They all stood up and drank the Queen's health.

"Here are three of us," cried the Duke, "all belonging to the Queen: the Queen's philosopher, the Queen's gentleman-usher and the Queen's son; but, thank Heaven, I'm nearest!"

"Sir," cried Mr. Stanhope, a little affronted, "I am not now the Queen's gentleman-usher; I am the Queen's equerry, sir."

"A glass more of champagne here! What are you all so slow for? Where are all my rascals gone? They've put me in one passion already this morning. Come, a glass of champagne for the Queen's gentleman-usher!" laughing heartily.

"No, sir," repeated Mr. Stanhope; "I am equerry now, sir."

"And another glass to the Queen's philosopher!"

Neither gentleman objected; but Mrs. Schwellenberg, who had sat laughing and happy all this time, now grew alarmed, and said, "Your Royal Highness, I am afraid for the ball!"

"Hold you your potato-jaw, my dear," cried the Duke, patting her; but, recollecting himself, he took her hand and pretty abruptly kissed it, and then, flinging it hastily away, laughed aloud, and called out, "There! that will make amends for anything, so now I may say what I will. So here! a glass of Champagne for the Queen's philosopher and the Queen's gentleman-usher! Hang me if it will not do them a monstrous deal of good!"

Here news was brought that the equipage was in order. He started up, calling out, "Now, then, for my deuced tailor."

"Oh, your Royal Highness!" cried Mr. De Luc, in a tone of expostulation, "now you have made us droll, you go!"

Off, however, he went. And is it not a curious scene? All my amaze is, how any of their heads bore such libations.

In the evening I had by no means strength to encounter the ball-room. I gave my tickets to Mrs. and Miss Douglas.

Mrs. Stainforth was dying to see the Princess Mary in her

Court dress. Mr. Stanhope offered to conduct her to a place of prospect. She went with him. I thought this preferable to an unbroken evening with my fair companion, and, Mr. De Luc thinking the same, we both left Mrs. Schwellenberg to unattire, and followed. But we were rather in a scrape by trusting to Mr. Stanhope after all this champagne: he had carried Mrs. Stainforth to the very door of the ball-room, and there fixed her—in a place which the King, Queen, and suite must brush past in order to enter the ball-room. I had followed, however, and the crowds of beef-eaters, officers, and guards that lined all the state-rooms through which we exhibited ourselves, prevented my retreating alone. I stood, therefore, next to Mrs. Stainforth, and saw the ceremony.

The passage was made so narrow by attendants, that they were all forced to go one by one. First, all the King's great state-officers, amongst whom I recognised Lord Courtown, Treasurer of the Household; Lord Salisbury carried a candle!—'tis an odd etiquette.—These being passed, came the King—he saw us and laughed; then the Queen's Master of the Horse, Lord Harcourt, who did ditto; then some more.

The Vice-Chamberlain carries the Queen's candle, that she may have the arm of the Lord Chamberlain to lean on; accordingly, Lord Aylesbury, receiving that honour, now preceded the Queen: she looked amazed at sight of us. The kind Princesses one by one acknowledged us. I spoke to Princess Mary, wishing her Royal Highness joy; she looked in a delight and an alarm nearly equal. She was to dance her first minuet. Then followed the Ladies of the Bedchamber, and Lady Harcourt was particularly civil. Then the Maids of Honour, every one of whom knew and spoke to us. I peered vainly for the Duke of Clarence, but none of the Princes passed us. What a crowd brought up the rear! I was vexed not to see the Prince of Wales.

Well, God bless the King! and many and many such days may he know!

I was now so tired as to be eager to go back; but the Queen's philosopher, the good and most sober and temperate of men, was

really a little giddy with all his bumpers, and his eyes, which were quite lustrous, could not fix any object steadily; while the poor gentleman-usher—equerry, I mean—kept his mouth so wide open with one continued grin,—I suppose from the sparkling beverage,—that I was every minute afraid its pearly ornaments, which never fit their case, would have fallen at our feet. Mrs. Stainforth gave me a significant look of making the same observation, and, catching me fast by the arm, said, “Come, Miss Burney, let’s you and I take care of one another;” and then she safely toddled me back to Mrs. Schwellenberg, who greeted us with saying, “Vell, bin you much amused? Dat Prince Villiam—orders de Duke de Clarence—bin raelly ver merry—orders vat you call tipsy.”

Brief must be my attempt at the remnant of this month, my dearest friends; for it was spent in so much difficulty, pain, and embarrassment, that I should have very little to relate that you could have any pleasure to hear; and I am weary of dwelling on evils that now, when I write, are past! I thank God!

JUNE 5TH.—The day following the birthday, you cannot be surprised to hear that I was really very ill. I stood with such infinite difficulty in the Queen’s presence at noon that I was obliged to be dismissed, and to go to bed in the middle of the day. I soon got better, however, and again attended in the evening, and in a few days I was much the same as before the gala.

My orders, which I punctually obeyed, of informing no one of my impending departure, were extremely painful to adhere to, as almost everybody I saw advised me strenuously to beg leave of absence to recruit, and pressed so home to me the necessity of taking some step for my health, that I was reduced to a thousand unpleasant evasions in my answers. But I was bound; and I never disengage myself from bonds imposed by others, if once I have agreed to them.

Mr. Turbulent at this time outstayed the tea-party one evening, not for his former rhodomontading, but to seriously and earnestly advise me to resign. My situation, he said, was evidently death to me.

He was eager to inquire of me who was Mrs. Lennox? He had been reading, like all the rest of the world, Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson," and the preference there expressed of Mrs. Lennox to all other females had filled him with astonishment, as he had never even heard her name.

These occasional sallies of Dr. Johnson, uttered from local causes and circumstances, but all retailed verbatim by Mr. Boswell, are filling all sort of readers with amaze, except the small party to whom Dr. Johnson was known, and who, by acquaintance with the power of the moment over his unguarded conversation, know how little of his solid opinion was to be gathered from his accidental assertions.

The King, who was now also reading this work, applied to me for explanations without end. Every night at this period he entered the Queen's dressing-room, and detained her Majesty's proceedings by a length of discourse with me upon this subject. All that flowed from himself was constantly full of the goodness and benevolence of his character; and I was never so happy as in the opportunity thus graciously given me of vindicating, in instances almost innumerable, the serious principles and various excellences of Dr. Johnson from the clouds so frequently involving and darkening them, in narrations so little calculated for any readers who were strangers to his intrinsic worth, and therefore worked upon and struck by what was faulty in his temper and manners.

I regretted not having strength to read this work to her Majesty myself. It was an honour I should else have certainly received; for so much wanted clearing! so little was understood! However, the Queen frequently condescended to read over passages and anecdotes which perplexed or offended her; and there were none I had not a fair power to soften or to justify. Dear and excellent Dr. Johnson! I have never forgot nor neglected his injunction given me when he was ill—to stand by him and support him, and not hear him abused when he was no more, and could not defend himself! but little—little did I think it would ever fall to my lot to vindicate him to his King and Queen.

At this time Colonel Manners was in waiting, and Colone'

Goldsworthy was on a visit, as was Mr. Fairly. They all little enough thought how near we were to a separation. Lords Chesterfield, Harrington, and Cathcart drank tea with us almost constantly. The two latter I liked extremely, and shall be glad if hereafter I should meet them.

Her Majesty, the day before we left Windsor, gave me to understand my attendance would be yet one more fortnight requisite, though no longer. I heard this with a fearful presentiment I should surely never go through another fortnight, in so weak and languishing and painful a state of health. However, I could but accede, though I fear with no very courtly grace. So melancholy, indeed, was the state of my mind, from the weakness of my frame, that I was never alone but to form scenes of "foreign woe," when my own disturbance did not occupy me wholly. I began—almost whether I would or not—another tragedy! The other three all unfinished! not one read! and one of them, indeed, only generally sketched as to plan and character. But I could go on with nothing; I could only suggest and invent.

The power of composition has to me indeed proved a solace, a blessing! When incapable of all else, that, unsolicited, unthought of, has presented itself to my solitary leisure, and beguiled me of myself, though it has not of late regaled me with gayer associates.

JULY.—I come now to write the last week of my royal residence. The Queen honoured me with the most uniform graciousness, and though, as the time of separation approached, her cordiality rather diminished, and traces of internal displeasure appeared sometimes, arising from an opinion I ought rather to have struggled on, live ordie, than to quit her—yet I am sure she saw how poor was my own chance, except by a change in the mode of life, and at least ceased to wonder, though she could not approve.

The King was more courteous, more communicative, more amiable, at every meeting; and he condescended to hold me in conversation with him by every opportunity, and with an air of such benevolence and goodness, that I never felt such ease and pleasure in his notice before. He talked over all Mr. Boswell's book, and I related to him sundry anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, all

highly to his honour, and such as I was eager to make known. He always heard me with the utmost complacency, and encouraged me to proceed in my accounts, by every mark of attention and interest.

He told me once, laughing heartily, that, having seen my name in the Index, he was eager to come to what was said of me; but when he found so little, he was surprised and disappointed.

I ventured to assure him how much I had myself been rejoiced at this very circumstance, and with what satisfaction I had reflected upon having very seldom met Mr. Boswell, as I knew there was no other security against all manner of risks in his relations.

I must have told you long since of the marriage of Mlle. Montmollin to M. d'Espère-en-Dieu? Her niece, another Mlle. Montmollin, has succeeded her. I was not inclined to make new acquaintance on the eve of my departure; but she came one morning to my room, in attendance upon the Princess Mary, who called in to ask me some question. She seems agreeable and sensible. The Princess Mary then stayed and chatted with me over her own adventures on the Queen's birthday, when she first appeared at Court. The history of her dancing at the ball, and the situation of her partner and brother, the Duke of Clarence, she spoke of with a sweet ingenuousness and artless openness which mark her very amiable character. And not a little did I divert her when I related the Duke's visit to our party! "Oh," cried she, "he told me of it himself the next morning, and said, 'You may think how far I was gone, for I kissed the Schwellenberg's hand!'"

About this time Mr. Turbulent made me a visit at tea-time, when the gentlemen were at the Castle; and the moment William left the room, he eagerly said, "Is this true, Miss Burney, that I hear? Are we going to lose you?"

I was much surprised, but could not deny the charge. He, very good-naturedly, declared himself much pleased at a release which, he protested, he thought necessary to my life's preservation.

I made him tell me the channel through which a business I

had guarded so scrupulously myself had reached him ; but it is too full of windings for writing.

With Mr. de Luc I was already in confidence upon my resignation, and with the knowledge of the Queen, as he had received the intelligence from Germany, whence my successor was now arriving.

I then also begged the indulgence of writing to Mr. Smelt upon the subject, which was accorded me.

My next attack was from Miss Planta. She expressed herself in the deepest concern at my retiring, though she not only acknowledged its necessity, but confessed she had not thought I could have performed my official duty even one year ! She broke from me while we talked, leaving me abruptly in a violent passion of tears.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

July 3rd, '91.

DEAREST SIR,

Mademoiselle Jacobi, my destined successor, is come. This moment I have been told it by the Queen. And, in truth, I am again feeling so unwell that I had fully expected, if the delay had been yet lengthened, another dreadful seizure for its termination. But I hope now to avoid this : and my mind is very full, very agitated ; nothing has yet been said of my day of dismissal.

I conclude I return not till Thursday, after the drawing-room. I fancy my attendance will be required at St. James's till that ceremony is over. It will be highly disagreeable, and even painful, to conclude in such full congress and fine trappings, &c., for I know I shall feel a pang at parting with the Queen, in the midst of the soul's satisfaction with which I shall return to my beloved father—that dear parental protection under which, if my altered health should even fail of restoration, my mind will be composed, and my best affections cherished, soothed, and returned. My eyes fill while I write ; my dearest father, I feel myself already in your kind arms. I shall write instantly to my good Mrs. Ord ; I have many reasons for knowing her plan of excursion as wise to follow as it was kind to propose ; and if you go to Crewc Hall, we may set off almost at the same moment.

All the sweet Princesses seem sorry I am going. Indeed the most flattering marks of attention meet me from all quarters. I feel heavy-hearted at the parting scene, especially with the Queen, in the midst of all my joy and relief to return to my beloved father. And the King—the benevolent King—so uniformly, partially, and encouragingly good to me—I can hardly look at with dry eyes. Mrs. Schwellenberg has been forced to town by ill health; she was very friendly, even affectionate, in going!

The business with my servants is quite a tragedy to me—they so much liked their places: they have both been crying, even the man; Goter cannot keep from sobbing.

I flatter myself, dearest sir, we shall still have near a month together before our first branching off; and such rest as that, with peace, my long-postponed medical trial of Dr. W.'s prescription, and my own most wished regimen of affection in domestic life, will do all that can be done towards recruiting my shattered frame; and the frequent gentle changes of air, with such a skilful directress as Mrs. Ord, will be giving me, indeed, every possible chance.

Adieu, most dear sir: to the world's end, and I hope after the world's end, dutifully and affectionately, your F. B.

I had soon the pleasure to receive Mlle. Jacobi. She brought with her a young German, as her maid, who proved to be her niece, but so poor she could not live when her aunt left Germany! Mr. Best, a messenger of the King's, brought her to Windsor, and Mrs. Best, his wife, accompanied him.

I was extremely pleased with Mlle. Jacobi, who is tall, well made, and nearly handsome, and of a humour so gay, an understanding so lively, and manners so frank and ingenuous, that I felt an immediate regard for her, and we grew mutual good friends. She is the daughter of a dignified clergyman of Hanover, high in theological fame.

They all dined with me; and, indeed, Mlle. Jacobi, wanting a thousand informations in her new situation, which I was most happy to give her, seldom quitted me an instant.

Tuesday morning I had a conversation, very long and very affecting to me, with Her Majesty. I cannot pretend to detail it. I will only tell you she began by speaking of Mlle. Jacobi, whom I had the satisfaction to praise, as far as had appeared, very warmly; and then she led me to talk at large upon the nature and requisites and circumstances of the situation I was leaving. I said whatever I could suggest that would tend to render my successor more comfortable, and had the great happiness to represent with success the consolation and very innocent pleasure she might reap from the society of the young relation she had brought over, if she might be permitted to treat her at once as a companion, and not as a servant. This was heard with the most humane complacency, and I had leave given me to forward the plan in various ways.

She then conversed upon sundry subjects, all of them confidential in their nature, for near an hour; and then, after a pause, said, "Do I owe you anything, my dear Miss Burney?"

I acquainted her with a debt or two amounting to near 70*l.* She said she would settle it in the afternoon, and then paused again; after which, with a look full of benignity, she very expressively said, "As I don't know your plan, or what you propose, I cannot tell what would make you comfortable, but you know the size of my family."

I comprehended her, and was immediately interrupting her with assurances of my freedom from all expectation or claim; but she stopped me, saying, "You know what you now have from me:—the half of that I mean to continue."

Amazed and almost overpowered by a munificence I had so little expected or thought of, I poured forth the most earnest disclaimings of such a mark of her graciousness, declaring I knew too well her innumerable calls to be easy in receiving it; and much more I uttered to this purpose, with the unaffected warmth that animated me at the moment. She heard me almost silently; but, in conclusion, simply, yet strongly, said, "I shall certainly do that!" with a stress on the "that" that seemed to kindly mean she would rather have done more.

The conference was in this stage when the Princess Elizabeth

came into the room. The Queen then retired to the ante-chamber. My eyes being full, and my heart not very empty, I could not then forbear saying to her Royal Highness how much the goodness of the Queen had penetrated me. The Princess spoke feelings I could not expect, by the immediate glistening of her soft eyes. She condescended to express her concern at my retiring; but most kindly added, "However, Miss Burney, you have this to comfort you, go when you will, that your behaviour has been most perfectly honourable."

This, my last day at Windsor, was filled with nothing but packing, leave-taking, bills-paying, and lessoning to Mlle. Jacobi, who adhered to my side through everything, and always with an interest that made its own way for her.

All the people I had to settle with poured forth for my better health good wishes without end; but amongst the most unwilling for my retreat stood poor Mrs. Astley; indeed she quite saddened me by her sadness, and by the recollections of that sweet and angelic being her mistress, who had so solaced my early days at that place.

Mr. Bryant, too, came this same morning; he had an audience of the Queen: he knew nothing previously of my design. He seemed quite thunderstruck. "Bless me!" he cried, in his short and simple but expressive manner; "so I shall never see you again—never have the honour to dine in that apartment with you more!" &c. I would have kept him to dinner this last day, but he was not well, and would not be persuaded. He would not, however, bid me adieu, but promised to endeavour to see me some time at Chelsea.

I had then a little note from Miss Gomme, desiring to see me in the garden. She had just gathered the news. I do not believe any one was more disposed to be sorry, if the sight and sense of my illness had not checked her concern. She highly approved the step I was taking, and was most cordial and kind.

Miss Planta came to tell me she must decline dining with me as she felt she should cry all dinner-time, in reflecting upon its being our last meal together at Windsor, and this might affront Mlle. Jacobi.

The Queen deigned to come once more to my apartment this afternoon. She brought me the debt. It was a most mixed feeling with which I now saw her.

In the evening came Madame de la Fite. I need not tell you, I imagine, that her expressions were of "*la plus vive douleur*;" yet she owned she could not wonder my father should try what another life would do for me.

My dear Mrs. De Luc came next; she, alone, knew of this while impending. She rejoiced the time of deliverance was arrived, for she had often feared I should outstay my strength, and sink while the matter was arranging. She rejoiced, however, with tears in her kind eyes; and, indeed, I took leave of her with true regret.

It was nine o'clock before I could manage to go down the garden to the Lower Lodge, to pay my duty to the younger Princesses, whom I could not else see at all, as they never go to town for the court-days.

I went first upstairs to Miss Gomme, and had the mortification to learn that the Princess Amelia was already gone to bed. This extremely grieved me. When or how I may see her lovely little Highness more, Heaven only knows!

Miss Gomme kindly accompanied me to Miss Goldsworthy's apartment, and promised me a few more last words before I set out the next morning.

I found Mrs. Cheveley, at whose door, and at Miss Neven's, her sister's, I had tapped and left my name, with Miss Goldsworthy and Dr. Fisher: that pleasing and worthy man has just taken a doctor's degree.

I waited with Miss Goldsworthy till the Princesses Mary and Sophia came from the Upper Lodge, which is when the King and Queen go to supper. Their Royal Highnesses were gracious even to kindness; they shook my hand again and again, and wished me better health, and all happiness, with the sweetest earnestness. Princess Mary repeatedly desired to see me whenever I came to the Queen's house, and condescended to make me as repeatedly promise that I would not fail. I was deeply touched by their goodness, and by leaving them.

WEDNESDAY.—In the morning Mrs. Evans, the housekeeper, came to take leave of me; and the housemaid of my apartment, who, poor girl! cried bitterly that I was going to give place to a foreigner; for Mrs. Schwellenberg's severity with servants has made all Germans feared in the house.

Oh, but let me first mention that, when I came from the Lower Lodge, late as it was, I determined to see my old friends the equerries, and not quit the place without bidding them adieu. I had never seen them since I had dared mention my designed retreat.

I told William, therefore, to watch their return from the Castle, and to give my compliments to either Colonel Gwynn or Colonel Goldsworthy, and an invitation to my apartment.

Colonel Goldsworthy came instantly. I told him I could not think of leaving Windsor without offering first my good wishes to all the household. He said that, when my intended departure had been published, he and all the gentlemen then with him had declared it ought to have taken place six months ago. He was extremely courteous, and I begged him to bring to me the rest of his companions that were known to me.

He immediately fetched Colonel Gwynn, General Grenville, Colonel Ramsden, and Colonel Manners. This was the then party. I told him I sent to beg their blessing upon my departure. They were all much pleased, apparently, that I had not made my exit without seeing them: they all agreed in the urgency of the measure, and we exchanged good wishes most cordially.

My Wednesday morning's attendance upon the Queen was a melancholy office. Miss Goldsworthy as well as Miss Gomme came early to take another farewell. I had not time to make any visits in the town, but left commissions with Mrs. de Luc and Madame de la Fite. Even Lady Charlotte Finch I could not call upon, though she had made me many kind visits since my illness. I wrote to her, however, by Miss Gomme, to thank her, and bid her adieu.

THURSDAY, JULY 7TH.—This, my last day of office, was big and busy,—joyful, yet affecting to me in a high degree.

In the morning, before I left Kew, I had my last interview

with Mrs. Schwollenberg. She was very kind in it, desiring to see me whenever I could in town, during her residence at the Queen's house, and to hear from me by letter meanwhile.

She then much surprised me by an offer of succeeding to her own place, when it was vacated either by her retiring or her death. This was, indeed, a mark of favour and confidence I had not expected. I declined, however, to enter upon the subject, as the manner in which she opened it made it very solemn, and, to her, very affecting.

She would take no leave of me, but wished me better hastily, and, saying we should soon meet, she hurried suddenly out of the room. Poor woman! If her temper were not so irascible, I really believe her heart would be by no means wanting in kindness.

I then took leave of Mrs. Sandys, giving her a token of remembrance in return for her constant good behaviour, and she showed marks of regard, and of even grief, I was sorry to receive, as I could so ill return.

But the tragedy of tragedies was parting with Goter: that poor girl did nothing but cry incessantly from the time she knew of our separation. I was very sorry to have no place to recommend her to, though I believe she may rather benefit by a vacation that carries her to her excellent father and mother, who teach her nothing but good. I did what I could to soften the blow, by every exertion in my power in all ways; for it was impossible to be unmoved at her violence of sorrow.

I then took leave of Kew Palace—the same party again accompanying me, for the last time, in a Royal vehicle going by the name of *Miss Burney's coach*.

I should mention that the Queen graciously put into my hands the power of giving every possible comfort and kind assurances of encouragement to Mlle. Jacobi and her poor little Bettina; and all was arranged in the best manner for their accommodation and ease. Her Majesty made me also the happy conveyancer of various presents to them both, and gave to me the regulation of their proceedings.

When we arrived in town I took leave of Mr. De Luc. I

believe he was as much inclined to be sorry as the visible necessity of the parting would permit him. For me, I hope to see every one of the establishment hereafter, far more comfortably than ever I have been able to do during the fatigues of a life to which I was so ill suited.

I come now near the close of my Court career.

At St. James's all was graciousness; and my Royal Mistress gave me to understand she would have me stay to assist at her toilet after the drawing-room; and much delighted me by desiring my attendance on the Thursday fortnight, when she came again to town. This lightened the parting in the pleasantest manner possible.

When the Queen commanded me to follow her to her closet I was, indeed, in much emotion; but I told her that, as what had passed from Mrs. Schwollenberg in the morning had given me to understand Her Majesty was fixed in her munificent intention, notwithstanding what I had most unaffectedly urged against it—

“Certainly,” she interrupted, “I shall certainly do it.”

“Yet so little,” I continued, “had I thought it right to dwell upon such an expectation, that, in the belief your Majesty would yet take it into further consideration, I had not even written it to my father.”

“Your father,” she again interrupted me, “has nothing to do with it; it is solely from *me* to *you*.”

“Let me then humbly entreat,” I cried, “still in some measure to be considered as a servant of your Majesty, either as reader, or to assist occasionally if Mlle. Jacobi should be ill.”

She looked most graciously pleased, and immediately closed in with the proposal, saying, “When your health is restored—perhaps sometimes.”

I then fervently poured forth my thanks for all her goodness, and my prayers for her felicity.

She had her handkerchief in her hand or at her eyes the whole time. I was so much moved by her condescending kindness, that as soon as I got out of the closet I nearly sobbed. I went to help Mlle. Jacobi to put up the jewels, that my emotion might

the less be observed. The King then came into the room. He immediately advanced to the window, where I stood, to speak to me. I was not then able to comport myself steadily. I was forced to turn my head away from him. He stood still and silent for some minutes, waiting to see if I should turn about; but I could not recover myself sufficiently to face him, strange as it was to do otherwise: and perceiving me quite overcome he walked away, and I saw him no more.

His kindness, his goodness, his benignity, never shall I forget—never think of but with fresh gratitude and reverential affection.

They all were now going—I took, for the last time, the cloak of the Queen, and, putting it over her shoulders, slightly ventured to press them, earnestly, though in a low voice, saying, “God Almighty bless your Majesty!”

She turned round, and, putting her hand upon my ungloved arm, pressed it with the greatest kindness, and said, “May you be happy!”

She left me overwhelmed with tender gratitude. The three eldest Princesses were in the next room: they ran in to me the moment the Queen went onward. Princess Augusta and Princess Elizabeth each took a hand, and the Princess Royal put hers over them. I could speak to none of them; but they repeated “I wish you happy!—I wish you health!” again and again, with the sweetest eagerness.

They then set off for Kew.

Here, therefore, end my Court Annals; after having lived in the service of Her Majesty five years within ten days—from July 17, 1786, to July 7, 1791.

CHAPTER XLV.

Return home—Congratulations—Letter from Mr. Wyndham to Dr. Burney—Diary of a Southern Tour—Journey to Sidmouth—A Country Waiting-woman—Winchester—The Bishop's Castle—The King's House—A Party of Emigrants—The King of France and the Aristocrats—Liberty in France—Winchester Cathedral—The New Forest—Salisbury Plain—Stonehenge—Wilton House—Blandford—Milton Abbey—Dorchester—Bridport—Lyme—Sidmouth—Village Loyalty—Exmouth—Powderham Castle—House of Sir Francis Drake—Bridgewater—Glastonbury Abbey—The Monks' Kitchen—Abbot Dunstan—Wells—Bath Fifty Years ago—Reminiscences—Dr. Harrington—Lady Spencer and her Daughters—Lady Duncannon—Ladies Georgiana and Harriet Cavendish—Miss Trimmer—Lord Spencer—The Duchess of Devonshire—Lady Elizabeth Forster—Gibbon—Bishop of Dromore—Mrs. Montagu—Edmund Burke—Miss Burney's Return to her Family—Dr. Burney to Miss Burney—Mr. Beckford—Major Rennell—Dr. Robertson—Miss Burney's Literary Pursuits renewed—Mr. Merry—Miss Brunton—Sir Joshua Reynolds—Mrs. Schwellenberg—Dr. Gillies—Mrs. Montagu—Mrs. Garrick—Lady Rothes—Sir Lucas Pepys—Mrs. Chapone.

Chelsea College.

ONCE more I have the blessing to address my beloved friends from the natal home!—with a satisfaction, a serenity of heart immeasurable. All smaller evils shall now give way to the one great good; and I shall not, I hope, be forgetful, when the world wags ill, that scarce any misfortune, scarce misery itself, can so wastefully desolate the very soul of my existence as a banishment, even the most honourable, from those I love.

But I must haste to the present time, and briefly give the few facts that occurred before my Susanna came to greet my restoration, and the few that preceded my journey to the south-west afterwards, in July.

My dear father was waiting for me in my apartment at St. James's when their Majesties and their fair Royal daughters were gone. He brought me home, and welcomed me most sweetly. My heart was a little sad, in spite of its contentment. My joy in quitting my place extended not to quitting the King and Queen; and the final marks of their benign favour had deeply impressed me. My mother received me according to my wishes, and Sarah most cordially.

My dear James and Charles speedily came to see me; and one precious half-day I was indulged with my kind Mr. Locke and his Fredy. If I had been stouter and stronger in health, I should then have been almost flightily happy; but the weakness of the frame still kept the rest in order. My ever-kind Miss Cambridge was also amongst the foremost to hasten with congratulations on my return to my old ways, and to make me promise to visit Twickenham after my projected tour with Mrs. Ord.

I could myself undertake no visiting at this time; rest and quiet being quite essential to my recovery. But my father did the honours for me amongst those who had been most interested in my resignation. He called instantly upon Sir Joshua Reynolds and Miss Palmer, and Mr. Burke; and he wrote to Mr. Walpole, Mr. Seward, Mrs. Crewe, Mr. Wyndham, and my Worcester uncle. Mr. Walpole wrote the most charming of answers, in the gallantry of the old court, and with all its wit, concluding with a warm invitation to Strawberry Hill. Sir Joshua and Miss Palmer sent me every species of kind exultation. Mr. Burke was not in town. Mr. Seward wrote very heartily and cordially, and came also when my Susanna was here. Mrs. Crewe immediately pressed me to come and recruit at Crewe Hall in Cheshire, where she promised me repose, and good air and good society.

Mr. Wyndham to Dr. Burney.

July, 1791.

DEAR SIR,

I am shocked that circumstances of different sorts—among which one has been the hope of visiting you at Chelsea—should

have delayed so long my acknowledgments for your very kind letter. I not only received with infinite satisfaction the intelligence which it contained, but I was gratified by being distinguished as one to whom such intelligence would be satisfactory. It was the common cause of every one interested in the concerns of genius and literature. I have been alarmed of late, however, by hearing that the evil has not ended with the occasion, but that Miss B.'s health is still far from being re-established. I hope the fact is not true in the extent in which I heard it stated. There are few of those who only admire Miss Burney's talents at a distance, and have so little the honour of her acquaintance, who feel more interested in her welfare; nor could I possibly be insensible to a concern in which you must be so deeply affected.

I should be very happy if, at any time when you are in this neighbourhood, you would give me the chance of seeing you, and of hearing, I hope, a more favourable account than seemed to be the amount of what I heard lately.

W. W.

Sidmouth, Devonshire.

MONDAY, AUGUST 1ST.—I have now been a week out upon my travels, but have not had the means or the time, till this moment, to attempt their brief recital.

Mrs. Ord called for me about ten in the morning. I left my dearest father with the less regret, as his own journey to Mrs. Crewe was very soon to take place.

It was a terribly rainy morning, but I was eager not to postpone the excursion.

As we travelled on towards Staines, I could scarcely divest myself of the idea that I was but making again my usual journey to Windsor; and I could with difficulty forbear calling Mrs. Ord Miss Planta during the whole of that well-known road. I did not, indeed, take her maid, who was our third in the coach, for Mr. De Luc, or Mr. Turbulent; but the place she occupied made me think much more of those I so long had had for my *vis-à-vis* than of herself.

We went on no farther than to Bagshot ; thirty miles was the extremity of our powers ; but I bore them very tolerably, though variably.

We put up at the best inn, very early, and then inquired what we could see in the town and neighbourhood.

"Nothing!" was the concise answer of a staring housemaid. We determined, therefore, to prowl to the churchyard, and read the tombstone inscriptions ; but when we asked the way, the same woman, staring still more wonderingly, exclaimed, "Church ! there's no church nigh here ! There's the Prince of Wales's, just past the turning—you may go and see that, if you will !"

So on we walked towards this hunting villa : but after toiling up a long unweeded avenue, we had no sooner opened the gate to the parks than a few score of dogs, which were lying in ambush, set up so prodigious a variety of magnificent barkings, springing forward at the same time, that, content with having caught a brief view of the seat, we left them to lord it over the domain they regarded as their own, and, with all due submission, pretty hastily shut the gate, without troubling them to give us another salute. We returned to the inn, and read B——'s "Lives of the Family of the Boyles."

TUESDAY, AUGUST 2ND.—We proceeded to Farnham to breakfast, and thence walked to the Castle. The Bishop of Winchester, Mrs. North, and the whole family, are gone abroad. The Castle is a good old building, with as much of modern elegance and fashion intermixed in its alterations and fitting up as Mrs. North could possibly contrive to weave into its ancient grandeur. They date the Castle from King Stephen, in whose reign, as Norbury will tell us, the land was almost covered with such strong edifices, from his imprudent permission of building them, granted to appease the Barons, who were turned aside from the Empress Maud. I wished I could have climbed to the top of an old tower, much out of repair, but so high, that I fancied I could thence have espied the hills of Norbury. However, I was ready to fall already, from only ascending the slope to reach the Castle.

We arrived early at Winchester ; but the town was so full, as the judges were expected the next morning, that we could only

get one bed-chamber, in which Mrs. Ord, her maid, and myself reposed.

Just after we had been obliged to content ourselves with this scanty accommodation, we saw a very handsome coach and four horses, followed by a chaise and outriders, stop at the gate, and heard the mistress of the house declare she could not receive the company; and the postilions, at the same time, protested the horses could go no farther. They inquired for fresh horses; there were none to be had in the whole city; and the party were all forced to remain, in their carriages, without horses, at the inn-gate, for the chance of what might pass on the road.

We asked who they were, and our pity was doubled in finding them foreigners.

We strolled about the upper part of the city, leaving the Cathedral for the next morning. We saw a large, uniform, handsome palace, which is called by the inhabitants "The King's House," and which was begun by Charles II. We did not, therefore, expect the elegant architecture of his father's days. One part, they told us, was particularly designed for Nell Gwynn. It was never finished, and neglect has taken place of time in rendering it a most ruined structure, though, as it bears no marks of antiquity, it has rather the appearance of owing its destruction to a fire than to the natural decay of age. It is so spacious, however, and stands so magnificently to overlook the city, that I wish it to be completed for an hospital or infirmary. I have written Mrs. Schwellenberg an account of its appearance and state, which I am sure will be read by Her Majesty.

When we returned to the inn, still the poor travellers were in the same situation: they looked so desolate, and could so indifferently make themselves understood, that Mrs. Ord good-naturedly invited them to drink tea with us.

They most thankfully accepted the offer, and two ladies and two gentlemen ascended the stairs with us to our dining-room. The chaise had the female servants.

The elder lady was so truly French—so *vive* and so *triste* in turn—that she seemed formed from the written character of a Frenchwoman, such, at least, as we English write them. She

was very forlorn in her air, and very sorrowful in her countenance; yet all action and gesture, and of an animation when speaking nearly fiery in its vivacity: neither pretty nor young, but neither ugly nor old; and her smile, which was rare, had a *finesse* very engaging; while her whole deportment announced a person of consequence, and all her discourse told that she was well-informed, well-educated, and well-bred.

The other lady, whom they called *Mademoiselle*, as the first *Madame*, was young, dark, but clear and bright in her eyes and complexion, though without good features, or a manner of equal interest with the lady she accompanied. Sensible she proved, however, and seemed happy in the general novelty around her. She spoke English pretty well, and was admired without mercy by the rest of the party, as a perfect mistress of the language. The Madame spoke it very ill indeed, but pleasingly.

Of the two gentlemen, one they called only Monsieur, and the other the Madame addressed as her brother. The Monsieur was handsome, rather tonnish, and of the high haughty ton, and seemed the devoted attendant or protector of the Madame, who sometimes spoke to him almost with asperity, from eagerness, and a tinge of wretchedness and impatience, which coloured all she said; and, at other times, softened off her vehemence with a smile the most expressive, and which made its way to the mind immediately, by coming with sense and meaning, and not merely from good humour and good spirits, as the more frequent smiles of happier persons.

The brother seemed lively and obliging, and entirely at the devotion of his sister, who gave him her commands with an authority that would not have brooked dispute.

They told us they were just come from Southampton, which they had visited in their way from seeing the fleet at the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth, and they meant to go on now to Bath.

We soon found they were aristocrats, which did better for them with Mrs. Ord and me than it would have done with you republicans of Norbury and Mickleham; yet I wish you had all met the Madame, and heard her indignant unhappiness. They

had been in England but two months. They all evidently belonged to Madame, who appeared to be a fugitive just before the flight of the French King, or in consequence of his having been taken.

She entered upon her wretched situation very soon, lamenting that he was, in fact, no King, and bewailing his want of courage for his trials. The Queen she never mentioned. She spoke once or twice of *son mari*, but did not say who or what he was, nor where.

"They say," she cried, "in France they have now liberty ! Who has liberty, *le peuple*, or the mob ? Not *les honnêtes gens* ; for those whose principles are known to be aristocratic must fly, or endure every danger and indignity. *Ah ! est-ce là la liberté ?*"

The Monsieur said he had always been the friend of liberty, such as it was in England ; but in France it was general tyranny. "In England," he cried, "he was a true democrat, though *bien aristocrate* in France."

"At least," said the poor Madame, "formerly, in all the sorrows of life, we had *nos terres* to which we could retire, and there forget them, and dance, and sing, and laugh, and fling them all aside, till forced back to Paris. But now our villas are no protection : we may be safe, but the first offence conceived by *le peuple* is certain destruction ; and, without a moment's warning, we may be forced to fly our own roofs, and see them and all we are worth burnt before our eyes, in horrible triumph."

This was all said in French. But the anguish of her countenance filled me with compassion, though it was scarcely possible to restrain a smile when, the moment after, she said she might be very wrong, but she hoped I would forgive her if she owned she preferred Paris incomparably to London ; and pitied me very unreservedly for never having seen that first of cities.

Her sole hope, she said, for the overthrow of that anarchy in which the unguarded laxity of the King had plunged the first country in the world—*vous me pardonnerez, mademoiselle*—was now from the German Princes, who, she flattered herself, would rise in their own defence.

She told me, the next moment, of *les spectacles* I should find at Southampton, and asked me what she might expect at Bath of public amusement and buildings.

I was travelling, I said, for my health, and should visit no theatres, ball-rooms, &c., and could recommend none.

She did not seem to comprehend me; yet, in the midst of naming these places, she sighed as deeply from the bottom of her heart as if she had been forswearing the world for ever in despair. But it was necessary, she said, when unhappy, to go abroad the more, *pour se distraire*.

In parting, they desired much to renew acquaintance with us when we returned to London. Mrs. Ord gave her direction to the Monsieur, who, in return, wrote theirs—"The French ladies, No. 30, Gerrard Street, Soho."

They stayed till our early hour of retiring made Mrs. Ord suffer them to go. I was uneasy to know what would become of them. I inquired of a waiter; he unfeelingly laughed, and said, "Oh! they do well enough; they've got a room." I asked if he could yet let them have beds to stay, or horses to proceed? "No," answered he, sneeringly; "but it don't matter; for, now they've got a room, they are as merry and capering as if they were going to dance."

Just after this, Mrs. Stephenson, Mrs. Ord's maid, came running in. "La! ma'am," she cried, "I've been so frightened, you can't think: the French folks sent for me on purpose to ask t'other lady's name, they said; and they had asked William before, so they knew it; but they said I must write it down, and where she lived; so I was forced to write 'Miss Burney, Chelsea,' and they fell a smiling so at one another."

'Twas impossible to help laughing; but we desired her, in return, to send for one of their maids, and ask their names also.

She came back, and said she could not understand the maids, and so they had called one of the gentlemen, and he had written down, "Madame la Comtesse de Menage, et Mdlle. de Beaufort."

We found, afterwards, they had sat up till two in the morning, and then procured horses and journeyed towards Oxford.

Ah! is this liberty, where one side alone predominates thus

fiercely? Liberty! the first, best, noblest gift for mankind, is mutual, reciprocal for all parties: in France it seems to me but a change of despotism. I rejoice with my whole heart to see those redressed who have been injured; but I feel horror, not joy, to see those oppressed who are guiltless. I have much, I own, to learn ere I can account for the predilection I see taken for a demolition of tyranny by tyranny. They say I have heard but one side: it appears to me they think there is but one side.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3RD.—We walked to the Cathedral, and saw it completely. Part of it remains from the original Saxon building, though neglected, except by travellers, as the rest of the church is ample for all uses, and alone kept in repair. The bones of eleven Saxon Kings are lodged in seven curious old chests, in which they were deposited after being dug up and disturbed in civil wars and ensuing confusions. The small number of chests is owing to the small proportion remaining of some of the skeletons, which occasioned their being united with others. The Saxon characters are in many inscriptions preserved, though in none entire. They were washing a plaster from the walls, to discern some curious old painting, very miserable, but very entertaining, of old legends, which some antiquaries are now endeavouring to discover.

William of Wykeham, by whom the Cathedral was built in its present form, lies buried, with his effigy and whole monument in very fine alabaster, and probably very like, as it was done, they aver, before he died.

Its companion, equally superb, is Cardinal Beaufort, uncle of Harry VI. William Rufus, slain in the neighbouring forest, is buried in the old choir: his monument is of plain stone, without any inscription or ornament, and only shaped like a coffin. Hardyknute had a much more splendid monument preserved for him; but Harry I. had other business to attend, I presume, than to decorate the tomb of one brother while despoiling of his kingdom another.

An extremely curious old chapel and monument remain of Archbishop Langton, of valuable Gothic workmanship. The altar, which is highly adorned with gold, was protected in Crom-

well's time by the address and skill of the Winton inhabitants, who ran up a slight wall before it, and deceived the Reformists, *soi-disants*. I could hardly quit this poor dear old building, so much I was interested with its Saxon chiefs, its little queer niches, quaint images, damp cells, mouldering walls, and mildewed pillars. One chest contains the bones entire of Egbert, our first King. Edred, also, I distinguished.

The screen was given to this church by King Charles, and is the work of Inigo Jones. It is very simple in point of ornament, very complete in taste and elegance; nevertheless, a screen of Grecian architecture in a cathedral of Gothic workmanship was ill, I think, imagined.

We travelled through a most delicious country in parts of the New Forest, to Southampton. As I have twice been there before, what I had to say I suppose said.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4TH.—We proceeded to breakfast at Romsey. What a contrast this journey to that I took two years ago in attendance upon her Majesty! The roads now so empty, the towns so quiet; and then, what multitudes! what tumults of joy! and how graciously welcomed!

We went on to dine at Salisbury, a city which, with their Majesties, I could not see for people. It seemed to have neither houses nor walls, but to be composed solely of faces. We strolled about the town, but the Cathedral was shut up to be repaired, much to our regret.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5TH.—We went to Stonehenge. Here I was prodigiously disappointed, at first, by the huge masses of stone so unaccountably piled at the summit of Salisbury Plain. However, we alighted, and the longer I surveyed and considered them, the more augmented my wonder and diminished my disappointment.

We then went on to Wilton. There I renewed my delight over the exquisite Vandykes, and with the statues, busts, and pictures, which again I sighingly quitted, with a longing wish I might ever pass under that roof time enough to see them more deliberately. We stopped in the Hans Holbein porch, and upon the Inigo Jones bridge, as long as we could stand after stand-

ing and staring and straining our eyes till our guide was quite fatigued. 'Tis a noble collection; and how might it be enjoyed if, as an arch rustic old labouring man told us, fine folks lived as they ought to do!

SUNDAY, AUGUST 7TH.—We heard the service performed very well at Blandford Church, which is a very pretty edifice of late date, built, after the old one, with the whole town, had been totally consumed by fire, about a century ago.

After an early dinner we set off for Milton Abbey, the seat of Lord Milton. We arrived, through very bad roads, at a village built by his Lordship, very regularly, of white plaster, cut stone fashion and thatched, though every house was square and meant to resemble a gentleman's abode: a very miserable mistake in his good Lordship, of an intended fine effect; for the sight of the common people and of the poor, labouring or strolling in and about these dwellings, made them appear rather to be reduced from better days than flourishing in a primitive or natural state.

Milton Abbey Chapel, however, made amends for all deficiencies. It is a beautiful old building, erected in the reign of Athelstan, of whom there is a terrible carved image in the act of presenting the church to a kneeling monk, who takes it into his hand.

Lord Milton is now restoring this building, under the direction of Wyatt. It is a really sweet structure, in the lightest and most pleasing style of Gothic taste.

The Mansion-house, partly constructed from the old Abbey and partly new, is spacious and superb. There is a magnificent hall in excellent preservation, of evident Saxon workmanship, and extremely handsome, though not of the airy beauty of the chapel. There are, also, some good pictures of the Dutch school, and some of admirable architectural perspective; but the house-keeper could tell no names of painters.

The situation of this Abbey is truly delicious; it is in a vale of extreme fertility and richness, surrounded by hills of the most exquisite form, and mostly covered with hanging woods, but so varied in their growth and groups, that the eye is perpetually fresh caught with objects of admiration. 'Tis truly a lovely place.

Hence we proceeded to Dorchester, which again diverted me much by its comic, irregular, odd old houses. But the town, after having seen it with the King and Queen, appeared quite depopulated.

MONDAY, AUGUST 8TH.—We proceeded to Bridport, a remarkably clean town, with the air so clear and pure, it seemed a new climate. Hence we set out, after dinner, for Lyme, and the road through which we travelled is the most beautiful to which my wandering destinies have yet sent me. It is diversified with all that can compose luxuriant scenery, and with just as much of the approach to sublime as is in the province of unterrific beauty. The hills are the highest, I fancy, in the south of this country—the boldest and noblest; the vales of the finest verdure, wooded and watered as if only to give ideas of finished landscapes; while the whole, from time to time, rises into still superior grandeur, by openings between the heights that terminate the view with the splendour of the British Channel.

There was no going on in the carriage through such enchanting scenes; we got out upon the hills, and walked till we could walk no longer.

The descent down to Lyme is uncommonly steep; and indeed is very striking, from the magnificence of the ocean that washes its borders. Chidiok and Charmouth, two villages between Bridport and Lyme, are the very prettiest I have ever seen.

During the whole of this post I was fairly taken away not only from the world but from myself, and completely wrapped up and engrossed by the pleasures, wonders, and charms of animated nature, thus seen in fair perfection.

Lyme, however, brought me to myself; for the part by the sea, where we fixed our abode, was so dirty and fishy that I rejoiced when we left it.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 9TH.—We travelled to Sidmouth. And here we have taken up our abode for a week. It was all devoted to rest and sea-air.

Sidmouth is built in a vale by the sea-coast, and the terrace for company is nearer to the ocean than any I have elsewhere seen, and therefore both more pleasant and more commodious. The

little bay is of a most peaceful kind, and the sea as calm and gentle as the Thames. I longed to bathe, but I am in no state now to take liberties with myself, and, having no advice at hand, I ran no risk.

Nothing has given me so much pleasure since I came to this place as our landlady's account of her own and her town's loyalty. She is a baker, a poor widow woman, she told us, who lost her husband by his fright in thinking he saw a ghost, just after her mother was drowned. She carries on the business, with the help of her daughter, a girl about fifteen. We could get no other lodgings, so full was the town; and these are near the sea, though otherwise not desirable.

I inquired of her if she had seen the Royal Family when they visited Devonshire? "Yes, sure, ma'am!" she cried; "there was ne'er a soul left in all this place for going out to see 'em. My daughter and I rode a double horse, and we went to Sir George Young's, and got into the park, for we knew the housekeeper, and she gave my daughter a bit to taste of the King's dinner when they had all done, and she said she might talk on it when she was a old woman."

I asked another good woman, who came in for some flour, if she had been of the party? "No," she said, "she was ill, but she had had holiday enough upon the King's recovery, for there was such a holiday then as the like was not in all England."

"Yes, sure, ma'am," cried the poor baker-woman, "we all did our best then, for there was ne'er a town in all England like Sidmouth for rejoicing. Why, I baked a hundred and ten penny loaves for the poor, and so did every baker in town, and there's three; and the gentry subscribed for it. And t'ae gentry roasted a bullock and cut it all up, and we all eat it, in the midst of the rejoicing. And then we had such a fine sermon, it made us all cry; there was a more tears shed than ever was known, all for over-joy. And they had the King drawed, and dressed up all in gold and laurels, and they put un in a coach and eight horses, and carried un about; and all the grand gentlemen in the town, and all abouts, come in their own carriages to join. And they had the finest band of music in all England singing 'God save

the King,' and every soul joined in the ehorus, and all not so much because he was a King, but because they said a was such a worthy gentleman, and that the like of him was never known in this nation before; so we all subscribed for the illuminations for that reason,—some a shilling, some a guinea, and some a penny,—for no one begrudged it, as a was such a worthy person."

The other woman and the daughter then united in the recital, and gave it with such heartiness and simplicity, that at last I was forced to leave them a little abruptly, for I fairly lost all voice to answer them, from the lively sensations of pleasure which such proofs of the popularity of the good and dear King always give me. The two women both cried also, and that was far more wonderful.

The good Mrs. Dare has purchased images of all the Royal Family, in her great zeal, and I had them in my apartment—King, Queen, Prince of Wales, Dukes of York, Clarence, Kent, Sussex, Cumberland, and Cambridge; Princess Royal, and Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, Mary, Sophia, and Amelia. God bless them all!

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16TH.—We quitted Sidmouth, and proceeded through the finest country possible to Exmouth, to see that celebrated spot of beauty.

The next morning we crossed the Exe and visited Powderham Castle. Its appearance, noble and antique without, loses all that character from French finery and minute elegance and gay trappings within. The present owner, Lord Courtney, has fitted it up in the true Gallic taste, and every room has the air of being ornamented for a gala. Some few good pictures, however, were worth all the rest, but the housekeeper knew nothing of their masters, though their merit seemed to me highly and greatly to deserve appropriation. A connoisseur would require no name, and I am as happy in amusing myself with turning nomenclator as if I had studied under Mr. Locke.

In the great room is a family picture by Sir Joshua. The late Lord and Lady, and all the present race, consisting, I think, of thirteen, are exhibited: but the picture has too much glare of beauty, and beauty of one style and character, to make it of great

effect. Contrast seems so essential, that an ugly boy or girl would render the piece delightful! 'Tis pity one cannot maim one part of a family to show off the rest to advantage!

The housekeeper did not let us see half the castle; she only took us to those rooms which the present Lord has modernized and fitted up in the sumptuous French taste; the old part of the castle she doubtless thought would disgrace him; forgetting—or rather never knowing—that the old part alone was worth a traveller's curiosity, since the rest might be anticipated by a visit to any celebrated cabinet-maker.

Thence we proceeded to Starcross to dine; and saw on the opposite coast the house of Sir Francis Drake, which was built by his famous ancestor.

Here we saw a sight that reminded me of the drawings of Webber from the South Sea Isles; women scarce clothed at all, with feet and legs entirely naked, straw bonnets of uncouth shapes tied on their heads, a sort of man's jacket on their bodies, and their short coats pinned up in the form of concise trousers, very succinct! and a basket on each arm, strolling along with wide mannish strides to the borders of the river, gathering cockles. They looked, indeed, miserable and savage.

Hence we went, through very beautiful roads, to Exeter. That great old city is too narrow, too populous, too dirty, and too ill-paved, to meet with my applause. We saw the cathedral, in which there is but little to be seen, though Athelstan was its patron, who was patron also of the exquisite chapel of Milton Abbey.

Next morning we breakfasted at Collumpton, and visited its church. Here we saw the remains of a once extremely rich Gothic structure, though never large. There is all the appearance of its having been the church of an abbey before the Reformation. It is situated in a deep but most fertile vale; its ornaments still retain so much of gilding, painting, and antique splendour, as could never have belonged to a mere country church. The wood carving, too, though in ruins, is most laboriously well done; the roof worked in blue and gold, lighter, but in the style of the Royal Chapel at St. James's. We were quite surprised to find

such a structure in a town so little known or named. One aisle was added by a clothier of the town in the reign of Edward VI.; probably upon its first being used as a Protestant and public place of worship. This is still perfect, but very clumsy and inelegant compared with the ancient part. The man, to show he gloried in the honest profession whence he derived wealth for this good purpose, has his arms at one corner, with his name, J. Lane, in Gothic characters, and on the opposite corner his image, terribly worked in the wall, with a pair of shears in one hand, so large as to cut across the figure downwards, almost obscuring all but his feet. Till the Cicerone explained this, I took the idea for a design of Death, placed where most conspicuously he might show himself, ready to cut in two the poor objects that entered the church.

A statue of Edward VI., very young, is in front without. He repaired the old church.

There was only a poor, wretched, ragged woman, a female clerk, to show us this church. She pays a man for doing the duty, while she receives the salary, in right of her deceased husband!

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19TH.—To vary the scenery we breakfasted at Bridgewater, in as much dirt and noise, from the judges filling the town, as at Taunton we had enjoyed neatness and quiet. We walked beside the river, which is navigable from the Bristol Channel; and a stream more muddy, and a quay more dirty and tarry and pitchy, I would not covet to visit again. It is here called the Perrot.

Thence, however, we proceeded to what made amends for all—the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey. These are the most elegant remains of monkish grandeur I have ever chanced to see—the forms, designs, ornaments—all that is left is in the highest perfection of Gothic beauty. Five hundred souls, the people told us, were supported in this abbey and its cloisters.

A chapel of Joseph of Arimathea has the outworks nearly entire, and I was quite bewitched with their antique beauty. But the entrance into the main front of the abbey is stupendous; its height is such that the eye aches to look up at it, though it is now curtailed, by no part of its arch remaining, except the first inclination towards that form, which shows it to have been the

entrance. Not a bit of roof remains in any part. All the monuments that were not utterly decayed or destroyed have been removed to Wells. Mere walls alone are left here, except the monks' kitchen.

This is truly curious: it is a circular building, with a dome as high—higher I fancy—than the Pantheon's; four immense fire-places divide it into four parts at the bottom, and an oven still is visible. One statue is left in one niche, which the people about said was of the abbot's chief cook!

If this monastery was built by the famous old cruel hypocrite abbot, Dunstan, I shall grieve so much taste was bestowed on such a wretch. We had only labourers for our informants. But one boy was worth hearing: he told me there was a well of prodigious depth, which he showed me; and this well had long been dried up, and so covered over as to be forgotten, till his grandfather dreamed a dream that the water of this well would restore him from a bad state of health to good; so he dug, and the well was found, and he drank the water and was cured! And since then the poor came from all parts who were afflicted with diseases, and drank the water and were cured. One woman was now at Glastonbury to try it, and already almost well!

What strange inventions and superstitions even the ruins of what had belonged to St. Dunstan can yet engender! The Glastonbury thorn we forgot to ask for.

Hence we proceeded to Wells. Here we waited, as usual, upon the cathedral, which received our compliments with but small return of civility. There was little to be seen without, except old monuments of old abbots removed from Glastonbury, so inferior in workmanship and design to the abbey once containing them, that I was rather displeased than gratified by the sight. They have also a famous clock, brought from the abbey at its general demolition. This exhibits a set of horses with riders, who curvet a dance round a bell by the pulling a string, with an agility comic enough, and fitted to serve for a puppet-show; which, in all probability, was its design, in order to recreate the poor monks at their hours of play.

There is also a figure of St. Dunstan, who regularly strikes the

quarters of every hour by elock-work, and who holds in his hand a pair of tongs,—the same I suppose as those with which he was wont to pull the devil by the nose, in their nocturnal interviews.

The outside of this eathedral is the most perfect of any I have seen, for not a niche has lost its “unhappy divinity.”

The old castle of Wells is now the palace for the bishop. It is moated still, and looks dreary, secluded, and in the bad old style.

At night, upon a deeply deliberate investigation in the medical way, it was suddenly resolved that we should proceed to Bath instead of Bristol, and that I should try there first the stream of King Bladud. So now at this moment, here we are.

Queen Square, Bath.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20TH.—Bath is extremely altered since I last visited it. Its circumference is perhaps trebled; but its buildings are so unfinished, so spread, so everywhere beginning and nowhere ending, that it looks rather like a space of ground lately fixed upon for erecting a town, than a town itself, of so many years' duration.

It is beautiful and wonderful throughout. The hills are built up and down, and the vales so stocked with streets and houses, that, in some places, from the ground-floor on one side a street, you cross over to the attie of your opposite neighbour. The white stone, where clean, has a beautiful effect, and, even where worn, a grand one. But I must not write a literal Bath Guide, and a figurative one Anstey has all to himself. I will only tell you in brief, yet in truth, it looks a city of palaces, a town of hills, and a hill of towns.

Oh, how have I thought, in patrolling it, of my poor Mrs. Thrale! I went to look (and sigh at the sight) at the house on the North Parade where we dwelt, and almost every old place brings to my mind some scene in which we were engaged;—in the Circus, the houses then Mrs. Montagu's and Mrs. Chohnley's; in Broek-street, Mrs. Vanbrugh's; in Church-street, Mrs. Lambart's; in the Crescent, Mr. Whalley's; in Alfred-street, Mrs

Bowdler's; at the Belvidere, Mrs. Byron, Miss Leigh, and Lord Mulgrave, &c., &c., &c.

Besides the constant sadness of all recollections that bring fresh to my thoughts a breach with a friend once so loved, how are most of the families altered and dispersed in these absent ten years! From Mrs. Montagu's, Miss Gregory, by a marriage disapproved, is removed for ever; from Mrs. Cholmley's, by the severer blow of death, Lady Mulgrave is separated; Mrs. Lambart, by the same blow, has lost the brother, Sir Philip Clerke, who brought us to her acquaintance; Mr. Bowdler and his excellent eldest daughter have yielded to the same stroke; Mrs. Byron has followed; Miss Leigh has been married and widowed; Lord Mulgrave has had the same hard lot; and, besides these, Mrs. Cotton, Mrs. Thrale's aunt, Lady Millar, and Mr. Thrale himself, are no more.

In another ten years, another writer, perhaps, may make a list to us of yet deeper interest. Well, we live but to die, and are led but to follow. 'Tis best, therefore, to think of these matters till they occur with slackened emotion.

AUGUST 31ST.—I have kept no regular memorandums; but I shall give you the history of the Bath fortnight of this month as it rises in my memory.

I found I had no acquaintance here, except Dr. Harrington, who is ill, Mrs. Hartley, who is too lame for visiting, and the Vanbrughs; and though Mrs. Ord, from her frequent residence here, knows many of the settled inhabitants, she has kindly complied with my request of being dispensed from making new visits.

Soon after we came, while I was finishing some letters, and quite alone, Mrs. Ord's servant brought me word Lady Spencer would ask me how I did, if I was well enough to receive her. Of course I begged she might come upstairs.

I have met her two or three times at my dearest Mrs. Delany's, where I met, also, with marked civilities from her. I knew she was here, with her unhappy daughter, Lady Duncannon, whom she assiduously nurses, aided by her more celebrated other daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire.

She made a very flattering apology for coming, and then began to converse upon my beloved Mrs. Delany, and thence to subjects more general: She is a sensible and sagacious character, intelligent, polite, and agreeable; and she spends her life in such exercises of active charity and zeal, that she would be one of the most exemplary women of rank of the age, had she less of show in her exertions, and more of forbearance in publishing them. My dear oracle, however, once said, vain-glory must not be despised or discouraged, when it operated but as a human engine for great or good deeds.

She spoke of Lady Duncannon's situation with much sorrow, and expatiated upon her resignation to her fate, her prepared state for death, and the excellence of her principles, with an eagerness and feeling that had quite overwhelmed me with surprise and embarrassment.

Her other daughter she did not mention; but her grand-daughter Lady Georgiana Cavendish, she spoke of with rapture. Miss Trimmer, also, the eldest daughter of the exceeding worthy Mrs. Trimmer, she named with a regard that seemed quite affectionate. She told me she had the care of the young Lady Cavendishes, but was in every respect treated as if one of themselves.

The name of Mrs. Trimmer led us to talk of the Sunday-schools and Schools of Industry. They are both in a very flourishing state at Bath, and Lady Spencer has taken one school under her own immediate patronage.

The next day, of course, I waited on her: she was out. But the following day, which was Sunday, she sent me a message upstairs to say she would take me to see the Sunday-school, if I felt well enough to desire it.

She waited below for my answer, which, of course, I carried down in my proper person, ready hatted and cloaked.

It was a most interesting sight. Such a number of poor innocent children, all put into a way of right, most taken immediately from every way of wrong, lifting up their little hands, and joining in those prayers and supplications for mercy and grace, which, even if they understand not, must at least impress them with a general idea of religion, a dread of evil, and a love of good; it was, indeed, a sight to expand the best hopes of the heart.

I felt very much obliged to my noble conductress, with whom I had much talk upon the subject in our walk back. Her own little school, of course, engaged us the most. She told me that the next day six of her little girls were to be new-clothed, by herself, in honour of the birthday of the Duke of Devonshire's second daughter, Lady Harriot Cavendish, who was to come to her grand-mamma's house to see the ceremony. To this sight she also invited me, and I accepted her kindness with pleasure.

The following day, therefore, Monday, I obeyed Lady Spencer's time, and at six o'clock was at her house in Gay-street. My good Mrs. Ord, to make my leaving her quite easy, engaged herself to go at the same hour to visit Mrs. Hartley.

Lady Spencer had Mrs. Mary Pointz and Miss Trimmer with her; and the six children, just prepared for Lady Harriot, in their new gowns, were dismissed from their examination, upon my arrival, and sent downstairs to await the coming of her little ladyship, who, having dined with her mamma, was later than her appointment.

Lady Spencer introduced me to Miss Trimmer, who is a pleasing, but not pretty young woman, and seems born with her excellent mother's amiableness and serenity of mind.

Lady Georgiana is just eight years old. She has a fine, animated, sweet, and handsome countenance, and the form and figure of a girl of ten or twelve years of age. Lady Harriot, who this day was six years old, is by no means so handsome, but has an open and pleasing countenance, and a look of the most happy disposition. Lady Spencer brought her to me immediately.

I inquired after the young Marquis of Hartington. Lady Spencer told me they never trusted him from the Upper Walks, near his house, in Marlborough-buildings. He has a house of his own near the Duke's, and a carriage entirely to himself; but you will see the necessity of these appropriations, when I remind you he is now fourteen months old.

Lady Spencer had now a lottery—without blanks, you will suppose—of playthings and toys for the children. She distributed the prizes, and Lady Duncannon held the tickets.

During this entered Lord Spencer, the son of Lady Spencer,

who was here only for three days, to see his sister Duncannon. They had all dined with the little Lady Harriot. The Duke is now at Chatsworth, in Derbyshire.

I thought of Lord Spencer's kindness to Charles, and I recollected he was a favourite of Mr. Wyndham. I saw him, therefore, with very different ideas to those raised by the sight of his poor sister Duncannon, to whom he made up with every mark of pitying affection; she, meanwhile, receiving him with the most expressive pleasure, though nearly silent. I could not help feeling touched, in defiance of all obstacles.

Presently followed two ladies. Lady Spencer, with a look and manner warmly announcing pleasure in what she was doing, then introduced me to the first of them, saying, "Duchess of Devonshire, Miss Burney."

She made me a very civil compliment upon hoping my health was recovering; and Lady Spencer, then, slightly, and as if unavoidably, said, "Lady Elizabeth Forster."

I have neglected to mention, in its place, that the six poor little girls had a repast in the garden, and Lady Georgiana earnestly begged leave to go down and see and speak with them. She applied to Lady Spencer. "Oh, grandmamma," she cried, "pray let me go! Mamma says it all depends upon you." The Duchess expressed some fear lest there might be any illness or disorder amongst the poor things: Lady Spencer answered for them; and Lady Georgiana, with a sweet delight, flew down into the garden, all the rest accompanying, and Lady Spencer and the Duchess soon following.

It was a beautiful sight, taken in all its dependencies, from the windows. Lord Spencer presently joined them.

To return to the Duchess. I did not find so much beauty in her as I expected, notwithstanding the variations of accounts; but I found far more of manner, politeness, and gentle quiet. She seems by nature to possess the highest animal spirits, but she appeared to me not happy. I thought she looked oppressed within, though there is a native cheerfulness about her which I fancy scarce ever deserts her.

There is in her face, especially when she speaks, a sweetness

of good-humour and obligingness that seem to be the natural and instinctive qualities of her disposition ; joined to an openness of countenance that announces her endowed, by nature, with a character intended wholly for honesty, fairness, and good purposes.

She now conversed with me wholly, and in so soberly sensible and quiet a manner, as I had imagined incompatible with her powers. Too much and too little credit have variously been given her. About me and my health she was more civil than I can well tell you ; not from prudery—I have none, in these records, methinks !—but from its being mixed into all that passed. We talked over my late tour, Bath waters, and the King's illness. This, which was led to by accident, was here a tender subject, considering her heading the Regency squadron ; however, I have only one line to pursue, and from that I can never vary. I spoke of my own deep distress from his sufferings without reserve, and of the distress of the Queen with the most avowed compassion and respect. She was extremely well-bred in all she said herself, and seemed willing to keep up the subject. I fancy no one has just in the same way treated it with her Grace before ; however, she took all in good part, though to have found me retired in discontent had perhaps been more congenial to her. But I have been sedulous to make them all know the contrary. Nevertheless, as I am eager to be considered apart from all party, I was much pleased, after all this, to have her express herself very desirous to keep up our acquaintance, ask many questions as to the chance of my remaining in Bath, most politely hope to profit from it, and, finally, inquire my direction.

Poor Mrs. Ord is quite in dismay at this acquaintance, and will believe no good of them, and swallows all that is said of evil. In some points, however, I have found her so utterly misinformed, that I shall never make over into her custody and management my opinion of the world. She thinks the worst, and judges the most severely, of all mankind, of any person I have ever known ; it is the standing imperfection of her character, and so ungenial, so nipping, so blighting, it sometimes damps all my pleasure in her society, since my living with her has shown the extent of her want of all charity towards her fellows.

I always wonder how people, good themselves, as she is, can make up their minds to supposing themselves so singular.

Lady Elizabeth, however, has the character of being so alluring, that Mrs. Holroyd told me it was the opinion of Mr. Gibbon no man could withstand her, and that, if she chose to beckon the Lord Chanceller from his woosack, in full sight of the world, he could not resist obedience!

Not long after our settling at Bath, I found, upon returning from the Pump-room, cards left for me of the Bishop of Dromore, (Dr. Percy), Mrs. and the Miss Percys. I had met them formerly, once at Miss Reynolds's, and once visited them when Dr. Percy was Dean of Carlisle.* The collector and editor of the beautiful reliques of ancient English poetry I could not but be happy to again see. I returned the visit: they were out; but the Bishop soon after came when I was at home. I had a pleasant little chat with him. He told me he had heard of my arrival at Bath by Lady Speneer. He renewed an acquaintance after this with Mrs. Ord, and we have all visited and been visited by them.

The Bishop is perfectly easy and unassuming, very communicative, and, though not very entertaining because too prolix, he is otherwise intelligent and of good commerce. Mrs. Percy is ill, and cannot make visits, though she sends her name and receives company at home. She is very uncultivated and ordinary in manners and conversation, but a good creature, and much delighted to talk over the Royal Family, to one of whom she was formerly a nurse. Miss Percy is a natural and very pleasing character.

Queen's Square, Bath.

SEPTEMBER.—With what pleased and full sensations do I here begin a month I shall end with my beloved readers! Oh that

* Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore, in Ireland, was born at Bridgenorth, in the county of Salop, in 1728. He graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1753, and was in 1756 appointed to the living of Willbye and Easton Manduit, Northamptonshire. In 1769 he was appointed chaplain to George II.; in 1778 was raised to the Deanery of Carlisle; and in 1783 to the Bishopric of Dromore. The "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," by which Dr. Percy is best known, is a work that has exercised a marked and most favourable influence on the poetical taste of our time. Dr. Percy was a very accomplished general scholar, and was extensively acquainted with several of the Oriental languages. He died at Dromore in 1811.

such a time should be really approaching! when in peace, with ease, in natural spirits, and with a mind undisturbed, I may visit Mickleham, and revisit Norbury Park.

I shall attempt now no journal; but just give a few memorandums for my own dilating upon at our meeting.

About a week ago I was surprised with a visit from Mrs. and Miss Preston. The former was daughter of a most intimate friend of Mrs. Delany. I have met her at the house of that lady, who also brought her once to my apartment at the Queen's Lodge, that she might see the Royal Family from my windows. Anything that relates to Mrs. Delany is claim enough for me; otherwise she is not pleasing, and she has too much pretension, under a forced veil of humility, to improve upon acquaintance. I was much more satisfied with her daughter, who is sister of young Mrs. Talbot, in your neighbourhood. She is very pretty, and seems lively and sensible. I do not wonder I was struck with her, for I have since heard from Mrs. Vanbrugh that Mr. Wyndham, when at Bath, was quite in love with her; that is, such love as belongs to admiration, and as leads to flirtation, and ends in nothing at all.

One evening I spent at an acquaintance of Mrs. Ord's when I grew too well for longer refusal; and this was to visit Mrs. Horseman, a very old, very little, very civil, very ancient-familied' good, quaint old lady. She talked to me of nothing but the Court, having known Mrs. Schwellenberg and Mrs. Stainforth when they were at Bath.

Three days before we left Bath, as I was coming with Mrs. Ord from the Pump-room, we encountered a chair from which a lady repeatedly kissed her hand and bowed to me. I was too near-sighted to distinguish who she was, till, coming close, and a little stopped by more people, she put her face to the glass, and said, "How d'ye do? How d'ye do?" and I recollected the Duchess of Devonshire.

About an hour after I had again the honour of a visit from her, and with Lady Dowager Spencer. I was luckily at home

alone, Mrs. Ord having dedicated the rest of the morning to her own visits. I received them, therefore, with great pleasure. I now saw the Duchess far more easy and lively in her spirits, and, consequently, far more lovely in her person. Vivacity is so much her characteristic, that her style of beauty requires it indispensably; the beauty, indeed, dies away without it. I now saw how her fame for personal charms had been obtained; the expression of her smiles is so very sweet, and has an ingenuousness and openness so singular, that, taken in those moments, not the most rigid critic could deny the justice of her personal celebrity. She was quite gay, easy, and charming: indeed, that last epithet might have been coined for her.

The last person I saw at Bath was Lady Spencer, who, late in the evening, and in the midst of our packing, came and sat for a very pleasant half-hour.

This has certainly been a singular acquaintance for me—that the first visit I should make after leaving the Queen should be to meet the head of the opposition public—the Duchess of Devonshire!

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10TH.—We left Bath in a beautiful morning, in Mrs. Ord's coach and four, and arrived at very good dinner-time at Dunstan Park, where my sweet and most lovely Mrs. ——— received us with open arms.

The next day, Sunday, we spent at Sandleford, the place of Mrs. Montagu. She lives but a few miles from Dunstan Park, and sent over to invite us. We found no company but Mrs. Mathew, who continues as much a favourite with me as ever, and her four noble little children, all born since my Royal abode. We had a delightful day here; and here we left Mrs. Ord. She was to spend two nights at Sandleford, and then to return to Bath. I took leave of her with the most affectionate gratitude for her extraordinary and most active friendship; and the remembrance of the almost only foible she has, a cynical spirit, was nearly buried in a better and fuller sense of her nobler qualities, as well as of her distinguishing kindness.

Mrs. Mathew most heartily invited me to spend a little time

with her and her sposo in Kent, which, if it can be contrived, I shall do with pleasure.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12TH.—My dear M——, as I still always call her when I speak or write to her, accompanied me near forty miles on my way to Mickleham.

Here I stop.—I came to my dearest Susan,—I was received by my dearest Fredy,—and, at length, just where I most wished, I finished.

N.B. As our frequent interruptions prevented my reading you and my Fredy a paragraph from my father concerning Mr. Burke, which, for my sake, I know you will like, I will here copy it:—

“I dined with Sir Joshua last week, and met Mr. Burke, his brother, Mr. Malone, the venerable Bishop of St. Pol de Léon, and a French Abbé or Chevalier. I found Mr. Burke in the room on my arrival, and after the first very cordial civilities were over, he asked me, with great eagerness, whether I thought he might go in his present dress to pay his respects to Miss Burney; and was taking up his hat, till I told him you were out of town. He imagined, I suppose, you were in St. Martin’s-street, where he used to call upon you. In talking over your health, the recovery of your liberty and of society, he said, if Johnson had been alive, your history would have furnished him with an additional and interesting article to his ‘Vanity of Human Wishes.’ He said he had never been more mistaken in his life. He thought the Queen had never behaved more amiably, or shown more good sense, than in appropriating you to her service; but what a service had it turned out!—a confinement to such a companion as Mrs. Schwellenberg!—Here exclamations of severity and kindness in turn lasted a considerable time.”

If ever I see Mr. Burke where he speaks to me upon this subject, I will openly state to him how impossible it was that the Queen should conceive the subserviency expected, so unjustly and unwarrantably, by Mrs. Schwellenberg; to whom I ought only to have belonged officially, and at official hours, unless the desire of further intercourse had been reciprocal. The Queen had imagined that a younger and more lively colleague would

have made her faithful old servant happier; and that idea was merely amiable in Her Majesty, who could little suspect the misery inflicted on that poor new colleague.

From Dr. Burney to Miss Burney.

Chelsea College, 8th October, 1791.

MY DEAR FANNY,

. . . And so prepare for your departure on Thursday; we shall expect you here to dinner by four.—The great grubbery will be in nice order for you, as well as the little; both have lately had many accessions of new books. The ink is good, good pens in plenty, and the most pleasant and smooth paper in the world!

“Come, Rosalind, oh come and see,
What quires are in store for thee,” &c.

I have scribbled nothing but letters lately, save a touch at Mr. J——n's pert and arrogant pamphlet. Poor Metastasio lies stock still, and has ever since I lost my amanuensis, Bessy Young, now Hoole. I have idly got into miscellaneous reading—the Correspondence of Voltaire, Soame Jenyns's Works, Aikin's Poems, Mr. Beekford's “Jamaica,” two volumes.—How I want Mr. Loeke to read them! and how he wants him to see the drawings he had made there,—in Spain, Italy, &c.,—that he has preserved from the wreck of his all during the hurricane at Jamaica! “But,” says he, “Mr. L. will never think of coming to such a place as this!” (the Fleet Prison).

I intend to try and get Sir Joshua and Sir Joseph Banks, his old acquaintances, to visit him there with me. I was with the dear, worthy, and charming man two hours on Wednesday, and love him and honour him more than ever. What a place—surrounded with fresh horrors!—for the habitation of such a man!

My most worthy and good nephew Charles, of Titchfield-street, goes to him generally once a week, and dines, and plays to him on a miserable pianoforte for five or six hours at a time. What a long parenthesis!—

Major Rennell has been so kind as to give me a copy of the memoir belonging to his admirable map of Hindostan, which is out of print. It teaches more about India than all the books besides that have ever been written. I think you will voraciously devour this. It is Dr. Robertson's great resource in the disquisitions he has lately published on India. I have likewise just got Rochon's "*Voyage à Madagascar, et aux Indes Orientales,*" which I like very much.

Say millions of kindnesses to dear Susy for us all; I have neither time nor space to say more myself than that

I am yours very affectionately,

C. B.

Chelsea College.

OCTOBER.—Though another month is begun since I left my dearest of friends, I have had no journalising spirit; but I will give all heads of chapters, and try to do better.

My meeting with Miss Cambridge at Kingston I have told already; and I soon afterwards set my good aunts safely down at their new Richmond abode. I found my beloved father in excellent health, spirits, and good humour; my mother tolerably, and Sarah well and affectionate. James was at dinner with them, and in perfect good plight, except when he ruminated upon his little godson's having three names; that, I fancy, he regards as rather aristocrat, for he made as grave a remonstrance against it as he endeavoured to do at the very moment they were pronounced in the midst of the christening.

I have lived altogether in the most quiet and retired manner possible. My health gains ground, gradually, but very perceptibly, and a weakness that makes me soon exhausted in whatever I undertake is all of illness now remaining.

I have never been so pleasantly situated at home since I lost the sister of my heart and my most affectionate Charlotte. My father is almost constantly within. Indeed, I now live with him wholly; he has himself appropriated me a place, a seat, a desk, a table, and every convenience and comfort, and he never seemed yet so earnest to keep me about him. We read together,

write together, chat, compare notes, communicate projects, and diversify each other's employments. He is all goodness, gaiety, and affection; and his society and kindness are more precious to me than ever.

Fortunately, in this season of leisure and comfort, the spirit of composition proves active. The day is never long enough, and I could employ two pens almost incessantly, in merely scribbling what will not be repressed. This is a delight to my dear father inexpressibly great: and though I have gone no further than to let him know, from time to time, the species of matter that occupies me, he is perfectly contented, and patiently waits till something is quite finished, before he insists upon reading a word. This "suits my humour well," as my own industry is all gone when once its intent is produced.

For the rest, I have been going on with my third tragedy. I have two written, but never yet have had opportunity to read them; which, of course, prevents their being corrected to the best of my power, and fitted for the perusal of less indulgent eyes; or rather of eyes less prejudiced.

Believe me, my dear friends, in the present composed and happy state of my mind, I could never have suggested these tales of woe; but, having only to connect, combine, contract, and finish, I will not leave them undone. Not, however, to sadden myself to the same point in which I began them; I read more than I write, and call for happier themes from others, to enliven my mind from the dolorous sketches I now draw of my own.

The library or study, in which we constantly sit, supplies such delightful variety of food, that I have nothing to wish. Thus, my beloved sisters and friends, you see me, at length, enjoying all that peace, ease, and chosen recreation and employment, for which so long I sighed in vain, and which, till very lately, I had reason to believe, even since attained, had been allowed me too late. I am more and more thankful every night, every morning, for the change in my destiny, and present blessings of my lot; and you, my beloved Susan and Fredy, for whose prayers I have so often applied in my sadness, suffering, and despondence, afford me now the same community of thanks and acknowledgments.

NOVEMBER.—I spent one evening with Mrs. Ord, and met our Esther, and heard sweet music from her sweet soul-touching finger. The respectable Mrs. Bateman was there also, and we had much Windsor chatter. Miss Merry, too, was of the party, she is sister of the "Liberty" Mr. Merry,* who wrote the ode for our revolution club, and various other things; and a tragedy called "Lorenzo," in which Miss Brunton performed his heroine so highly to his satisfaction, that he made his addresses to her, and forthwith married her.

The sister, and her aunt, with whom she lives, were much hurt by this alliance; and especially by his continuing his wife on the stage, and with their own name. She remonstrated against this indelicacy; but he answered her, she ought to be proud he had brought a woman of such virtue and talents into the family. Her virtue, his marrying her proved; and her talents would all be thrown away by taking her off the stage.

Miss Merry seems past thirty, plain, but sensible in her face, and very much the gentlewoman in her manners, with a figure remarkably good and well made. She sat next me, and talked to me a great deal. She extremely surprised me by entering speedily into French affairs, which I would not have touched upon for the world, her brother's principles being notorious. However, she eagerly gave me to understand her own were the reverse: she spoke of Mr. Burke's pamphlets with the highest praise; the first of them, she said, though eloquently written, could only soothe those who already felt with him; but the appeal to the New Whigs she considered as framed to make converts of whoever was unprejudiced. Perhaps she is one of the

* Robert Merry, the head of the Della Cruscan school of poetry. He was born at London in 1755, and received a regular education, first at Harrow, and afterwards at Christ's College, Oxford. His father was a merchant, and intended him for the Bar, for which he studied in Lincoln's Inn, but soon abandoned that pursuit for the army, of which he as speedily grew tired, and subsequently adopted the character of a man of letters and of leisure. His Della Cruscan verses were chiefly written in Italy, and rapidly gained an extensive popularity, which they as rapidly lost on the appearance of Gifford's celebrated "Baviad and Mæviad." In 1791 Mr. Merry married Miss Brunton, an actress, sister of the late Countess of Craven, and went with her to America. He published several dramatic works, but none that obtained any marked attention. He died in 1798.

number herself. She inveighed against the cruelties of the let-loose mob of France, and told me some scenes that had lately passed in Avignon, that were so terrible I excused myself from dwelling on the subject.

She is a sensible, cultivated, and well-read woman, and very well mannered.

Another evening, after visiting our Esther, my father took me to Sir Joshua Reynolds. I had long languished to see that kindly zealous friend, but his ill health had intimidated me from making the attempt; and now my dear father went upstairs alone, and inquired of Miss Palmer if her uncle was well enough to admit me. He returned for me immediately. I felt the utmost pleasure in again mounting his staircase.

Miss Palmer hastened forward and embraced me most cordially. I then shook hands with Sir Joshua. He had a bandage over one eye, and the other shaded with a green half-bonnet. He seemed serious even to sadness, though extremely kind. "I am very glad," he said, in a meek voice and dejected accent, "to see you again, and I wish I could see you better! but I have only one eye now—and hardly that."

I was really quite touched. The expectation of total blindness depresses him inexpressibly; not, however, inconceivably. I hardly knew how to express, either my concern for his altered situation since our meeting, or my joy in again being with him: but my difficulty was short; Miss Palmer eagerly drew me to herself, and recommended to Sir Joshua to go on with his cards. He had no spirit to oppose; probably, indeed, no inclination.

Dr. Lawrence, one of the counsel in the impeachment against Mr. Hastings, and Miss Lawrence, his sister, Mr. King, and Dr. Blagden, were the company. Some days no one is admitted.

Mr. King is brother to our lost Captain.

One other time we called again, in a morning. Sir Joshua and his niece were alone, and that invaluable man was even more dejected than before. How grievous to me it is to see him thus changed!

I called also one morning upon Mrs. Schwellenberg. She re-

ceived me with much profession of regard, and with more than profession of esteem—since she evinced it by the confidential discourse into which she soon entered upon the Royal Family and herself. However, I easily read that she still has not forgiven my resignation, and still thinks I failed in loyalty of duty, by not staying, though to die, rather than retire, though to live.

This, however, is so much a part of her very limited knowledge, and very extensive prejudice, that I submit to it without either wonder or resentment.

She trusted me, nevertheless, just as usual, in speaking of the Court affairs. I entreated her permission to venture to trouble her with “laying my humblest duty at the Queen’s feet;” for that is the phrase now allowed. She told me I had a “reelly right” to that, and promised to do it, with great good humour. When she settled in town for the winter, she desired to see me often; she said she should return to Windsor in two days. The family were all there, as usual. We had much talk of the Duke of York and his marriage, &c.

I then called upon Mrs. Stainforth: none other of my friends were in town. She also received me with great civility, and hardly would let me quit her, opening her heart in the old way, upon her sufferings from the tyranny of Mrs. Schwellenberg.—’Tis dreadful that power thus often leads to every abuse!—I grow democratic at once on these occasions. Indeed, I feel always democratic where I think power abused, whether by the great or the little.

These are all my visits abroad, except calls upon Esther. At home we saw Dr. Gillies* once; he was very communicative and informing, and I enjoyed his conversation. He is now occupied

* John Gillies was born at Brechin, in Forfarshire, in 1750. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, and became the tutor of a son of the Earl of Hopetoun, with whom he travelled for some years. On his return he settled in London. The work which first gave him celebrity was his “History of Ancient Greece,” published in 1786. He subsequently produced several other historical works of great merit and value. He was made an LL.D. and a Member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and was appointed Royal Historiographer for Scotland. He died in 1824.

in writing a "History of the World to the Decline of the Roman Empire, from the Days of Alexander." It is a stupendous undertaking. He allows himself five years: I shall give him joy if he completes it in ten.

Mrs. Bogle dined here another day. She seems altered much for the worse. Her playful wit seems turning into biting sarcasm, and her affectionate and pleasing manners are wholly changed. I was very sorry. Perhaps this may wear off when I see more of her.

I rejoiced extremely in again meeting with good old Mr. Hutton, whose health and spirits are much better than when I saw him last. He has fallen into the hands of two ladies of fortune and fashion,—Miss Biscoe and Miss * * * *,—who live, very much at their ease, together, and who call him father, and treat him with the tenderness of children. How singularly he merits this singular happy fortune! so good, so active, so noble, as he is in all exertions for the benefit of others, and so utterly inattentive to his own interest. He was heartily glad, he said, to see me at home again.

The younger Latrobe and his wife have dined here. His wife seems a natural, cheerful, good character, rather unformed, though with very good and even sharp natural parts. She told me she supposed I had forgotten her. I had never seen her, I answered. "Oh, yes," she said, "before I was married I met you at Mrs. Montagu's. I was Miss Sellon. I should have known you again, because I took such good note of you, as Mrs. Montagu said you were an authoress, before you came in, which made me look at you."

M. La Blancherie, whose note to me, long ago at Windsor, you may remember, now comes here perpetually, and nearly wears us out with his visits. Of late, we have agreed, since we cannot get rid of him, to make him read. He has given us Corneille's "Rodagune," which I found less exquisite than when I read it with my Susan; Voltaire's "Mort de César," which I think far more *féroce* than Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," as Voltaire makes Cæsar previously acknowledge Brutus for his son, which renders the parricide a deed to shock even democratic ears!—and

he has begun "Polyeute." This is surely the best thing we can do with the man.

I go on with various writings, at different times, and just as the humour strikes. I have promised my dear father a Christmas-box and a New Year's gift upon my return from Norbury Park; and therefore he now kindly leaves me to my own devices.

DECEMBER.—I most gladly accepted an invitation to my good Mrs. Ord, to meet a circle of old friends.

The day proved extremely pleasant. We went to dinner, my father and I, and met Mrs. Montagu, in good spirits, and very unaffectedly agreeable. No one was there to awaken ostentation, no new acquaintance to require any surprise from her powers; she was therefore natural and easy, as well as informing and entertaining.

Mrs. Garriek embraced me again and again, to express a satisfaction in meeting me once more in this social way, that she would have thought it indecorous to express by words. I thanked her exactly in the same language; and, without a syllable being uttered, she said, "I rejoice you are no longer a courtier;" and I answered, "I love you dearly for preferring me in my old state!"

Major Rennell, whose East Indian geographical erudition you must have heard of from Captain Phillips, was full of characteristic intelligence, simply and clearly delivered; and made us all wiser by his matter, if we remembered it, and gayer by his manner, whether we remembered it or not. I hope to meet him often. He is a gay little wizen old man, in appearance, from the Eastern climate's dilapidations upon his youth and health; but I believe not old in years, any more than in spirits.

Dr. Russel, whose odd comic humour my dear Susan is acquainted with, contributed, by its vein and freedom, to the general good humour and conviviality of the table.

The two Ords and two Burneys complete the dinner account: and much pleasant conversation passed.

In the evening we were joined by Lady Rothes, with whom I had my peace to make for a long-neglected letter upon my

"restoration to society," as she termed it, and who was very lively and pleasant.

Sir Lucas Pepys (whom alone of the party I had ever met under the Royal auspices—during the King's illness how often! and during poor Lady Caroline Waldegrave's very recently) frankly told me he could not be surprised at my resignation, having seen my declining health, and remarked my insufficiency for my occupation.

Mr. Pepys, who came just that instant from Twickenham, which he advanced eagerly to tell me, talked of Mr. Cambridge, and his admirable wit and spirits, and Miss Cambridge, and her fervent friendship for me, and the charm and agreeability of the whole house, with an ardour so rapid, there scarce needed any reply.

Lastly, let me mention Mr. Batt, who gave me a most kindly congratulatory bow upon his entrance. I knew his opinion of my retreat, and understood it: but I was eneiroleed till the concluding part of the evening by the Pepys and Lady Rothes, &c.; and then Mr. Batt seated himself by my elbow, and began, almost as bad as Mr. Wyndham—nay, worse than Mr. Wyndham has ventured to speak to me.

"How I rejoice," he cried, "to see you at length again out of thralldom!"

"Thralldom?" quoth I; "that's rather a strong word! I assure you 'tis the first time I have heard it pronouned."

"Oh, but," cried he, laughing, "I may be allowed to say so because you know my principles. You know me to be loyal—you could not stand it from an Opposition-man—but saints may do much!"

He is a professed personal friend of Mr. Pitt.

I then began some exeulpation of my late fatigues, assuring him they were the effect of a situation not understood, and not of any hardness of heart.

"Very probably," cried he, "but I am glad you have ended them: I applaud—I honour the step you have taken. Those who suffer, yet still continue in fetters, I never pity—there is a want of integrity, as well as spirit, in such submission."

"Those they serve," cried I, "are not the persons to blame they are commonly uninformed there is anything to endure, and believe all is repaid by the smiles so universally solicited."

"I know it," cried he; "and it is that general base subservience that makes me struck with your opposite conduct."

"My conduct," quoth I, "was very simple; though I believe it did not the less surprise; but it all consisted in not pretending, when I found myself sinking, to be swimming."

He said many other equally good-natured things, and finished them with, "But what a pleasure it is to me to see you here in this manner, dressed no more than other people! I have not seen you these five years past but looking dized out for the drawing-room, or something as bad!"

This is all the account I can possibly spare of this day, which was a lively and agreeable one completely.

A day or two after, Mr. Smelt called, and sent in his card upon being denied. He came to ask me to Kew, to spend a few days with Mrs. Cholmley. My father was at home, and readily complied.

I found poor Mrs. Cholmley rather better than I expected; solitude, and patience, and religion have now quietized both father and daughter into tolerable contentment. They live wholly together, and determine by death alone to be separated. Miss Phipps, the last dying legacy of Mr. Cholmley's charming daughter, Lady Mulgrave, is under their care: she is a very fine, handsome little girl, about three years old, and extremely entertaining.

I was much gratified in making this visit, because I saw this excellent father and daughter revived from their late disconsolate state, and though no longer able to contribute to cheering life, very willing to receive what comfort and alleviation the cheerfulness of others can bestow. I wish I could see them more frequently.

Our visit to Mrs. Montagu turned out very unmarked. I met my good Mrs. and Miss Ord, and a little chat with them was all my entertainment; for though Mrs. Boscawen and Dr. Russel were also there, the circle was formalised, and never broken into. The Pepys and Dr. Blagden were of the party, but no one ventured to break the ring.

I was pleased in seeing Miss Fanny Williams, as she is called, the young person who was left an infant at the door of Lady Amherst, and who is reputed to be the daughter of every woman of rank whose character, at that date, was susceptible of suspicion. She looks a modest and pretty young creature, and Lady Amherst brings her up with great kindness and propriety.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Francis.

MY BELOVED CHARLOTTA,

I think you quite right for giving up all mere card visits that you are able to decline, for the best of all reasons of concurrence—that I should do the same myself. 'Tis a miserable waste of existence to do what judgment and reason never approve, when even inclination and pleasure are at the same time averse; and I am sure by morning calls, and open, though moderated, confessions of disaffection to the employment, you may avoid both that and offence at once; and offence is the only terror that could spur me into an occupation so distasteful to me.

We are now in almost daily expectation of seeing good Mr. Sleepe; but I feel no haste, as I think he must be happier under your roof than, perhaps, under any other. We have again seen his daughter Hetty, who is quite well, and as discreet and sensible as any young woman need be wished to be, even by a father.

I really stared a little at the pretty broad hint you gave to Lady V., which I own I think scarce worth while, as it may make you enemies, yet answer no purpose. It will be better to shame them by publishing the contrary conduct of their superior, which may more influence them. A lady who was at the late Cumberland House ball told me the Duchess of York never sat down till she had done every duty of attention to every couple she danced with. Yet she is very delicate, and soon fatigued; and she is a princess born and married.

I called upon poor Mlle. Jacobi yesterday, at Brompton. I found her in a small room, with a Madame Warmai, a German, who speaks English, and issues all orders and directions; and Mlle. Winckelmann, whom she calls *La Betti*, and who attends her as her maid, though she is her niece. She has had a dreadful

illness; she has sprained her ankle; and her vexation, joined to painful exertion, threw her into a nervous fever. She has now conquered the fever, though her leg is still on bolsters, and she cannot put her foot to the ground. What a misfortune for a Royal attendant!

She told me much of Mr. D., who attends her. She says she asked him, one day, what she could do?

"Sit still," he smilingly answered.

"But not always," she cried: "tell me what I am to do by-and-by?"

"Oh," cried he, still smiling, "I never think of the future."

How consoling! She added, that he once found her eating some leveret, and said he "rejoiced to see her now so well;" and from that time he had never felt her pulse nor looked at her tongue. Tired out with her lingering complaints, little advance, and no comfort, she at last reproached him with this, and bluntly said, "Sir, you never can tell how I do; you never feel my pulse!"

He smiled still more, and, putting out his arm, held it close to her hand, and said, "Feel mine!"

Quite affronted, she answered, "Never! so long as I breathe—never I feel that pulse!"

Do you not know him again?

Mrs. Chapone to Miss Burney.

Are you in town, my dear Miss Burney, and do you remember an old soul that used to love your company? If you will give it me next Thursday evening, you will meet Pepys, Boscawen, &c.; so you may put on your blue stockings. If you have got any boots to walk about in the mornings, I shall like you as well in them.

I hope all the family are well. I need not say that Dr. Burney's company would be an additional pleasure on Thursday.

I am, dear Madam,

Your affectionate servant,

H. CHAPONE.

No. 17, Carlisle Street, Dean Street,
December 27.

CHAPTER XLVL

1792.

A Day at St. James's Palace—Reception by the Queen and Princesses—The Royal Family at the Theatre—Interviews with the King and Queen—Court Attendance—Mr. Jacob Bryant—A Day at the Trial of Warren Hastings—His Defence by Mr. Law—A Conversation with Mr. Windham—Mr. Beckford—Lally Tollendal—Death of Sir Joshua Reynolds—His Funeral—Visit to the Queen—Mrs. Montagu—Hastings's Trial—Mr. Windham—Mr. Plomer—Lord Stormont—Mrs. Schwellenberg—The Princess Royal—The Queen—Opinions of Burke, Fox, and Windham, on the French Revolution—Interview with the King—Lord Cornwallis—Major Rennell—Lord Inchiquin—Madame de Genlis' strange Establishment at Bury—Tom Paine—A Public Breakfast at Mrs. Montagu's—Sir George Howard—Mr. Seward—Lord Falmouth—Old Acquaintance—Mrs. Hastings—Lord Mulgrave—Michael Angelo Taylor—Mr. Boswell—The ill Effects of his "Life of Johnson"—His Mimicry of Dr. Johnson—Mrs. Garrick—A Dinner at Mrs. Ord's—Doings of the National Assembly—Interview with the Royal Family—Appeal of Warren Hastings—Visit to Mrs. Crewe—The Burke Family—Edmund Burke—His Table-talk on the French Revolution—Fox's Opinion of Burke—Burke's Opinion of Fox—Mrs. Delany—Burke's Description of her—A Wild Irish Girl—Lord Loughborough—Mr. Erskine—His Egotism—Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory"—Caen Wood—Lord Mansfield—Portrait of Pope by himself—Mr. Pelham—Singular Adventure at the Shakespeare Gallery—Mrs. Wells the Actress—Porson.

JANUARY.—I had a very civil note from Mrs. Schwellenberg, telling me that Miss Goldsworthy was ill, which made Miss Gomme necessary to the Princesses, and therefore, as Mlle. Jacobi was still lame, Her Majesty wished for my attendance on Wednesday noon.

I received this little summons with very sincere pleasure, and sent a warm acknowledgment for its honour. I was engaged for

the evening to Mr. Walpole, now Lord Orford, by my father, who promised to call for me at the Queen's house.

At noon I went thither, and saw, by the carriages, their Majesties were just arrived from Windsor. In my way upstairs I encountered the Princess Sophia. I really felt a pleasure at her sight, so great that I believe I saluted her; I hardly know; but she came forward, with her hands held out, so good humoured and so sweetly, I was not much on my guard. How do I wish I had gone that moment to my Royal Mistress, while my mind was fully and honestly occupied with the most warm satisfaction in being called again into her presence!

The Princess Sophia desired me to send her Miss Gomme, whom she said I should find in my own room. Thither I went, and we embraced very cordially; but she a little made me stare by saying "Do you sleep in your old bed?" "No," I answered, "I go home after dinner;" and she said no more, but told me she must have two hours' conference alone with me, from the multiplicity of things she had to discuss with me.

We parted then, and I proceeded to Mrs. Schwellenberg. There I was most courteously received, and told I was to go at night to the play.

I replied I was extremely sorry, but I was engaged.

She looked deeply displeased, and I was forced to offer to send an excuse. Nothing, however, was settled; she went to the Queen, whither I was most eager to follow, but I depended upon her arrangement, and could not go uncalled.

I returned to my own room, as they all still call it, and Miss Gomme and Miss Planta both came to me. We had a long discourse upon matters and things.

By-and-by Miss Gomme was called out to Princesses Mary and Amelia; she told them who was in the old apartment, and they instantly entered it. Princess Mary took my hand, and said repeatedly, "My dear Miss Burney, how glad I am to see you again!" and the lovely little Princess Amelia kissed me twice, with the sweetest air of affection. This was a very charming meeting to me, and I expressed my real delight in being thus allowed to come amongst them again, in the strongest and truest terms.

I had been but a short time alone, when Westerhaults came to ask me if I had ordered my father's carriage to bring me from the play.

I told him I was engaged, but would give up that engagement, and endeavour to secure being fetched home after the play.

Mrs. Schwellenberg then desired to see me.

"What you mean by going home?" cried she, somewhat deridingly: "know you not you might sleep here?"

I was really thunderstruck; so weak still, and so unequal as I feel to undertake night and morning attendance, which I now saw expected. I was obliged, however, to comply; and I wrote a note to Sarah, and another note to be given to my father, when he called to take me to Lord Orford. But I desired we might go in chairs, and not trouble him for the carriage.

This arrangement, and my dread of an old attendance I was so little refitted for renewing, had so much disturbed me before I was summoned to the Queen, that I appeared before her without any of the glee and spirits with which I had originally obeyed her commands. I am still grieved at this circumstance, as it must have made me seem cold and insensible to herself, when I was merely chagrined at the peremptory mismanagement of her agent. Mr. De Luc was with her. She was gracious, but by no means lively or cordial. She was offended, probably—and there was no reason to wonder, and yet no means to clear away the cause. This gave me much vexation, and the more I felt it the less I must have appeared to merit her condescension.

Nevertheless, after she was dressed she honoured me with a summons to the White Closet, where I presently felt as much at home as if I had never quitted the Royal residence. She inquired into my proceedings, and I began a little history of my south-west tour; which she listened to till word was brought the King was come from the Levée: dinner was then ordered, and I was dismissed.

At our dinner, the party, in the old style, was Mr. De Luc, Miss Planta, Mrs. Stainforth, and Miss Gomme; Mrs. Schwellenberg was not well enough to leave her own apartment, except to attend the Queen.

We were gay enough, I own; my spirits were not very low in finding myself a guest at that table, where I was so totally unfit to be at home, and whence, nevertheless, I should have been very much and deeply concerned to have found myself excluded, since the displeasure of the Queen could alone have procured such a banishment. Besides, to visit, I like the whole establishment, however inadequate I found them for supplying the place of all I quitted to live with them. Oh, who could succeed there?

During the dessert the Princess Elizabeth came into the room. I was very glad, by this means, to see all this lovely female tribe.

As soon as she was gone I made off to prepare for the play, with fan, cloak, and gloves. At the door of my new old room who should I encounter but Mr. Stanhope? He was all rapture, in his old way, at the meeting, and concluded me, I believe, reinstated. I got off as fast as possible, and had just shut myself in, and him out, when I heard the voice of the King, who passed my door to go to the dining-room.

I was quite chagrined to have left it so unseasonably, as my whole heart yearned to see him. He stayed but a minute, and I heard him stop close to my door, and speak with Mr. De Luc. The loudness of his voice assuring me he was saying nothing he meant to be unheard, I could not resist softly opening my door. I fancy he expected this, for he came up to me immediately, and with a look of goodness almost amounting to pleasure—I believe I may say quite—he inquired after my health, and its restoration, and said he was very glad to see me again. Then turning gaily to Mr. De Luc, “And you, Mr. De Luc,” he cried, “are not you too very glad to see Miss Beurni again?”

I told him, very truly, the pleasure with which I had re-entered his roof.—He made me stand near a lamp, to examine me, and pronounced upon my amended looks with great benevolence: and, when he was walking away, said aloud to Mr. De Luc, who attended him, “I dare say she was very willing to come!”

I heard afterwards from Miss Gomme that the King came to the eating-room purposely to see me, as he told the Princesses. I cannot tell you how grateful I feel for such condescending

goodness; and how invariably I experienced it during my whole residence under his roof.

Our party in the box for the Queen's attendants consisted of Lady Catherine Stanhope, Miss Planta, Major Price, Greville Upton, and Mr. Frank Upton.

The King and Queen and six Princesses sat opposite. It was to me a lovely and most charming sight. The Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York and his bride, with the Duke of Clarence, sat immediately under us. I saw the Duchess now and then, and saw that she has a very sensible and marked countenance, but no beauty. She was extremely well received by the people, and smiled at in the most pleasing manner by her opposite new relations.

The play was "Cymon," with alterations, &c.

At night I once more attended the Queen, and it seemed as strange to me as if I had never done it before.

The next day, Thursday, the Queen gave up the drawing-room, on account of a hurt on her foot. I had the honour of another very long conference in the White Closet, in which I finished the account of my late travels, and during which, though she was very gracious, she was far less communicative than heretofore, saying little herself, and making me talk almost all.

When I attended the Queen again to-night, the strangeness was so entirely worn away, that it seemed to me as if I had never left my office! And so again on Friday morning.

At noon the Royal Family set off for Windsor.

The Queen graciously sent for me before she went, to bid me good-bye, and condescended to thank me for my little services. I would have offered repetition with all my heart, but I felt my frame unequal to such business. Indeed, I was half dead with only two days' and nights' exertion. 'Tis amazing how I ever went through all that is passed.

FEBRUARY.—I shall begin this month at the 13th, the day I left my dearest friends.

I found our small family at home in much the same state as I had left it; my dear father, however, rather worse than better, and lower and more depressed about himself than ever. To see

him dejected is, of all sights, to me the most melancholy, his native cheerfulness having a character of such temperate sweetness, that there is no dispensing with any of it, as its utmost vigour never a moment overpowers.

Among the tickets I found of visitors during my absence, I was much pleased to see the name of Mr. Bryant. Good and kind old man ! how much I should like to see him again !

And I found also, waiting my return, a note from Mrs. Schwollenberg, with an offer of a ticket for Mr. Hastings's trial, the next day, if I wished to go to it.

I did wish it exceedingly, no public subject having ever so deeply interested me ; but I could not recollect any party I could join, and therefore I proposed to Captain Phillips to call on his Court friend, and lay before her my difficulty. He readily declared he would do more, for he would frankly ask her for a ticket for himself, and stay another day, merely to accompany me. You know well the kind pleasure and zeal with which he is always ready to discover and propose expedients in distress.

His visit prospered, and we went to Westminster Hall together.

All the managers attended at the opening, but the attendance of all others was cruelly slack. To hear the attack, the people came in crowds ; to hear the defence, they scarcely came in tête-à-têtes ! 'Tis barbarous there should be so much more pleasure given by the recital of guilt than by the vindication of innocence !

Mr. Law spoke the whole time ; he made a general harangue in answer to the opening general harangue of Mr. Burke, and he spoke many things that brought forward conviction in favour of Mr. Hastings ; but he was terrified exceedingly, and his timidity induced him to so frequently beg quarter from his antagonists, both for any blunders and any deficiencies, that I felt angry with even modest egotism, when I considered that it was rather his place to come forward with the shield and armour of truth, undaunted, and to have defied, rather than deprecated, the force of talents when without such support.

None of the managers quitted their box, and I am uncertain

whether or not any of them saw me. Mr. Windham, in particular, I feel satisfied either saw me not, or was so circumstanced, as manager, that he could not come to speak with me; for else, this my first appearance from that parental roof under which he has so largely contributed to replace me would have been the last time for his dropping my acquaintance. Mr. Sheridan I have no longer any ambition to be noticed by; and Mr. Burke, at this place, I am afraid I have already displeased, so unavoidably cold and frigid did I feel myself when he came here to me formerly. Anywhere else, I should bound forward to meet him, with respect, and affection, and gratitude.

In the evening I went to the Queen's house. I found Mrs. Schwollenberg, who instantly admitted me, at cards with Mr. de Luc. Her reception was perfectly kind; and when I would have given up the tickets, she told me they were the Queen's, who desired, if I wished it, I would keep them for the season.

This was a pleasant hearing upon every account, and I came away in high satisfaction.

A few days after, I went again to the trial, and took another Captain for my esquire—my good and ever-affectionate James. The Hall was still more empty, both of Lords and Commons, and of ladies too, than the first day of this session. I am quite shocked at the little desire there appears to hear Mr. Hastings's defence.

When the managers entered, James presently said, "Here's Mr. Windham coming to speak to you." And he broke from the procession, as it was descending to its cell, to give me that pleasure.

His inquiries about my health were not, as he said, *mere* common inquiries; but, without any other answer to them than a bow, I interrupted their course by quickly saying, "You have been excursioning and travelling all the world o'er since I saw you last."

He paid me in my own coin with only a bow, hastily going back to myself: "But your tour," he cried, "to the West, after all that?——"

I saw what was following, and, again abruptly stopping him,

"But here you are returned," I cried, "to all your old labours and toils again."

"No, no," cried he, half laughing, "not labours and toils always; they are growing into pleasures now."

"That's being very good, very liberal, indeed," quoth I, supposing him to mean hearing the defence made the pleasure; but he stared at me with so little concurrence, that, soon understanding he only meant bringing their charges home to the confusion of the culprit, I stared again a little while, and then said, "You sometimes accuse me of being ambiguous; I think you seem so yourself, now!"

"To nobody but you," cried he, with a rather reproachful accent.

"Oh, now," cried I, "you are not ambiguous, and I am all the less pleased."

"People," cried James, *bonnement*, "don't like to be convinced."

"Mr. Hastings," said Mr. Windham, "does not convince—he does not bring conviction home."

"Not to you," quoth I, returning his accent pretty fully.

"Why, true," answered he, very candidly; "there may be something in that."

"How is it all to be?" cried James. "Is the defence to go on long, and are they to have any evidence; or how?"

"We don't know this part of the business," said Mr. Windham, smiling a little at such an upright downright question; "it is Mr. Hastings's affair now to settle it: however, I understand he means to answer charge after charge as they were brought against him, first by speeches, then by evidence: however, this is all conjecture."

We then spoke of Mr. Law, Mr. Hastings's first counsel, and I expressed some dissatisfaction that such attackers should not have had abler and more equal opponents.

"But do you not think Mr. Law spoke well?" cried he, "clear, forcible?"

"Not forcible," cried I. I would not say not clear.

"He was frightened," said Mr. Windham, "he might not do

himself justice. I have heard him elsewhere, and been very well satisfied with him ; but he looked pale and alarmed, and his voice trembled."

"I was very well content with his materials," quoth I, "which I thought much better than the use he made of them ; and, once or twice, he made an opening that, with a very little skill, might most adroitly and admirably have raised a laugh against you all."

He looked a little askew, I must own, but he could not help smiling : and shall I now lose my privileged sincerity when I made it the basis of speaking with him on this subject ? Certainly not.

I gave him an instance in point, which was the reverse given by Mr. Law to the picture drawn by Mr. Burke of Tamerlane, in which he said those virtues and noble qualities bestowed upon him by the honourable manager were nowhere to be found but on the British stage.

Now this, seriously, with a very little ingenuity, might have placed Mr. Burke at the head of a company of comedians. This last notion I did not speak, however ; but enough was understood, and Mr. Windham looked straight away from me, without answering ; nevertheless, his profile, which he left me, showed much more disposition to laugh than to be incensed.

Therefore I proceeded ; pointing out another lost opportunity that, well saved, might have proved happily ridiculous against them ; and this was Mr. Law's description of the real state of India, even from its first discovery by Alexander, opposed to Mr. Burke's flourishing representation of its golden age, its lambs and tigers associating, &c., &c.

Still he looked askew ; but I believe he is truth itself, for he offered no defence, though, of course, he would not enter into the attack. And surely at this critical period I must not spare pointing out all he will submit to hear, on the side of a man of whose innocence I am so fully persuaded.

"I must own, however," continued I, finding him still attentive, though silent, "Mr. Law provoked me in one point—his apologies for his own demerits. Why should he contribute his humble mite to your triumphs ? and how little was it his place

to extol your superior talents! as if you were not self-sufficient enough already, without his aid!"

Unless you had heard the speech of Mr. Law, you can hardly imagine with what timid flattery he mixed every exertion he ventured to make in behalf of his client; and I could not forbear this little observation, because I had taken notice with what haughty derision the managers had perceived the fears of their importance, which were felt even by the very counsel of their prisoner. Mr. Windham, too, who himself never looks either insolent or deriding, must be sure what I meant for his associates could not include himself. He did not, however, perfectly welcome the remark; he still only gave me his profile, and said not a word,—so I went on. Mr. Hastings little thinks what a pleader I am become in his cause, against one of his most powerful adversaries.

"There was still another thing," quoth I, "in which I felt vexed with Mr. Law: how could he be so weak as to beg quarter from you, and to humbly hope that, if any mistake, any blunder, any improvident word escaped him, you would have the indulgence to spare your ridicule? Oh yes, to be sure! when I took notice at the moment of his supplication, and before any error committed, that every muscle of every face amongst you was at work from the bare suggestion."

He could not even pretend to look grave now, but, turning frankly towards me, said, "Why, Mr. Fox most justly observed upon that petition, that, if any man makes a blunder, a mistake, 'tis very well to apologize: but it was singular to hear a man gravely preparing for his blunders and mistakes, and wanting to make terms for them beforehand."

"I like him for this," cried James again *bonnement*, "that he seems so much interested for his client."

"Will you give me leave to inquire," quoth I, "one thing? You know my old knack of asking strange questions."

He only bowed—archly enough, I assure you.

"Did I fancy, or was it fact, that you were a flapper to Mr. Burke, when Mr. Law charged him with disingenuity, in not having recanted the accusation concerning Devy Sing? He ap-

peared to me in much perturbation, and I thought by his see-saw he was going to interrupt the speech: did you prevent him?"

"No, no," he answered, "I did not: I did not think him in any danger."

He rubbed his cheek, though, as he spoke, as if he did not much like that circumstance. Oh that Mr. Burke—so great, so noble a creature—can in this point thus have been warped!

I ran off to another scene, and inquired how he had been amused abroad, and, in particular, at the National Assembly?

"Indeed," he answered, "it was extremely curious for a short time; but there is little variety in it, and therefore it will not do long."

I was in a humour to be just as sincere here, as about the trial; so you democrats must expect no better.

"I understand," quoth I, "there is a great dearth of abilities in this new Assembly; how then should there be any variety?"

"No, I cannot say that: they do not want abilities; but they have no opportunity to make their way."

"Oh!" quoth I, shaking my wise head, "abilities, real abilities, make their own way."

"Why, that's true; but, in that Assembly, the noise, the tumult——"

"Abilities," again quoth I, "have power to quell noise and tumult."

"Certainly, in general; but not in France. These new legislative members are so solicitous to speak, so anxious to be heard, that they prefer uttering any tautology to listening to others; and when once they have begun, they go on with what speed they may, and without selection, rather than stop. They see so many ready to seize their first pause, they know they have so little chance of a second hearing, that I never entered the Assembly without being reminded of the famous old story of the man who patiently bore hearing a tedious harangue, by saying the whole time to himself, 'Well, well, 'tis his turn now; but let him beware how he sneezes.'"

James now again asked some question of their intentions with regard to the progress of the trial. He answered, "We have nothing to do with its present state. We leave Mr. Hastings now

to himself, and his own set. Let him keep to his cause, and he may say what he will. We do not mean to interfere, nor avail ourselves of our privileges."

Mr. Hastings was just entered; I looked down at him, and saw his half-motion to kneel; I could not bear it, and, turning suddenly to my neighbour, "Oh, Mr. Windham," I cried, "after all, 'tis, indeed, a barbarous business!"

This was rather further than I meant to go, for I said it with serious earnestness; but it was surprised from me by the emotion always excited at sight of that unmerited humiliation.

He looked full at me upon this solemn attack, and with a look of chagrin amounting to displeasure, saying, "It is a barbarous business *we* have had to go through."

I did not attempt to answer this, for, except through the medium of sport and raillery, I have certainly no claim upon his patience. But, in another moment, in a tone very flattering, he said, "I do not understand, nor can any way imagine, how you can have been thus perverted!"

"No, no!" quoth I, "it is you who are perverted!"

Here Mr. Law began his second oration, and Mr. Windham ran down to his cell.

I fancy this was not exactly the conversation he expected upon my first enlargement. However, though it would very seriously grieve me to hurt or offend him, I cannot refuse my own veracity, nor Mr. Hastings's injuries, the utterance of what I think truth.

Mr. Law was far more animated and less frightened, and acquitted himself so as to merit almost as much éloge as, in my opinion, he had merited censure at the opening. It was all in answer to Mr. Burke's general exordium and attack.

I had the satisfaction some days after to see again the good, and much-injured, and most unfortunate Mr. Beckford. He is at length released from unjust confinement, but he has an air of dejection, a look, a voice, a manner, that all speak the term of his sufferings to have been too long for his spirits to recruit. How hard a case! I wish to read his account of Jamaica; I hear it much commended. He is now writing a History of

France. I understand both to have been compiled in his prison ! How praiseworthy to have made such an exertion of his abilities, which sorrow and resentment must else have soured and corroded for life !

At Mrs. Ord's, one morning, I had the happiness to meet Mr. Smelt ; he looks again very ill. He supports, he told me, a fevered being, that will soon dissolve, to his ultimate joy. No man could ever more completely devote his whole mind to the object of his affection ; his happiness was all centred in her life, and is wholly buried with her ashes !

I met, that same morning, Miss Fanshaw : she had spent the preceding evening, she said, very singularly ; she had heard the famous M. Lally Tolendal read a French tragedy upon an English subject, written by himself ! The subject was the death of Strafford. He read it to a large but chosen company, at Lady Herries's. I should much like to have heard it.

Upon the day of Sir Joshua Reynolds's death I was in my bed, with two blisters, and I did not hear of it till two days after. I shall enter nothing upon this subject here : our current letters mentioned the particulars, and I am not desirous to retrace them. His loss is as universally felt as his merit is universally acknowledged, and, joined to all public motives, I had myself private ones of regret that cannot subside. He was always peculiarly kind to me, and he had worked at my deliverance from a life he conceived too laborious for me, as if I had been his own daughter ; yet, from the time of my coming forth, I only twice saw him. I had not recovered strength for visiting before he was past receiving me. I grieve inexpressibly never to have been able to pay him the small tribute of thanks for his most kind exertions in my cause. I little thought the second time I saw him would be my last opportunity, and my intention was to wait some favourable opening.

Miss Palmer is left heiress, and her unabating attendance upon her inestimable uncle in his sick room makes everybody content with her great acquisition. I am sure she loved and admired him with all the warmth of her warm heart. I wrote her a few

lines of condolence, and she has sent me a very kind answer. She went immediately to the Burkes, with whom she will chiefly, I fancy, associate.

MARCH.—Sad for the loss of Sir Joshua, and all of us ill ourselves, we began this month. Upon its third day was his funeral. My dear father could not attend; but Charles was invited and went. All the Royal Academy, professors and students, and all the Literary Club, attended as family mourners. Mr. Burke, Mr. Malone,* and Mr. Metcalf, are executors. Miss Palmer has spared nothing, either in thought or expense, that could render the last honours splendid and grateful. It was a very melancholy day to us, though it had the alleviation and softening of a letter from our dear Charlotte, promising to arrive the next day.

APRIL.—This wayward month opened upon me with none of its smiles: sickness and depression pervaded our household.

I shall now pass from the 8th, when the combined forces of Mrs. Ord's rhetoric and Charles's activity removed me from sickness and sinking to the salubrious hills of Norbury, and the balsamic medicine of social tenderness, to my return to my dear father, April 18th, when I found him but little better, and far from such a state as could have made me happy in absence. Gradually, however, he has been recruiting, though I have no hope of his entire restoration before the dog-days.

I paid my duty at the Queen's house, in inquiring after her Majesty, where I was extremely well received by Mrs. Schwellenberg, and saw Miss Planta and Mr. De Lue.

My next visiting opportunity carried me to Mrs. Montagu: she let me in, and showed me her new room, which was a double gratification to me, from the elegant paintings by our ingenious Edward. You will have heard this fine room described by Mr. Loeke; my Susanna, and you, my Fredy, I hope have seen it. 'Tis a very beautiful house indeed, and now completely finished.

There was a lady with Mrs. Montagu whose name I never gathered, but who frequently addressed herself to me, in talking

* Edmund Malone, chiefly known by his Commentaries on Shakespeare. born 1741, died 1812.

of my dearest Fredy, and making inquiries about her health. So I liked her very well, though else she was but a commonish, non-nothingish sort of a good-humoured and sensiblish woman !

Then I went to Lady Mary Duncan, who was grotesquely comic, and remarkably vulgar, and zealously kind, and ludicrously sarcastic, as usual.

Have you read Miss Knight's "Dinarbas, or Continuation of Rasselas ?" If you can forgive the presumption of the idea, I think you must be pleased with the execution. She has now just published a new work, "Marcus Flaminius, or the Life of the Romans." She has much surprised me by sending me a very elegantly bound copy, by Mr. Hoole, who has been her editor. I think it a work of great merit, though wanting in variety, and not very attractive from much interesting the feelings. But to Italian travellers, who are classic readers, I imagine it must be extremely welcome, in reviving images of all they have seen, well combined and contrasted with former times of which they have read. The sentiments interspersed are so good I wish for more ; and the principles that are meant to be recommended are both pure and lofty. It is not a work which you will read quickly through, or with ardour, but it is one, I think, of which you will not miss a word.

APRIL 23RD.—I thought myself equal to again going to the trial, which recommenced after six or seven weeks' cessation, on account of the Judges going the circuit. Sarah went with me : I am now so known in the Chamberlain's box that the door-keepers and attendants make way for me without looking at my ticket. And, to be sure, the managers on one side, and Mr. Hastings's friends and counsel on the other, must pretty well have my face by heart. I have the faces of all them, most certainly, in full mental possession ; and the figures of many whose names I know not are so familiar now to my eyes, that should I chance hereafter to meet them, I shall be apt to take them for old acquaintances.

There was again a full appearance of managers to accompany Mr. Burke in his entry ; and again Mr. Windham quitted the procession, as it descended to the box, and filed off to speak with me.

He made the most earnest inquiries after the health of my dearest father, as well as after my own. He has all the semblance of real regard and friendship for us, and I am given to believe he wears no semblance that has not a real and sympathetic substance couched beneath. His manner instantly revived in my mind my intent not to risk, with him, the loss of making those poor acknowledgments for his kindness, that I so much regret omitting to Sir Joshua Reynolds. In return to his inquiries about my renovating health, I answered that I had again been very ill since I saw him last, and added, "Indeed, I believe I did not come away too soon."

"And now," cried I, "I cannot resist giving myself the pleasure of making my acknowledgments for what I owe to you upon this subject. I have been, indeed, very much obliged, by various things that have come round to me, both to you and to Sir Joshua.—Oh, what a loss is that!"

"What a wretched loss!" cried he: and we then united our warmest suffrages in his favour, with our deepest regret for our deprivation.

Here I observed poor Mr. Hastings was brought in. I saw he was fixing him. "And can you," I cried, fixing *him*, "can you have so much compassion for one captive, and still have none for another?"

"Have you, then, still," cried he, "the same sentiments?"

"Have you," cried I, "heard all thus far of the defence, and are you still unmoved?"

"Unmoved?" cried he, emphatically; "shall I be moved by a lion? You see him there in a cage, and pity him; look back to when you might have seen him with a lamb in his claws!"

I could only look dismayed for a moment. "But, at least," I said, "I hope what I hear is not true, though I now grow afraid to ask?"

"If it is anything about me," he answered, "it is certainly not true."

"I am extremely glad, indeed," cried I, "for it has been buzzed about in the world that you were to draw up the final charge. This I thought most cruel of all: that you, who have held back all this time——"

"Yes! pretty completely," interrupted he, laughing.

"No, not completely," I continued; "but yet you have made no direct formal speech, nor have come forward in any positive and formidable manner; therefore, as we have now heard all the others, and—almost enough——"

I was obliged to stop a moment, to see how this adventurous plainness was taken; and he really, though my manner showed me only rallying, looked I don't know how, at such unexampled disrespect towards his brother orators. But I soon went quietly on: "To come forth now, after all that has passed, with the *éclat* of novelty, and—for the most cruel part of all—that which cannot be answered."

"You think," cried he, "'tis bringing a fresh courser into the field of battle, just as every other is completely jaded?"

"I think," cried I, "that I am very generous to wish against what I should so much wish for, but for other considerations."

"Oh, what a flattering way," cried he, "of stating it! However, I can bear to allow you a little waste of compliments, which you know so well how to make; but I cannot bear to have you waste your compassion."

Mr. Plomer now rose to speak, and he only added, "Oh, I must go down to help the show:" and away he ran.

Mr. Plomer spoke in a clear and manly manner, and brought forward truths and facts in favour of Mr. Hastings, the most satisfactory. What amends can that persecuted man ever receive?

MAY.—The 1st of this month I went again to Westminster Hall, with our cousin Elizabeth. Evidence was brought forward by the counsel for Mr. Hastings, and Lord Stormont was called upon as a witness. This produced some curious debating among the Lords, and with the Chancellor. They spoke only for the ears of one another, as it was merely to settle some ceremonial, whether he was to be summoned to the common place where the witnesses stood, or had the claim of a peer to speak in his place, robed. This latter prevailed: and then we expected his speech; but no, a new debate ensued, which, as we gathered from the rumour about us, was that his Lordship should have the Prayer

Book, for his oath, belonging to the House of Peers. Here, also, his dignity was triumphant, though it cost the whole assembly a full quarter of an hour; while another Prayer Book was officially at hand, in the general post for plebeian witnesses.

Well! aristocrat as I am, compared with you, I laughed heartily at all this mummery! and yet it was possibly wise, at this period of pulling down all law and order, all privilege and subordination, however frivolous was its appearance.

His testimony was highly favourable to Mr. Hastings, with regard to authenticating the intelligence he had received of an opening war with France, upon which hung much justification of the measures Mr. Hastings had pursued for raising supplies.

All the rest of the day was upon the same business, and bringing forward the same clearing.

Thence I went to the Queen's house, where I have a most cordial general invitation from Mrs. Schwollenberg to go by all opportunities; and there is none so good as after the trial, that late hour exactly according with her dinner-time.

She is just as she was in respect to health; but in all other respects, oh how amended! all civility, all obligingness, all courtesy! and so desirous to have me visit her, that she presses me to come incessantly.

Mr. De Luc and Miss Mawer were of the party.

During coffee, the Princess Royal came into the room. She condescended to profess herself quite glad to see me; and she had not left the room five minutes before, again returning, she said, "Mrs. Schwollenberg, I am come to plague you, for I come to take away Miss Burney."

I give you leave to guess whether this plagued me.

MAY 2.—The following week I again went to Westminster Hall. Mlle. Jacobi had made a point of accompanying me, that she might see the show, as James called it to General Burgoyne, and I had great pleasure in taking her, for she is a most ingenuous and good creature, though—alas!—by no means the same undaunted, gay, open character as she appeared at first. Sickness, confinement, absence from her friends, submission to her coadjutrix, and laborious watching, have much altered her.

The trial of this day was all written evidence in favour of Mr. Hastings, and violent quarrelling as to its admissibility on the part of Mr. Burke. Mr. Windham took his place, during some part of the controversy, and spoke ably and clearly as to the given point in dispute, but with the most palpable tremor and internal struggle. I wonder, so "tremblingly" as he is "alive all o'er," how he ever made the first effort to become a public speaker; but, having conquered that opening horror, I wonder yet more, with such ability, readiness, knowledge, facility, and command of language, he has not totally vanquished the difficulties of public exhibition. I can only suppose that by nature he is extremely diffident, and by inclination equally ambitious; and if so, the conflict may last through life.

I attended Mlle. Jacobi to the Queen's house, where I dined; and great indeed was my pleasure, during coffee, to see the Princess Elizabeth, who, in the most pleasing manner and the highest spirits, came to summon me to the Queen.

I found Her Majesty again with all her sweet daughters but the youngest. She was gracious and disposed to converse.

We had a great deal of talk upon public concerns, and she told me a friend of mine had spoken very well the day before, and so had Mr. Burke. She meant Mr. Windham. It was against the new societies,* and in favour of the Proclamation. Mr. Burke, of course, would here come forth in defence of his own predictions and opinions; but Mr. Windham, who had rather abided hitherto with Charles Fox, in thinking Mr. Burke too extreme, well as he loves him personally, was a new convert highly acceptable. He does not, however, go all lengths with Mr. Burke; he is only averse to an unconstitutional mode of reform, and to sanctioning club powers, so as to enable them, as in France, to overawe the state and senate.

Soon after, to my infinite joy, the King entered. Oh, he spoke to me so kindly!—he congratulated me on the better looks which his own presence and goodness gave me, repeatedly declaring he had never seen me in such health. He asked me after my father, and listened with interest when I mentioned his depres-

* The "London Corresponding Societies," &c.

sion, and told him that all he had done of late to soothe his retirement and pain had been making canons to solemn words, and with such difficulties of composition as, in better health and spirits, would have rather proved oppressive and perplexing than a relief to his feelings.

"I, too," said the King, after a very serious pause, "have myself sometimes found, when ill or disturbed, that some grave and even difficult employment for my thoughts has tended more to compose me than any of the supposed usual relaxations."

He also condescended to ask after little Norbury, taking off the eager little fellow while he spoke, and his earnest manner of delivery. He then inquired about my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Locke, and their expectations of the return of Mr. William.

He inquired how I lived, whom I saw, what sort of neighbours I had in the college, and many other particulars, that seemed to desire to know how I went on, and whether I was comfortable. His looks, I am sure, said so, and most kindly.

They kept me till they went to the Japan Room, where they meet the officers and ladies who attend them in public. They were going to the Ancient Music.

This dear King, nobly unsuspecting where left to himself, and where he has met no doubleness, spoke also very freely of some political matters before me—of the new association in particular. It gratified me highly.

One day again, in the following week, I went to Mr. Hastings's defence: Sarah was with me. Just before us sat Mrs. Kennedy, of Windsor, with whom I renewed a meeting acquaintance, but evaded a visiting one.

Soon after a grave man's voice behind me said, "Is not that Miss Burney?" I twirled round and saw the Bishop of Dromore, and Mrs. Percy and her two daughters. We immediately renewed our Bath acquaintance.

The defence to-day was by Mr. Markham, son of the Archbishop of York, who has repeatedly been summoned, and who bears most honourable testimony to the character, the conduct, and the abilities of Mr. Hastings.

Soon after I spent a day with Mrs. Ord, by invitation, for meeting the Percy family. She had also assembled Major Rennell, the Dickensons, Lady Herries, and Mr. Selwyn.

Mr. Selwyn I had not seen for many years. Streatham and Mrs. Thrale, our constant themes, were uppermost, first and last, in all we said and all we thought. His most amiable behaviour in poor Mr. Thrale's unhappy state of health I shall never forget. I met him with a glad cordiality from its remembrance, and it was very apparently mutual. He still visits, occasionally, at Streatham; but he says the place, the inhabitants, the visitors, the way of life, are all so totally changed, it would make me most melancholy again to tread those boards.

All the public talk was upon the East India letters from Lord Cornwallis, and Major Rennell* was there our oracle. He has a plain, unadorned way of giving information, that is both pleasant and masterly.

Mrs. Dickenson told me that Miss Palmer is certainly engaged to Lord Inchiquin. He is sixty-nine; but they say he is remarkably pleasing in his manners, and soft and amiable in his disposition. I am sure she has merited my wishes for her happiness, by her deep interest, upon all occasions, in mine, and I am sure she has them.

Mrs. Bunbury was with her sister, and looking as beautiful as she would let herself look; for she uses so much art, that, in my eyes, she loses more by such assistance than she could do, with features so fine as hers, by the fading of those years she means to conceal.

The Colonel came in while we stayed, and we had much old talk upon past services in common.

* John Rennell was born in 1742, at Chudleigh, in Devonshire. He entered the navy at fifteen years of age, and was present at the siege of Pondicherry. At the age of twenty-four he quitted the navy and entered the army. He greatly distinguished himself in India, as an officer of Engineers, and was promoted to a Majority. He subsequently turned his attention almost exclusively to geographical researches; and the first public results of these, in the form of a chart of the bank and current of Cape Lagullas, procured him the appointment of Surveyor-General of Bengal. He subsequently published many able works connected with his favourite study, the chief of which was entitled "The Geographical System of Herodotus Explained," which appeared in 1800. He died in 1830.

I got home to dinner to meet Mrs. and Miss Mary Young, who are in town for a few weeks. Miss Mary is sensible, and quick, and agreeable.

They give a very unpleasant account of Madame de Genlis, or De Sillery, or Brulard, as she is now called. They say she has established herself at Bury, in their neighbourhood, with Mlle. la Princesse d'Orléans, and Pamela, and a *Circe*, another young girl, under her care. They have taken a house, the master of which always dines with them, though Mrs. Young says he is such a low man he should not dine with her daughter. They form twenty with themselves and household. They keep a botanist, a chemist, and a natural historian always with them. These are supposed to have been common servants of the Duke of Orléans in former days, as they always walk behind the ladies when abroad; but, to make amends in the new equalising style, they all dine together at home. They visit at no house but Sir Thomas Gage's, where they carry their harps, and frequently have music. They have been to a Bury ball, and danced all night; Mlle. d'Orléans, with anybody, known or unknown to Madame Brulard.

What a woful change from that elegant, amiable, high-bred, Madame de Genlis I knew six years ago!—the apparent pattern of female perfection in manners, conversation, and delicacy.

There are innumerable democrats assembled in Suffolk; among them the famous Tom Paine, who herds with all the farmers that will receive him, and there propagates his pernicious doctrines.

The next time I went to Westminster I took Miss Mary Young. It was again upon the same evidence of Mr. Markham, which proves very important indeed in Mr. Hastings's favour.

FRIDAY, MAY 25TH.—This morning I went to a very fine public breakfast, given by Mrs. Montagu. The instant I came into the gallery I had the melancholy satisfaction of being seen by Sir George Howard. There is no affectation mixed with his sorrow for poor Lady Effingham. I had not met him since her loss. He had tears in his eyes immediately; but he spoke with cheerfulness, and asked after my dear father very kindly.

Mrs. Montagu I saw next, and she was extremely courteous. They were all very sorry to miss my father, who, indeed, has everywhere been missed this winter and spring.

When I came into the Feather Room I was accosted by Mr. Seward, and he entered into a gay conversation upon all sorts of subjects, which detained me, agreeably enough, in a very pleasant station by one of the windows. He had a gentleman with him, whom I half recollected, and whom he soon introduced by the name of "my friend Mrs. Boscawen's son." It was Lord Falmouth, with whom I had dined at Commissioner La Forey's, at Plymouth Dock. He was as entertaining here as he had been there.

I then made for the dining-room, which was filled for a breakfast upon this occasion, and very splendidly, though, to me, who have so long been familiar to sights and decorations, no show of this sort is new or striking.

A sight that gave me far more pleasure was Mrs. Ord and her daughter, and I immediately joined them for the rest of the morning.

The table was not a matter of indifference to the guests at large; and it was so completely occupied by company seated round it, that it was long before one vacant chair could be seized, and this fell to the lot of Miss Ord.

The crowd of company was such that we could only slowly make way in any part. There could not be fewer than four or five hundred people. It was like a full Ranelagh by daylight.

We now met Mrs. Porteus; and who should be with her but the poor pretty S. S., whom so long I had not seen, and who has now lately been finally given up by her long-sought and very injurious lover, Dr. Vyse.

She is sadly faded, and looked disturbed and unhappy; but still beautiful, though no longer blooming; and still affectionate, though absent and evidently absorbed. We had a little chat together about the Thrales. In mentioning our former intimacy with them, "Ah, those," she cried, "were happy times!" and her eyes glistened. Poor thing! hers has been a lamentable story!—Imprudence and vanity have rarely been mixed with so much

sweetness and good-humour, and candour, and followed with more reproach and ill success. We agreed to renew acquaintance next winter; at present she will be little more in town.

We went then round the rooms, which were well worth examination and admiration; and we met friends and acquaintance every other step. Amongst them, Major Rennell, whom I always like to meet; Miss Coussmaker; Lady Rothes, who has been to Chelsea, but whom I have not yet been able to wait upon; Dr. Russel, who was in high spirits, and laughed heartily at seeing the prodigious meal most of the company made of cold chicken, ham, fish, &c., and said he should like to see Mrs. Montagu make the experiment of inviting all the same party to dinner at three o'clock. "Oh!" they would cry, "three o'clock! What does she mean?—who can dine at three o'clock?—one has no appetite—one can't swallow a morsel—it's altogether impossible!"—Yet, let her invite the same people, and give them a dinner, while she calls it a breakfast, and see but how prettily they can find appetites.

While we were examining the noble pillars in the new room, I heard an exclamation of "Est-ce possible? suis-je si heureuse? —Est-ce ma chère Mlle. Beurni que je vois?"

Need I say this was Madame de la Fite? or Mrs. Fitt, as, since the French Revolution, of which she is a favourer, she is called by some of the household to which I belonged.

I spoke so as to moderate this rapture into something less calling for attention, which her voice and manner were engaging not unwillingly. I had not seen her since my retreat, and, if she had been less pompous, I should have been glad of the meeting. She kept my hand close grasped between both her own, (though her fan nipped one of my fingers till I was ready to make faces,) with a most resolute *empressement*, to the great inconvenience of those who wanted to pass, for we were at one of the entrances into the great new room; and how long she might have continued this fond detention I know not, if a lady, whose appearance vied for show and parade with Madame de la Fite's manner and words, had not called out aloud, "I am extremely happy indeed to see Miss Burney!"

This was Mrs. Hastings: and to answer her I was let loose.

I have always been very sorry that Mrs. Hastings, who is a pleasing, lively, and well-bred woman, with attractive manners and attentions to those she wishes to oblige, should have an indiscretion so peculiarly unsuited to her situation, as to aim always at being the most conspicuous figure wherever she appears. Her dress now was like that of an Indian princess, according to our ideas of such ladies, and so much the most splendid, from its ornaments, and style, and fashion, though chiefly of muslin, that everybody else looked under-dressed in her presence. It is for Mr. Hastings I am sorry when I see this inconsiderate vanity, in a woman who would so much better manifest her sensibility of his present hard disgrace, by a modest and quiet appearance and demeanour.

I had a very good beau in Major Rennell, who took charge of my catering and regale. Dr. Russel also made up to our little coterie; and Lord Mulgrave surprised, and also frightened me, by his changed appearance and more than ever hollow voice, when he suddenly came to speak to me. I had not seen him since an assembly at Mrs. Ord's, when he was there with his sweet bride. He looks quite ghastly. He is in an atrophy, and fast, I doubt, quitting this world.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30TH.—To-day I went to Westminster Hall again, to hear the evidence of Mr. Markham, which is so pleasantly in favour of Mr. Hastings, that all the friends of that persecuted man are gratified by all he deposes. Miss Ord accompanied me.

When the impetuous and ungovernable Mr. Burke was interrupting the Chancellor, in order to browbeat Mr. Hastings's evidence, Mr. Windham involuntarily exclaimed, "Hist!" just as if he had been at his elbow, and playing the kind part of a flapper. I could not help laughing, and half joining him: he echoed back my laugh, and with a good humour that took in all its meaning and acknowledged its sympathy with regard to Mr. Burke; nevertheless, he spoke not a word.

Afterwards, however, he spoke when I had far rather he had been silent, for he went to the assistance of Mr. Burke.

Michael Angelo Taylor spoke also; but I observed with pleasure a distinction the Chancellor made to Mr. Windham; for, when he answered their arguments, he singled him out as the person who had said what alone he meant upon that question to notice, by saying, "The honourable manager who spoke second."

But I am sure—I think so, at least—Mr. Windham as little approves the violence of Mr. Burke in this trial as I do myself. I see him evidently and frequently suffer great pain and mortification when he is so obstreperous.

JUNE 1ST.—This day had been long engaged for breakfasting with Mrs. Dickenson and dining with Mrs. Ord.

The breakfast guests were Mr. Langton, Mr. Foote, Mr. Dickenson, jun., a cousin, and a very agreeable and pleasing man; Lady Herries, Miss Dickenson, another cousin, and Mr. Boswell.

This last was the object of the morning. I felt a strong sensation of that displeasure which his loquacious communications of every weakness and infirmity of the first and greatest good man of these times has awakened in me, at his first sight; and, though his address to me was courteous in the extreme, and he made a point of sitting next me, I felt an indignant disposition to a nearly forbidding reserve and silence. How many starts of passion and prejudice has he blackened into record, that else might have sunk, for ever forgotten, under the preponderance of weightier virtues and excellences!

Angry, however, as I have long been with him, he soon insensibly conquered, though he did not soften me: there is so little of ill-design or ill-nature in him, he is so open and forgiving for all that is said in return, that he soon forced me to consider him in a less serious light, and change my resentment against his treachery into something like commiseration of his levity; and before we parted we became good friends. There is no resisting great good humour, be what will in the opposite scale.

He entertained us all as if hired for that purpose, telling stories of Dr. Johnson, and acting them with incessant buffoonery. I told him frankly that, if he turned him into ridicule by caricature, I should fly the premises: he assured me he would not, and indeed his imitations, though comic to excess, were so far from

caricature that he omitted a thousand gesticulations which I distinctly remember.

Mr. Langton told some stories himself in imitation of Dr. Johnson ; but they became him less than Mr. Boswell, and only reminded me of what Dr. Johnson himself once said to me—"Every man has, some time in his life, an ambition to be a wag." If Mr. Langton had repeated anything from his truly great friend quietly, it would far better have accorded with his own serious and respectable character.

After this I went to Mrs. Ord for the day. I found there the charming Mrs. Garrick, whom I always cordially delight to see ; but she was not well, and could not stay.

In the evening we had a large and pleasant party : Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Boscawen, Lady Hesketh, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins Brown, Mrs. E. Hervey, Dr. Russel, Lady Herries, Mr. and Mrs. Dickenson, Mr. Bardon, and Mr. Batt.

I had much very interesting and informing conversation with Mr. Batt, who is among my high favourites. He is just returned from France, and he gave me such an account of the situation and disposition of things, and the proceedings of the National Assembly, as, from his authority, I should certainly write for the benefit of such democrats as only hear and seek the presiding powers' account of themselves, if I had not a sinking within upon the subject, from the excess of horror with which my informer made me look forward to probable consequences.

JUNE 4TH.—The birthday of our truly good King.

As His Majesty had himself given me, when I saw him after the Queen's birthday, an implied reproach for not presenting myself at the palace that day, I determined not to incur a similar censure on this, especially as I hold my admission on such a national festival as a real happiness, as well as honour, when it is to see themselves.

How different was my attire from every other such occasion the five preceding years ! It was a mere simple dressed undress, without feathers, flowers, hoop, or furbelows.

When I alighted at the porter's lodge I was stopped from

crossing the court-yard, by seeing the King, with his three sons, the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and Duke of Clarence, who were standing there after alighting from their horses, to gratify the people who encircled the iron rails. It was a pleasant and goodly sight, and I rejoiced in such a detention.

I had a terrible difficulty to find a friend who would make known to Her Majesty that I was come to pay my devoirs.

At length, while watching in the passages to and fro, I heard a step upon the Princesses' stairs, and, venturing forward, I encountered the Princess Elizabeth. I paid my respectful congratulations on the day, which she most pleasantly received, and I intimated my great desire to see Her Majesty. I am sure the amiable Princess communicated my petition, for Mr. De Luc came out in a few minutes and ushered me into the Royal presence.

The Queen was in her State Dressing-room, her head attired for the Drawing-room superbly; but her Court-dress, as usual, remaining to be put on at St. James's. She had already received all her early complimenters, and was prepared to go to St. James's: the Princess Royal was seated by her side, and all the other Princesses, except the Princess Amelia, were in the room, with the Duchess of York. Mr. De Luc, Mrs. Schwellenberg, Madame de la Fite, and Miss Goldsworthy were in the background.

The Queen smiled upon me most graciously, and every Princess came up separately to speak with me. I thanked Her Majesty warmly for admitting me upon such an occasion. "Oh!" cried she, "I resolved to see you the moment I knew you were here."

She then inquired when I went into Norfolk, and conversed upon my summer plans, &c., with more of her original sweetness of manner than I have seen since my resignation. What pleasure this gave me! and what pleasure did I feel in being kept by her till the further door opened, and the King entered, accompanied by the Dukes of York and Clarence!

I motioned to retreat, but, calling out, "What, Miss Burney!" the King came up to me, and inquired how I did; and began

talking to me so pleasantly, so gaily, so kindly, even, that I had the satisfaction of remaining and of gathering courage to utter my good wishes and warm fervent prayers for this day. He deigned to hear me very benignly; or make believe he did, for I did not make my harangue very audibly; but he must be sure of its purport.

He said I was grown "quite fat" since he had seen me, and appealed to the Duke of York: he protested my arm was half as big again as heretofore, and then he measured it with his spread thumbs and forefingers; and the whole of his manner showed his perfect approbation of the step I had taken, of presenting myself in the Royal presence on this auspicious day.

The Queen soon after walked up to me, and asked if I should like to see the ball at night. I certainly should much like to have seen them "in all their glory," after seeing them thus in all their kindness, as well as to have been present at the first public appearance at Court of the Princess Sophia: but I had no means to get from and to Chelsea so late at night, and was, therefore, forced to excuse myself, and decline her gracious proposition of giving me tickets.

Princess Mary came to shake hands with me, and Princess Augusta spoke to me for some time with extreme sweetness; in short, I was gratified in every possible way by the united goodness and condescension of all the family.

Two days after, I went again to Westminster Hall with Miss Ord. Her good mother has a ticket for the Duke of Newcastle's box, in which she was seated. This day's business consisted of examining witnesses: it was meant for the last meeting during this session; but when it was over, Mr. Hastings arose, and addressed the Lords in a most noble and pathetic speech, praying them to continue their attendance till his defence was heard throughout, or at least, not to deny him the finishing his answer to the first charge.

He spoke, I believe, to the hearts of everybody, except his prosecutors: the whole assembly seemed evidently affected by what he urged, upon the unexampled delay of justice in his trial: silence was never more profound than that which his voice in-

stantly commanded. Poor unhappy, injured gentleman! How can such men practise cruelty so glaring as is manifested in the whole conduct of this trial!

From hence, as usual, I went to dine at the Queen's house: Mrs. Schwellenberg took me to the Queen after coffee.

She was writing to Lady Cremorne: she talked with me while she finished her letter, and then read it to me, exactly as in old times. She writes with admirable facility, and peculiar elegance of expression, as well as of handwriting.

She asked me, somewhat curiously, if I had seen any of my old friends? I found she meant oppositionists. I told her only at the trial. She kept me in converse till the dear King came into the room: he had a grandson of Lord Howe's with him, a little boy in petticoats, with whom he was playing, and who he thought remembered me. I had seen him frequently at Weymouth, and the innocent little fellow insisted upon making me his bows and reverences, when told to make them to the Queen.

The King asked me what had been doing at Westminster Hall? I repeated poor Mr. Hastings's remonstrance, particularly a part of it in which he had mentioned that he had already "appealed to His Majesty, whose justice he could not doubt." The King looked a little queer, but I was glad of the opportunity of putting in a word for poor Mr. Hastings.

The Queen afterwards gave me a message for my dear Mr. Locke, to desire him to wait upon the Princess Royal at Kew the following week, to give her his opinion of a work she had in hand; and she spoke with equally just and kind praise of submitting to his taste.

I went on regularly to the trial till it finished for this year. Mr. Dallas closed his answer to the first charge, with great spirit and effect, and seemed to make numerous proselytes for Mr. Hastings.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18TH.—After many invitations and regulations, it was settled I was to accompany my father on a visit of three days to Mrs. Crewe at Hampstead.

The villa at Hampstead is small, but commodious. We were received by Mrs. Crewe with much kindness. The room was

rather dark, and she had a veil to her bonnet, half down, and with this aid she looked still in a full blaze of beauty. I was wholly astonished. Her bloom, perfectly natural, is as high as that of Augusta Locke when in her best looks, and the form of her face is so exquisitely perfect that my eye never met it without fresh admiration. She is certainly, in my eyes, the most completely a beauty of any woman I ever saw. I know not, even now, any female in her first youth who could bear the comparison. She uglifies everything near her.

Her son was with her. He is just of age, and looks like her elder brother! he is a heavy, old-looking young man. He is going to China with Lord Macartney.

My former friend, young Burke, was also there. I was glad to renew acquaintance with him; though I could see some little strangeness in him: this, however, completely wore off before the day was over.

Soon after entered Mrs. Burke, Miss F——, a niece, and Mr. Richard Burke, the comic, humorous, bold, queer brother of *the* Mr. Burke, who, they said, was soon coming, with Mr. Elliot. The Burke family were invited by Mrs. Crewe to meet us.

Mrs. Burke was just what I have always seen her, soft, gentle, reasonable, and obliging; and we met, I think, upon as good terms as if so many years had not parted us.

At length Mr. Burke appeared, accompanied by Mr. Elliot.

He shook hands with my father as soon as he had paid his devoirs to Mrs. Crewe, but he returned my curtsy with so distant a bow, that I concluded myself quite lost with him, from my evident solicitude in poor Mr. Hastings's cause. I could not wish that less obvious, thinking as I think of it; but I felt infinitely grieved to lose the favour of a man whom, in all other articles, I so much venerate, and whom, indeed, I esteem and admire as the very first man of true genius now living in this country.

Mrs. Crewe introduced me to Mr. Elliot: I am sure we were already personally known to each other, for I have seen him perpetually in the managers' box, whence, as often, he must have seen me in the Great Chamberlain's. He is a tall, thin young

man, plain in face, dress, and manner, but sensible, and possibly much besides; he was reserved, however, and little else appeared.

The moment I was named, to my great joy I found Mr. Burke had not recollected me. He is more near-sighted, considerably than myself. "Miss Burney!" he now exclaimed, coming forward, and quite kindly taking my hand, "I did not see you;" and then he spoke very sweet words of the meeting, and of my looking far better than "while I was a courtier," and of how he rejoiced to see that I so little suited that station. "You look," cried he, "quite renewed, revived, disengaged; you seemed, when I conversed with you last, at the trial, quite altered; I never saw such a change for the better as quitting a Court has brought about!"

Ah! thought I, this is simply a mistake, from reasoning according to your own feelings. I only seemed altered for the worse at the trial, because I there looked coldly and distantly, from distaste and disaffection to your proceedings; and I here look changed for the better, only because I here meet you without the chill of disapprobation, and with the glow of my first admiration of you and your talents!

Mrs. Crewe gave him her place, and he sat by me, and entered into a most animated conversation upon Lord Macartney and his Chinese expedition, and the two Chinese youths who were to accompany it. These last he described minutely, and spoke of the extent of the undertaking in high, and perhaps fanciful, terms, but with allusions and anecdotes intermixed, so full of general information and brilliant ideas, that I soon felt the whole of my first enthusiasm return, and with it a sensation of pleasure that made the day delicious to me.

After this my father joined us, and politics took the lead. He spoke then with an eagerness and a vehemence that instantly banished the graces, though it redoubled the energies, of his discourse. "The French Revolution," he said, which began by authorising and legalising injustice, and which by rapid steps had proceeded to every species of despotism except owning a despot, was now menacing all the universe and all mankind with the most

violent concussion of principle and order." My father heartily joined, and I tacitly assented to his doctrines, though I feared not with his fears.

One speech I must repeat, for it is explanatory of his conduct, and nobly explanatory. When he had expatiated upon the present dangers, even to English liberty and property, from the contagion of havoc and novelty, he earnestly exclaimed, "This it is that has made ME an abettor and supporter of Kings! Kings are necessary, and, if we would preserve peace and prosperity, we must preserve THEM. We must all put our shoulders to the work! Ay, and stoutly, too!"

This subject lasted till dinner.

At dinner Mr. Burke sat next Mrs. Crewe, and I had the happiness to be seated next Mr. Burke; and my other neighbour was his amiable son.

The dinner, and the dessert when the servants were removed, were delightful. How I wish my dear Susanna and Fredy could meet this wonderful man when he is easy, happy, and with people he cordially likes! But politics, even on his own side, must always be excluded; his irritability is so terrible on that theme that it gives immediately to his face the expression of a man who is going to defend himself from murderers.

I can give you only a few little detached traits of what passed, as detail would be endless.

Charles Fox being mentioned, Mrs. Crewe told us that he had lately said, upon being shown some passage in Mr. Burke's book which he had warmly opposed, but which had, in the event, made its own justification, very candidly, "Well! Burke is right—but Burke is often right, only he is right too soon."

"Had Fox seen some things in that book," answered Mr. Burke, "as soon, he would at this moment, in all probability, be first minister of this country."

"What!" cried Mrs. Crewe, "with Pitt?—No!—no!—Pitt won't go out, and Charles Fox will never make a coalition with Pitt."

"And why not?" said Mr. Burke, dryly; "why not this coalition as well as other coalitions?"

Nobody tried to answer this.

"Charles Fox, however," said Mr. Burke, afterwards, "can never internally like the French Revolution. He is entangled; but, in himself, if he should find no other objection to it, he has at least too much taste for such a revolution."

Mr. Elliot related that he had lately been in a company of some of the first and most distinguished men of the French nation, now fugitives here, and had asked them some questions about the new French ministry; they had answered that they knew them not even by name till now! "Think," cried he, "what a ministry that must be! Suppose a new administration formed here of Englishmen of whom we had never before heard the names! what statesmen they must be! how prepared and fitted for government! To *begin* by being at the helm!

Mr. Richard Burke related, very comically, various censures cast upon his brother, accusing him of being the friend of despots, and the abettor of slavery, because he had been shocked at the imprisonment of the King of France, and was anxious to preserve our own limited monarchy in the same state in which it so long had flourished.

Mr. Burke looked half alarmed at his brother's opening, but, when he had finished, he very good-humouredly poured out a glass of wine, and, turning to me, said, "Come, then—here's slavery for ever!"

This was well understood, and echoed round the table with hearty laughter.

"This would do for you completely, Mr. Burke," said Mrs. Crewe, "if it could get into a newspaper! Mr. Burke, they would say, has now spoken out; the truth has come to light unguardedly, and his real defection from the cause of true liberty is acknowledged. I should like to draw up the paragraph!"

"And add," said Mr. Burke, "the toast was addressed to Miss Burney, in order to pay court to the Queen!"

This sport went on till, upon Mr. Elliot's again mentioning France and the rising Jacobins, Mr. Richard Burke loudly gave a new toast—"Come!" cried he, "here's confusion to confusion!"

Mr. Windham, who was gone into Norfolk for the summer,

was frequently mentioned, and always with praise. Mr. Burke, upon Mr. Elliot's saying something of his being very thin, warmly exclaimed, "He is just as he should be! If I were Windham this minute, I should not wish to be thinner, nor fatter, nor taller, nor shorter, nor any way, nor in anything, altered."

Some time after, speaking of former days, you may believe I was struck enough to hear Mr. Burke say to Mrs. Crewe, "I wish you had known Mrs. Delany! She was a pattern of a perfect fine lady, a real fine lady, of other days! Her manners were faultless; her deportment was all elegance, her speech was all sweetness, and her air and address all dignity. I always looked up to her as the model of an accomplished woman of former times."

Do you think I heard such a testimony to my beloved departed friend unmoved?

Afterwards, still to Mrs. Crewe, he proceeded to say she had been married to Mr. Wycherley, the author. There I ventured to interrupt him, and tell him I fancied that must be some great mistake, as I had been well acquainted with her history from her own mouth. He seemed to have heard it from some good authority; but I could by no means accede my belief, as her real life and memoirs had been so long in my hands, written by herself to a certain period, and, for some way, continued by me. This, however, I did not mention.

When we left the dining-parlour to the gentlemen, Miss F—— seized my arm, without the smallest previous speech, and, with a prodigious Irish brogue, said, "Miss Burney, I am so glad you can't think to have this favourable opportunity of making an intimacy with you! I have longed to know you ever since I became rational!"

I was glad, too, that nobody heard her! She made me walk off with her in the garden, whither we had adjourned for a stroll, at a full gallop, leaning upon my arm, and putting her face close to mine, and sputtering at every word from excessive eagerness.

"I have the honour to know some of your relations in Ireland," she continued; "that is, if they an't yours, which they

are very sorry for, they are your sister's, which is almost the same thing. Mr. Shirley first lent me 'Cecilia;' and he was so delighted to hear my remarks! Mrs. Shirley's a most beautiful creature; she's grown so large and so big! and all her daughters are beautiful; so is all the family. I never saw Captain Phillips, but I dare say he's beautiful."

She is quite a wild Irish girl.

Presently she talked of Miss Palmer. "Oh, she loves you!" she cried; "she says she saw you last Sunday, and she never was so happy in her life. She said you looked sadly."

This Miss F—— is a handsome girl, and seems very good humoured. I imagine her but just imported, and I doubt not but the soft-mannered, and well-bred, and quiet Mrs. Burke will soon subdue this exuberance of loquacity.

I gathered afterwards from Mrs. Crewe, that my curious new acquaintance made innumerable inquiries concerning my employment and office under the Queen. I find many people much disturbed to know whether I had the place of the Duchess of Anceaster, on one side, or of a chambermaid, on the other. Truth is apt to lie *between* conjectures.

The party returned with two very singular additions to its number—Lord Loughborough, and Mr. and Mrs. Erskine. They have villas at Hampstead, and were met in the walk; Mr. Erskine else would not, probably, have desired to meet Mr. Burke, who openly in the House of Commons asked him if he knew what friendship meant, when he pretended to call him, Mr. Burke, his friend?

There was an evident disunion of the cordiality of the party from this time. My father, Mr. Richard Burke, his nephew, and Mr. Elliot entered into some general discourse; Mr. Burke took up a volume of Boileau, and read aloud, though to himself, and with a pleasure that soon made him seem to forget all intruders: Lord Loughborough joined Mrs. Burke, and Mr. Erskine, seating himself next to Mrs. Crewe, engrossed her entirely, yet talked loud enough for all to hear who were not engaged themselves.

For me, I sat next Mrs. Erskine, who seems much a woman of the world, for she spoke with me just as freely, and readily, and easily as if we had been old friends.

Mr. Erskine enumerated all his avocations to Mrs. Crewe, and, amongst others, mentioned, very calmly, having to plead against Mr. Crewe upon a manor business in Cheshire. Mrs. Crewe hastily and alarmed, interrupted him, to inquire what he meant, and what might ensue to Mr. Crewe? "Oh, nothing but the loss of the lordship upon that spot," he coolly answered; "but I don't know that it will be given against him: I only know I shall have three hundred pounds for it."

Mrs. Crewe looked thoughtful; and Mr. Erskine then began to speak of the new Association for Reform, by the friends of the people, headed by Messrs. Grey and Sheridan, and sustained by Mr. Fox, and openly opposed by Mr. Windham, as well as Mr. Burke. He said much of the use they had made of his name though he had never yet been to the society; and I began to understand that he meant to disavow it; but presently he added, "I don't know whether I shall ever attend—I have so much to do—so little time; however, the people must be supported."

"Pray, will you tell me," said Mrs. Crewe, dryly, "what you mean by the people? I never knew."

He looked surprised, but evaded any answer, and soon after took his leave, with his wife, who seems by no means to admire him as much as he admires himself, if I may judge by short odd speeches which dropped from her. The eminence of Mr. Erskine seems all for public life; in private, his excessive egotisms undo him.

Lord Loughborough instantly took his seat next to Mrs. Crewe; and presently related a speech which Mr. Erskine has lately made at some public meeting, and which he opened to this effect:—"As to me, gentlemen, I have some title to give my opinions freely. Would you know what my title is derived from? I challenge any man to inquire! If he ask my birth,—its genealogy may dispute with kings! If my wealth, it is all for which I have time to hold out my hand! If my talents,—No! of those, gentlemen, I leave you to judge for yourselves!"

But I have now time for no more upon this day, except that Mr. and Mrs. Burke, in making their exit, gave my father and me the most cordial invitation to Beaconsfield in the course of

the summer or autumn. And, indeed, I should delight to accept it.

Mrs. Crewe, my father, and myself spent the evening together a little in talking politics, when she gave me the pleasure to hear her say Mr. Windham was looked up to by all parties, for his principles as much as for his abilities. We read Rogers's sweet poem on Memory,* and some other things, and retired in very serene good humour, I believe, with one another.

FRIDAY, JUNE 22ND.—Mrs. Crewe took my father and myself to see the Hampstead lions. We went to Caen Wood, to see the house and pictures. Poor Lord Mansfield has not been downstairs, the housekeeper told us, for the last four years; yet she asserts he is by no means superannuated, and frequently sees his very intimate friends, and seldom refuses to be consulted by any lawyers. He was particularly connected with my revered Mrs. Delany, and I felt melancholy upon entering his house to recollect how often that beloved lady had planned carrying thither Miss P—— and myself, and how often we had been invited by Miss Murrays, my Lord's nieces. I asked after those ladies, and left them my respects. I heard they were upstairs with Lord Mansfield, whom they never left.

Many things in this house were interesting, because historical; but I fancy the pictures, at least, not to have much other recommendation. A portrait of Pope, by himself, I thought extremely curious. It is very much in the style of most of Jervas's own paintings. They told us that, after the burning of Lord Mansfield's house in town, at the time of Lord G. Gordon's riots, thousands came to inquire if this original portrait was preserved. Luckily it was at Caen Wood.

We spent a good deal of time in the library, and saw first editions of almost all Queen Anne's Classics; and lists of subscribers to Pope's "Iliad," and many such matters, all enlivening to some corner or other of the memory.

We then drove through Lord Southampton's park, and some other beautiful grounds in the neighbourhood.

We spent the rest of the day quite free from interruption, and

* "The Pleasures of Memory," by Samuel Rogers, then newly published.

sociably, rationally, and pleasantly. Mrs. Crewe obligingly promised us the loan, for reading, of a novel begun by her mother, Mrs. Greville, and left in her hands unfinished.

The next day Mrs. Crewe brought us to her house in town, where we made regulations for seeing sights some day in the next week, and then finished our very agreeable visit.

Mrs. Crewe sent us the little novel the next day. It is merely a fragment, but has much spirit, knowledge of human nature, and gaiety of idea in most of its parts. As a whole we cannot judge it, but I think it would not have gone on improving, as the latter part begins already to seem spun; yet this latter contains a story highly pathetic, and which no one could well read without tears. There is much merit and much entertainment, and here and there are masterly strokes: but Mrs. Greville, like Mrs. Thrale, seems to me rather adapted for shining in episodes and detached pieces than in any regular and long work. And I believe this owing to writing on as things arise, without any arranged plan to pursue and bring to bear.

JUNE 27TH.—My father took me again to Mrs. Crewe, in Grosvenor-street. I had infinite pleasure in giving warm praise to the little novel, and discriminating the parts and passages which seem most worthy admiration. I saw the really fond daughter in her look of listening; and when we were broken in upon by the entrance of Mr. Pelham, she just named him and me to one another, and then said, "You must excuse me, Mr. Pelham—but I am upon a subject I cannot drop.—You think, then—such a character—such a passage,"—&c., &c. And then she finished with "Oh dear! what would one give, you would go on with it!"

She spoke this with an eagerness which seldom breaks out, but which heightened her beauty indescribably.

Mr. Pelham smiled his approbation of the idea, and internally smiled also, I doubt not, at sight of my phiz, for certainly I did at his! He is another of the managers! And we have seen one another so very often without speech, introduction, or even knowledge of each other's names, that the meeting, like that I had with Mr. Elliot, had something in it almost comic—our faces were so familiar, and our voices so strange to each other.

We now set out for Long Acre, to see Lord Macartney's chariots for the Emperor of China. Mrs. Crewe is particularly interested in all that belongs to this embassy, both because her son will accompany it, and because Lord Macartney is her intimate friend, as well as near relation. I leave to the newspapers your description of these superb carriages.

We next proceeded to the Shakespeare Gallery, which I had never seen. And here we met with an adventure that finished our morning's excursions.

There was a lady in the first room, dressed rather singularly, quite alone, and extremely handsome, who was parading about with a nosegay in her hand, which she frequently held to her nose, in a manner that was evidently calculated to attract notice. We therefore passed on to the inner room, to avoid her. Here we had but just all taken our stand opposite different pictures, when she also entered, and, coming pretty close to my father, sniffed at her flowers with a sort of ecstatic eagerness, and then let them fall. My father picked them up, and gravely presented them to her. She curtsied to the ground in receiving them, and presently crossed over the room, and, brushing past Mrs. Crewe, seated herself immediately by her elbow. Mrs. Crewe, not admiring this familiarity, moved away, giving her at the same time a look of dignified distance that was almost petrifying.

It did not prove so to this lady, who presently followed her to the next picture, and, sitting as close as she could to where Mrs. Crewe stood, began singing various quick passages, without words or connexion.

I saw Mrs. Crewe much alarmed, and advanced to stand by her, meaning to whisper her that we had better leave the room; and this idea was not checked by seeing that the flowers were artificial.

By the looks we interchanged we soon mutually said, "This is a mad woman." We feared irritating her by a sudden flight, but gently retreated, and soon got quietly into the large room; when she bonced up with a great noise, and, throwing the veil of her bonnet back, as if fighting it, she looked after us, pointing at Mrs. Crewe.

Seriously frightened, Mrs. Crewe seized my father's arm, and hurried up two or three steps into a small apartment. Here Mrs. Crewe, addressing herself to an elderly gentleman, asked if he could inform the people below that a mad woman was terrifying the company; and while he was receiving her commission with the most profound respect, and with an evident air of admiring astonishment at her beauty, we heard a rustling, and, looking round, saw the same figure hastily striding after us, and in an instant at our elbows.

Mrs. Crewe turned quite pale; it was palpable she was the object pursued, and she most civilly and meekly articulated, "I beg your pardon, ma'am," as she hastily passed her, and hurried down the steps.

We were going to run for our lives, when Miss Townshend whispered Mrs. Crewe it was only Mrs. Wells the actress, and said she was certainly only performing vagaries to try effect, which she was quite famous for doing.

It would have been food for a painter to have seen Mrs. Crewe during this explanation. All her terror instantly gave way to indignation; and scarcely any pencil could equal the high vivid glow of her cheeks. To find herself made the object of game to the burlesque humour of a bold player, was an indignity she could not brook, and her mind was immediately at work how to assist herself against such unprovoked and unauthorised effrontery.

The elderly gentleman who, with great eagerness, had followed Mrs. Crewe, accompanied by a young man who was of his party, requested more particularly her commands; but before Mrs. Crewe's astonishment and resentment found words, Mrs. Wells, singing, and throwing herself into extravagant attitudes, again rushed down the steps, and fixed her eyes on Mrs. Crewe.

This, however, no longer served her purpose. Mrs. Crewe fixed her in return, and with a firm, composed, commanding air and look that, though it did not make this strange creature retreat, somewhat disconcerted her for a few minutes.

She then presently affected a violent coughing—such a one as almost shook the room; though such a forced and unnatural noise as rather resembled howling than a cold.

This over, and perceiving Mrs. Crewe still steadily keeping her ground, she had the courage to come up to us, and, with a flippant air, said to the elderly gentleman, "Pray, sir, will you tell me what it is o'clock?"

He looked vexed to be called a moment from looking at Mrs. Crewe, and, with a forbidding gravity, answered her—"About two."

"No offence, I hope, sir?" cried she, seeing him turn eagerly from her.

He bowed without looking at her, and she strutted away, still, however, keeping in sight, and playing various tricks, her eyes perpetually turned towards Mrs. Crewe, who as regularly met them, with an expression such as might have turned a softer culprit to stone.

Our cabal was again renewed, and Mrs. Crewe again told this gentleman to make known to the proprietors of the gallery that this person was a nuisance to the company, when, suddenly re-approaching us, she called out, "Sir! sir!" to the younger of our new protectors.

He coloured, and looked much alarmed, but only bowed.

"Pray, sir," cried she, "what's o'clock?"

He looked at his watch, and answered.

"You don't take it ill, I hope, sir?" she cried.

He only bowed.

"I do no harm, sir," said she; "I never bite!"

The poor young man looked aghast, and bowed lower; but Mrs. Crewe, addressing herself to the elder, said aloud, "I beg you, sir, to go to Mr. Boydell; you may name me to him—Mrs. Crewe."

Mrs. Wells at this walked away, yet still in sight.

"You may tell him what has happened, sir, in all our names. You may tell him Miss Burney——"

"O no!" cried I, in a horrid fright, "I beseech I may not be named! And, indeed, ma'am, it may be better to let it all alone. It will do no good; and it may all get into the newspapers."

"And if it does," cried Mrs. Crewe, "what is it to us? We have done nothing; we have given no offence, and made no dis-

turbance. This person has frightened us all wilfully, and utterly without provocation; and now she can frighten us no longer, she would brave us. Let her tell her own story, and how will it harm us?"

"Still," cried I, "I must always fear being brought into any newspaper cabals. Let the fact be ever so much against her, she will think the circumstances all to her honour if a paragraph comes out beginning 'Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Wells.'"

Mrs. Crewe liked this sound as little as I should have liked it in placing my own name where I put hers. She hesitated a little what to do, and we all walked downstairs, where instantly this bold woman followed us, paraded up and down the long shop with a dramatic air while our group was in conference, and then, sitting down at the clerk's desk, and calling in a footman, she desired him to wait while she wrote a note.

She scribbled a few lines, and read aloud her direction, "To Mr. Topham;" and giving the note to the man, said, "Tell your master that is something to make him laugh. Bid him not send to the press till I see him."

Now as Mr. Topham* is the editor of "The World," and notoriously her protector, as her having his footman acknowledged, this looked rather serious, and Mrs. Crewe began to partake of my alarm. She therefore, to my infinite satisfaction, told her new friend that she desired he would name no names, but merely mention that some ladies had been frightened.

I was very glad indeed to gain this point, and the good gentleman seemed enchanted with any change that occasioned a longer discourse.

We then got into Mrs. Crewe's carriage, and not till then would this facetious Mrs. Wells quit the shop. And she walked in sight, dodging us, and playing antics of a tragic sort of gesture,

Edward Topham was the son of Dr. Topham, Judge of the Prerogative Court at York. He received a regular education, first at Eton, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, on quitting which latter place he entered the Guards and attained the rank of Major. He for some years filled the equivocal position of "a man of wit and fashion about town," in which character he obtained the materials for his fashionable paper entitled "The World." He died in 1820.

till we drove out of her power to keep up with us. What a strange creature!

Mr. Arthur Young to Miss Burney.

Bradfield Farm, June 18th, 1792.

What a plaguy business 'tis to take up one's pen to write to a person who is constantly moving in a vortex of pleasure, brilliancy, and wit—whose movements and connexions are, as it were, in another world! One knows not how to manage the matter with such folks, till you find by a little approximation and friction of tempers and things that they are mortal, and no more than good sort of people in the main, only garnished with something we do not possess ourselves. Now, then, the consequence—

Only three pages to write, and one lost in introduction! To the matter at last.

It seemeth that you make a journey to Norfolk. Now do ye see, if you do not give a call on the farmer, and examine his ram, (an old acquaintance), his bull, his lambs, calves, and crops, he will say but one thing of you—that you are fit for a court, but not for a farm; and there is more happiness to be found among my rooks than in the midst of all the princes and princesses of Golconda. I would give an hundred pound to see you married to a farmer that never saw London, with plenty of poultry ranging in a few green fields, and flowers and shrubs disposed where they should be, around a cottage, and not around a breakfast-room in Portman-square, fading in eyes that know not to admire them. In honest truth now, let me request your company here. It will give us all infinite pleasure. You are habituated to admiration, but you shall have here what is much better—the friendship of those who loved you long before the world admired you. Come, and make old friends happy.

A. YOUNG.

Mr. Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney.

Cyphenham, June 28th, 1792.

MY DEAR MADAM,—Any intimation from you will have a great weight with me, as well as from your brother, whose ex-

tensive learning I well know, and for whom I have all due regard. Mr. Porson's case has been agitated among some persons in these parts who are acquainted with his literary merit, and wish well to him on that account; and it shall be my endeavour to promote his interest whenever I see any opportunity. When Sir George Baker made his collection for the benefit of Mr. P., I always threw in my mite, and always wished to have him more effectually benefited. You may therefore depend upon my acceding to the general subscription of £10, and, if I have any chance interest, employing it in his favour.

I am going to publish at large the little treatise which you were so very good as to accept. This has been determined upon in consequence of many solicitations and of letters from persons of rank: who, however, I little thought would have been interested about religion. As there are some few variations in the new impression, I shall beg of you to let me have the present copy returned, and another more correct shall be sent for your kind acceptance, and one also for the acceptance of your brother. I print seven hundred and fifty copies, and the whole profit of the impression I purpose to present to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—some few copies excepted, which I shall give away to my select friends. As the whole is designed for a charity, I should be glad to have those select friends, and all my friends, promote the sale as far as their influence can prevail.

The times are alarming, but I hope God will please to preserve his Church, and maintain for us our excellent constitution. One great article of assurance is the general love of the King; for there are those who abound with wickedness and slander, yet the general turn of the nation is to affection and loyalty. May Heaven long preserve those excellent personages whom you love and I love, and for whose happiness I shall ever be solicitous.

I am,

My dear Madam,

Your most affectionate friend and servant,

JACOB BRYANT.

I began, or rather returned, a new visiting acquaintance in Lady Hesketh, whom I have long and often met at other houses.

She is a well informed, well-bred, sensible woman; somewhat too precise and stiff, but otherwise agreeable.

Charles, our new doctor, has set on foot a subscription which gives me great pleasure. It is for his very learned friend Mr. Porson, a man of the first-rate erudition, he tells me, in Europe. His promising talents drew him in childhood from obscurity, and he received a learned education by a liberal contribution of learned men, under the patronage of Sir George Baker. Since this, sundry circumstances, too long for paper, have occasioned his being suddenly left at large without a guinea! This subscription is intended to amount to about £1,400, which is to be laid out in an annuity for his life. It is not designed as his whole support, for his talents will be still his fortune; but to enable him to exercise them liberally, and not to write for daily bread. Mr. Raines, master of the Charter House, Charles's late competitor, and two others whom I forget, are joint agents and collectors with Charles in this very laudable business. It has been undertaken, and is still conducted, unknown to Mr. Porson.

The four agents each subscribed £50, for they are all close and intimate and attached friends to Mr. Porson. Mr. Windham has given Charles £25 towards it from himself, and the same sum from Lord Spencer. I have myself had the pleasure to procure £10 from my good Mr. Bryant. The subscription is now nearly completed. They have been as successful as active, and applied only to the rich and learned—that is, those who can spare the money, and appreciate its destination.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Diary continued—Miss Knight's "Dinarbas"—Recall of the English Ambassador from France—Correspondence—Miss Palmer and Lord Inchiquin—Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney—Arrival of French Emigrant Noblesse—Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—The Reign of Terror—A Meeting with Old Friends—The Duc de Liancourt—Early Incident of the French Revolution—Anecdotes of the Duc de Liancourt—His Perils and Escape from France—The Duc de la Rochefoucault—Madame de Genlis—Her singular Establishment at Bury St. Edmunds—The Duke of Orleans—A Day with the Duc de Liancourt—His Character of French Literary Ladies—The Duke of Beaufort—Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney—Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney, describing the French Colony at Mickleham—The Duc de Montmorency—Marquise de la Châtre—Count de Narbonne—Chevalier d'Arblay—His Anecdotes of Lafayette—M. de Jaucourt and the National Assembly—Madame de Staël—Her Conduct during the Reign of Terror—M. Girardin d'Ermenonville—Merlin—Condorcet—M. Sicard—A Day with the Emigrés—A Romance of Real Life—Treatment of Lafayette in Prison—Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips—MM. Malouet and de Chauvelin—Holkham—Mrs. Coke—Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney—Movement of the Emigrés—M. Talleyrand—Progress of the Revolution—M. de la Châtre—His Adventures and Escapes—The Royalist Army—Miss Burney to Mrs. Locke—Precarious State of England—Conduct of Fox and Grey—Reformers Fifty Years ago—Trial of Louis XVI.—Duelling among the Emigrés.

JULY.—I have kept no memorandums of this month, which I spent chiefly with our dear Etty, in Titchfield Street. Its history, though both pleasant and interesting, is not for paper, and therefore I now glide past it.

One whole day I spent in it with Mrs. Matthew Montagu alone, except for her fine five babies, the eldest not quite five years of age! It was a domestic and pleasant day, and confirmed my good opinion and regard for this amiable and very cultivated

woman. My old friend, her husband, was gone to the north, to forward addresses to our dear King, upon his proclamation.

Dr. Shepherd explained to me the motive of my receiving from Miss Knight her "Marcus Flaminius": it was in consequence of her hearing that I had recommended the perusal of her "Dinarbas" to the Princesses. "Dinarbas" is dedicated to the Queen, who had put it into my hands before she had read it, for some account of its merits. I am sure their Royal Highnesses could read nothing more chastely fitted for them.

Our ambassador is recalled from France: Russia has declared war against that wretched kingdom. But it may defy all outward enemies to prove in any degree destructive in comparison with its lawless and barbarous inmates. We shall soon have no authentic accounts from Paris, as no English are expected to remain after the Ambassador, and no French will dare to write, in such times of pillage, what may carry them "*à la lanterne*."

Miss Burney to Mrs. —.

Chelsea College, July 5th, 1792.

I must rejoice to see such long letters from my dearest M——, so much in her old and early style of openness and communication, little as I can rejoice to think of her so distant, or to see her sympathy in that point. However, though we must take the world as it is, filled with contrarieties, pain balancing pleasure, and evil hovering over good, we must not, we need not, I trust, resist the consolations of kindness for disturbances which we owe neither to misconduct nor to folly. Amongst these stands separation from friends; and though such indulgence of sorrow as lessens our exertions in the duties of life is blameable and selfish, there can surely be neither crime nor reproach in moderate regret, even though it should be constant. Certainly those who in early life have formed no friendships that cling to their growing, and wear unwasted to their later years, can be ill deserving to excite regard in others; for the heart that can be shut up in the first youth must be wanting in all gifts of social

participation for every period of existence. I must therefore, without impeachment of contentment or of conscience, continue to lament, and to hear lamented, the distance which situation places between us.

I am much better again in health, my dear friend. I rejoice your little ones are well. Do you get at all stouter yourself? Do you drink goat's milk? Does your place improve in beauty about you? Who are your twelve visiting houses? Whether you like them or not, give me some idea by whom you are surrounded.

Madame de Genlis, now Madame Brulard, is in England, but I have not seen her. She seemed to me, when here last, one of the most fascinating and well-informed of women: but such tales are now circulated to her disadvantage that I am not ambitious of her notice, and therefore I rejoice she has not renewed our acquaintance. Yet, till of late, I was disposed both to love and reverence her; and even now, her works are all so highly framed to do her honour, that should I meet with any one friend who would vindicate her, I feel ready to disbelieve, in her favour, a thousand foes. Your ideas and anticipations may be just, but they may, also, do her wrong; I would not, therefore, take from her the power of showing a firmer mind in mere expectation of a weaker.

Adieu, my ever dear friend—Heaven bless you!

F. B.

Miss Palmer married Lord Inchiquin, and I wrote her my good wishes, which she answered with an affectionate invitation to introduce me to her lord, and a warm avowal of her happiness. I heartily hope it may be permanent.

I spared a few moments—not more—to meet Mrs. Chapone at Mrs. Ord's one evening, and to meet Mr. Smelt and Mrs. Cholinley another. The two latter I know not when I may hope to see again; they are now gone to settle in the north, and have relinquished entirely their beautiful little house at Kew. I am very sorry. Mrs. Chapone, who seems unalterable, I may yet hope to meet often.

Mr. Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney.

Cypenham, near Windsor, August 7th, 1792.

DEAR MADAM,—When I come to town, which will be probably soon, it shall be my first business to wait on you, and to beg your acceptance of a copy from the new impression of my Treatise “On the Truth of the Christian Religion;” and if I should have the misfortune, a third time, not to meet with you, still this mark of my true esteem shall be left, and will meet, I hope, with a favourable reception.

I am purchasing a house in town—which news, however private and limited, had not escaped the knowledge of some whose wonderful comprehension and memory scarcely anything within their verge, however minute, escapes. I was, with great condescension and much easy wit, rallied, as having certainly views of hymeneal connexions; or, in the more common phraseology of the world, as being determined to—alter my condition. That I entertain some prospect of an alteration is certain; but it is such a change as must be expected by a person at my very advanced term of life.

I told you that the pretty dog Hector, which I presented to a most lovely little Princess, is dead, and I am commanded to procure another, as the misfortune is said to have been attended with many tears and a great regret. A lady of quality has offered me a female for this purpose, whose name is Flirt. Will it not be a degradation, after such an heroic title, to offer an animal of so mean and vulgar an appellation, far inferior to Miss, and barely equivalent to Coquet and Gipsy? I have no book, either ancient or modern, to which I can apply for information. You may possibly ease my doubts by saying, Change the name, if a change be requisite, and for Flirt read Flora, and then all will be well.

This inquiry may perhaps be of as much importance as many that have been agitated, such as these—whether the sea be free to all, or shut? whether men originally are equal or unequal? whether war be natural or unnatural? add to these, the disputes about the rights of men, to which I subjoin—the rights of fools.

The last of these has not been sufficiently considered, and a very large body of respectable persons, including idiots, naturals, simpletons, changelings, &c., have been passed over with too little notice. You will perhaps think me prejudiced in favour of a society to which I may possibly be in some degree allied, and bring this rhapsody in full proof of your opinion.

I am, my dear Madam,

Your most sincere and

affectionate humble servant,

JACOB BRYANT.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24TH.—We set out for Halstead, in Essex,—our Etty, her lovely Marianne, and I; and there we were most affectionately welcomed by Mrs. Hawkins, and by *il caro sposo*. Sophia skipped with joy, and Cecilia was all smiles, grace, and enchantment.

Our time was almost all corroded by the general alarm for the political safety of all manner of people; the successes of the fiends of France filled us with incessant horror, and the necessity of guarding against the contagion of plunder and equality, amongst the poor and the wicked, or the duped and the dupers, occupied us perpetually.

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney.

Mickleham, September, 1792.

We shall shortly, I believe, have a little colony of unfortunate (or rather, fortunate, since here they are safe) French noblesse in our neighbourhood. Sunday evening Ravelly informed Mr. Locke that two or three families had joined to take Jenkinson's house, Juniper Hall, and that another family had taken a small house at Westhumble, which the people very reluctantly let, upon the Christian-like supposition that, being nothing but French papishes, they would never pay. Our dear Mr. Locke, while this was agitating, sent word to the landlord that he would be answerable for the rent; however, before this message arrived,

the family were admitted. The man said they had pleaded very hard indeed, and said, if he did but know the distress they had been in, he would not hesitate.

This house is taken by Madame de Broglie, daughter of the Maréchal, who is in the army with the French Princes; or, rather, wife to his son, Victor Broglie, till very lately General of one of the French armies, and at present disgraced, and fled nobody knows where. This poor lady came over in an open boat, with a son younger than my Norbury, and was fourteen hours at sea. She has other ladies with her, and gentlemen, and two little girls, who had been sent to England some weeks ago; they are all to lodge in a sort of cottage, containing only a kitchen and parlour on the ground floor.

I long to offer them my house, and have been much gratified by finding Mr. Locke immediately determined to visit them; his taking this step will secure them the civilities, at least, of the other neighbours.

At Jenkinson's are—la Marquise de la Châtre, whose husband is with the emigrants; her son; M. de Narbonne, lately Ministre de la Guerre; M. de Montmorency; Charles or Theodore Lameth; Jaucourt; and one or two more, whose names I have forgotten, are either arrived to-day, or expected. I feel infinitely interested for all these persecuted persons. Pray tell me whatever you hear of M. de Liancourt, &c. Heaven bless you!

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

Halstead, October 2nd, '92.

MY DEAREST PADRE,—I have just got your direction, in a letter from my mother, and an account that you seem to be in health and spirits; so now I think it high time to let you know a little about some of your daughters, lest you should forget you have any such ineumbrances.

In the first place, two of them, Esther and F. B., had a safe and commodious journey hither, in the midst of pattering showers and cloudy skies, making up as well as they could for the deli-

ciencies of the elements by the dulcet recreation of the concord of sweet sounds; not from tabrets and harps, but from the harmony of hearts with tongues.

In the second place, a third of them, Charlotte F., writes word her *caro sposo* has continued very tolerably well this last fortnight, and that she still desires to receive my visit according to the first appointment.

In the third place, a fourth of them, Sarah, is living upon French politics and with French fugitives, at Bradfield, where she seems perfectly satisfied with foreign forage.

In the fourth place, Susanna, another of them, sends cheering histories of herself and her tribe, though she concludes them with a sighing ejaculation of "I wish I did not know there was such a country as France!"

So much for your daughters.

Mr. Hawkins's house is pleasantly situated, and all that belongs to its mistress is nearly perfect. Even its master is more to my *gusto* than I have ever known him before, for he is engaged in writing notes for answers to Paine, Mackintosh, Rouse, Priestley, Price, and a score more of Mr. Burke's incendiary antagonists. I wish to spirit him on to collect them into a pamphlet and give them to the public, but he is doubtful if it would not involve him in some heavy expense. I rather think the contrary, for he has really written well, and with an animation that his style of conversation had not made me expect. It is impossible to be under the roof of an English clergyman, and to witness his powers of making leisure useful, elegant, and happy, without continual internal reference to the miserable contrast of the unhappy clergy of France.

To-day's papers teem with the promise of great and decisive victories to the arms of the Duke of Brunswick. I tremble for the dastardly revenge menaced to the most injured King of France and his family. I dare hardly wish the advance and success of the combined armies, in the terror of such consequences. Yet the fate and future tranquillity of all Europe seem inevitably involved in the prosperity or the failure of this expedition. The depression or encouragement it must give to

political adventurers, who, at all times, can stimulate the rabble to what they please, will surely spread far, deep, and wide, according to the event of French experiment upon the minds, manners, and powers of men; and the feasibility of expunging all past experience, for the purpose of treating the world as if it were created yesterday, and every man, woman, and child were let loose to act from their immediate suggestion, without reference to what is past, or sympathy in anything that is present, or precaution for whatever is to come. It seems, in truth, no longer the cause of nations alone, but of individuals: not a dispute for a form of government, but for a condition of safety.

Ever and ever most dutifully and
affectionately your

F. B

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5TH.—I left Halstead, and set off, alone, for Bradfield Hall, which was but one stage of nineteen miles distant.

Sarah, who was staying with her aunt, Mrs. Young, expected me, and came running out before the chaise stopped at the door, and Mr. Young following, with both hands full of French newspapers. He welcomed me with all his old spirit and impetuosity, exclaiming his house never had been so honoured since its foundation, nor ever could be again, unless I re-visited it in my way back, even though all England came in the mean time!

Do you not know him well, my Susan, by this opening rhodomontade?

“But where, cried he, “is Hetty? O that Hetty! Why did you not bring her with you? That wonderful creature! I have half a mind to mount horse, and gallop to Halstead to claim her! What is there there to merit her? What kind of animals have you left her with? Anything capable of understanding her?”

During this we mounted upstairs, into the dining-room. Here all looked cold and comfortless, and no Mrs. Young appeared. I inquired for her, and heard that her youngest daughter, Miss Patty, had just had a fall from her horse, which had bruised her face, and occasioned much alarm.

The rest of the day we spoke only of French politics. Mr. Young* is a severe penitent of his democratic principles, and has lost even all pity for the *Constituant Révolutionnaires*, who had "taken him in" by their doctrines, but cured him by their practice, and who "ought better to have known what they were about before they presumed to enter into action."

Even the Duc de Liancourt, who was then in a small house at Bury, merited, he said, all the personal misfortunes that had befallen him. "I have real obligations to him," he added, "and therefore I am anxious to show him any respect, and do him any service, in his present reverse of fortune; but he has brought it all on himself, and, what is worse, on his country."

He wrote him, however, a note to invite him to dinner the next day. The Duke wrote an answer, that he lamented excessively being engaged to meet Lord Euston, and dine with the Bury aldermen.

I must now tell you the history of this poor Duke's arriving in England, for it involves a revival of loyalty—an effort to make some amends to his unhappy sovereign for the misery into which he had largely contributed to plunge him—which, with me, has made his peace for ever.

But first I should tell, he was the man who almost compelled the every-way-deluded Louis to sanction the National Assembly by his presence when first it resisted his orders. The Queen and all her party were strongly against the measure, and prophesied it would be the ruin of his authority; but the Duke, highly ambitious of fame, as Mr. Young describes him, and willing to sacrifice everything to the new systems then pervading all France, suddenly rushed into his closet, upon the privilege of being one of the five or seven Pairs de France who have that licence, and,

* Arthur Young was the son of a learned divine who held a prebendal stall in Canterbury Cathedral. He was born in 1741, and nearly the whole of his long life was devoted to studies and pursuits connected with the improvement of English agriculture. He first became known to the world in 1770, by the publication of a useful work called "The Farmer's Calendar." Subsequently he established and conducted a periodical entitled "Annals of Agriculture." These publications attracted the attention of the Government; and he was employed to obtain information for them throughout the country.

with a strong and forcible eloquence, declared nothing but his concession would save the nation from a civil war; while his entering, unarmed, into the National Assembly, would make him be regarded for ever as the father and saviour of his people, and secure him the powerful sovereignty of the grateful hearts of all his subjects.

He succeeded, and the rest is public.

Certainly he can never recollect this incident, with whatever good or even noble sentiments he had been wrought up to it, without the severest pain. What might have been the event of an opposite conduct, no one can tell; but it is difficult to figure to the most terrible imagination anything so dreadful, anything indeed not better than what happened. Mr. Young is persuaded that, but for this manœuvre of the Duke, and some similar acts of his first associates, none of these evils would have come to pass: M. de Calonne's conciliatory articles would have been agreed to by the King and the people, and the government gradually have been amended, and blood and villany have looked another way.

This incident, which I have here mentioned, has set all the Coblenz party utterly and for ever against the Duke. He had been some time in extreme anguish for the unhappy King, whose ill-treatment on the 20th of June, 1792, reached him while commandant at Rouen. He then first began to see that the Monarch or the Jacobins must inevitably fall, and he could scarce support the prospect of ultimate danger threatening the former. I have since been told, by a gentleman then at Rouen, that he was never surprised in his room, at that period, but he was found *mordant* his fist, and in action of desperation. Ah!—well he might!

When the news reached him of the bloody 10th of August, a plan which for some time he had been forming, of gaining over his regiment to the service of the King, was rendered abortive. Yet all his officers except one had promised to join in any enterprise for their insulted master. He had hoped to get the King to Rouen under this protection, as I gather, though this matter has never wholly transpired. But the King could not be persuaded to trust any one. How should he?—especially a Révolutionnaire?

No time now was to be lost, and, in his first impetuosity of rage and despair, he instantly summoned his officers and his troops; and, in the midst of them all, upon the parade or place of assembling, he took off his hat, and called out aloud "Vive le Roi!"

His officers echoed the sound, all but one!—yet not a soldier joined. Again he waved his hat, and louder and louder called out, "Vive le Roi!" And then every soldier repeated it after him.

Enchanted with hope, he felt one exulting moment, when this single dissentient officer called out aloud, as soon as the loyal cry was over, "As an officer of the Nation I forbid this!—Vive la Nation!"

The Duke instantly had the man arrested, and retired to his apartment to compose his excess of agitation, and consider how to turn this promise of loyalty to the service of his now imprisoned King; but, in a short time, an officer strongly attached to him entered the room hastily, and cried, "*Sauvez vous, M. de Liancourt!*—be speedy—the Jacobin party of Rouen have heard of your indiscretion, and a price is this moment set upon your head!"

The Duke knew too well with whom he had to act, for a moment's hesitation. To serve the King was now impossible, as he had but to appear in order to be massacred. He could only save his own life by flight.

In what manner he effected his escape out of Rouen he has never mentioned. I believe he was assisted by those who, remaining behind, could only be named to be torn in pieces for their humanity. The same French gentleman whom I have just mentioned, M. Jamard, a French priest, tells me no human being knows when or how he got away, and none suspected him to be gone for two days. He went first to Abbeville; there, for two days, he appeared everywhere, walking about in his regimentals, and assuming an air of having nothing to apprehend. This succeeded, as his indiscretion had not yet spread at Abbeville; but, meanwhile, a youth whom he had brought up from a child, and on whose fond regard and respect he could rely, was employed in

seeking him the means of passing over to England. This was infinitely difficult, as he was to leave France without any passport.

How he quitted Abbeville I know not; but he was in another town, near the coast, three days, still waiting for a safe conveyance; and here, finding his danger increased greatly by delay, he went to some common house, without dress or equipage or servants that could betray him, and spent his whole time in bed, under pretence of indisposition, to avoid being seen.

At length his faithful young groom succeeded; and he got, at midnight, into a small boat, with only two men. He had been taken for the King of France by one, who had refused to convey him; and some friend, who assisted his escape, was forced to get him off, at last, by holding a pistol to the head of his conductor, and protesting he would shoot him through and through, if he made further demur, or spoke aloud. It was dark, and midnight.

Both he and his groom planted themselves in the bottom of the boat, and were covered with fagots, lest any pursuit should ensue; and thus wretchedly they were suffocated till they thought themselves at a safe distance from France. The poor youth then, first looking up, exclaimed, "*Ah! nous sommes perdus!*" they are carrying us back to our own country!" The Duke started up; he had the same opinion, but thought opposition vain; he charged him to keep silent and quiet; and after about another league, they found this, at least, a false alarm, owing merely to a thick fog or mist.

At length they landed—at Hastings, I think. The boatman had his money, and they walked on to the nearest public-house. The Duke, to seem English, called for "*Pot Portere.*" It was brought him, and he drank it off in two draughts, his drought being extreme; and he called for another instantly. That also, without any suspicion or recollection of consequences was as hastily swallowed; and what ensued he knows not. He was intoxicated, and fell into a profound sleep.

His groom helped the people of the house to carry him upstairs and put him to bed.

How long he slept he knows not, but he woke in the middle

of the night without the smallest consciousness of where he was, or what had happened. France alone was in his head—France and its horrors, which nothing, not even English porter and intoxication and sleep—could drive away.

He looked round the room with amaze at first, and soon after with consternation. It was so unfurnished, so miserable, so lighted with only one small bit of a candle, that it occurred to him he was in a *maison de force*—thither conveyed in his sleep.

The stillness of everything confirmed this dreadful idea. He arose, slipped on his clothes, and listened at the door. He heard no sound. He was scarce yet, I suppose, quite awake, for he took the candle, and determined to make an attempt to escape.

Downstairs he crept, neither hearing nor making any noise; and he found himself in a kitchen: he looked round, and the brightness of a shelf of pewter plates struck his eye; under them were pots and kettles, shining and polished. “*Ah!*” cried he to himself, “*je suis en Angleterre!*” The recollection came all at once at sight of a cleanliness which, in these articles, he says, is never met with in France.

He did not escape too soon, for his first cousin, the good Duc de la Rochefoucault, another of the first Révolutionnaires, was massacred the next month. The character he has given of this murdered relation is the most affecting, in praise and virtues, that can possibly be heard. Sarah has heard him till she could not keep the tears from her eyes. They had been *élèves* together, and loved each other as the tenderest brothers.

You will all be as sorry as I was myself to hear that every ill story of la Comtesse de Genlis was confirmed by the Duke. She was resident at Bury, when he arrived, with Mdlle. Egalité, Pamela, Henrietta Circe, and several others, who appeared in various ways, as artists, gentlemen, domestics, and equals, on various occasions. The history of their way of life is extraordinary, and not very comprehensible; probably owing to the many necessary difficulties which the new system of equality produces.

The Duke accuses Madame Brulard of being a principal instrument of French misery. The Duke d'Orléans, he says, is indis-

putably the primary cause of the long and dreadful anarchy of his country, and Madame Brulard had an influence which as indisputably carried him on, since it did not stop him. The Duke adores the Duchess of Orleans, whom he describes as one of the most amiable and exemplary of women; and he declares she has not a friend who forbears detesting Madame Brulard, who is a woman of the first abilities, but of inexhaustible intrigue and ambition. The Duke d'Orléans he has had some personal pique with, I believe, as he made no scruple to say that if he met him in London he should instantly cane him. He calls him a villain and a coward.

A lady of Bury, a sister of Sir Thomas Gage, had been very much caught by Madame Brulard, who had almost lived at the house of Sir Thomas. Upon the arrival of the Duke he was invited to Sir Thomas Gage's immediately; and Miss G——, calling upon Madame Brulard, mentioned him, and asked if she knew him?—No, she answered; but she had seen him. This was innocently repeated to the Duke, who then, in a transport of rage, broke out with "*Elle m'a vu!* and is that all?—Does she forget that she has spoken to me? that she has heard me too?" And then he related what I have written, and added, that when all was wearing the menacing aspect of anarchy, before it broke out, and before he was ordered to his regiment at Rouen, he had desired an audience of Madame Brulard, for the first time, having been always a friend of Madame d'Orléans, and consequently *her* enemy. She was unwilling to see him, but he would not be refused. He then told her that France was upon the point of ruin, and that the Duke d'Orléans, who had been its destruction, and "the disgrace of the Revolution," could alone now prevent the impending havoc. He charged her, therefore, forcibly and peremptorily, to take in charge a change of measures, and left her with an exhortation which he then flattered himself would have some chance of averting the coming dangers. But quickly after she quitted France voluntarily, and settled in England. "And can she have forgot all this?" cried he.

I know not if this was repeated to Madame de Brulard; but certain it is she quitted Bury with the utmost expedition. She

did not even wait to pay her debts, and left the poor Henrietta Circe behind, as a sort of hostage, to prevent alarm. The creditors, however, finding her actually gone, entered the house, and poor Henrietta was terrified into hysterics. Probably she knew not but they were Jacobins, or would act upon Jacobin principles.

Madame Brulard then sent for her, and remitted money, and proclaimed her intention of returning to Suffolk no more.

The Duke is now actually in her house. There was no other vacant that suited him so well.

I am much interested in Susan's account of poor Madame de Broglie. How terribly, I fear, all is proceeding in France! I tremble at such apparent triumph to such atrocious cruelty; and though I doubt not these wretches will destroy one another while combating for superiority, they will not set about that crying retribution, for which justice seems to sicken, till they have first utterly annihilated all manner of people, better, softer, or more human than themselves.

The Duke accepted the invitation for to-day, and came early, on horseback. He had just been able to get over some two or three of his horses from France. He has since, I hear, been forced to sell them.

Mrs. Young was not able to appear; Mr. Young came to my room door to beg I would waste no time; Sarah and I, therefore proceeded to the drawing-room.

The Duke was playing with a favourite dog—the thing, probably, the most dear to him in England; for it was just brought him over by his faithful groom, whom he had sent back upon business to his son.

He is very tall, and, were his figure less, would be too fat, but all is in proportion. His face, which is very handsome, though not critically so, has rather a haughty expression when left to itself, but becomes soft and spirited in turn, according to whom he speaks, and has great play and variety. His deportment is quite noble, and in a style to announce conscious rank even to the most sedulous equaliser. His carriage is peculiarly upright, and his person uncommonly well made. His manners are such

as only admit of comparison with what we have read, not what we have seen; for he has all the air of a man who would wish to lord over men, but to cast himself at the feet of women.

He was in mourning for his barbarously-murdered cousin, the Duc de la Rochefoucault. His first address was of the highest style. I shall not attempt to recollect his words, but they were most elegantly expressive of his satisfaction in a meeting he had long, he said, desired.

With Sarah he then shook hands. She had been his interpreter here on his arrival, and he seems to have conceived a real kindness for her; an honour of which she is extremely sensible, and with reason.

A little general talk ensued, and he made a point of curing Sarah of being afraid of his dog. He made no secret of thinking it affectation, and never rested till he had conquered it completely. I saw here, in the midst of all that at first so powerfully struck me, of dignity, importance, and high-breeding, a true French *polisson*; for he called the dog round her, made it jump on her shoulder, and amused himself as, in England, only a schoolboy or a professed fox-hunter would have dreamt of doing.

This, however, recovered me to a little ease, which his compliment had rather overset. Mr. Young hung back, nearly quite silent. Sarah was quiet when reconciled to the dog, or, rather, subdued by the Duke; and then, when I thought it completely out of his head, he tranquilly drew a chair next mine, and began a sort of separate conversation, which he suffered nothing to interrupt till we were summoned to dinner.

His subject was "Cecilia;" and he seemed not to have the smallest idea I could object to discussing it, any more than if it had been the work of another person.

I answered all his demands and interrogatories with a degree of openness I have never answered any other upon this topic; but the least hope of beguiling the misery of an *émigré* tames me.

Mr. Young listened with amaze, and all his ears, to the many particulars and elucidations which the Duke drew from me; he repeatedly called out he had heard nothing of them before, and rejoiced he was at least present when they were communicated.

This proved, at length, an explanation to the Duke himself, that, the moment he understood, made him draw back, saying, "Peut-être que je suis indiscret?" However, he soon returned to the charge; and when Mr. Young made any more exclamations, he heeded them not: he smiled, indeed, when Sarah also affirmed he had procured accounts she had never heard before; but he has all the air of a man not new to any mark of more than common favour.

At length we were called to dinner, during which he spoke of general things.

The French of Mr. Young, at table, was very comic; he never hesitates for a word, but puts English wherever he is at a loss, with a mock French pronunciation. *Monsieur Duc*, as he calls him, laughed once or twice, but clapped him on the back, called him *un brave homme*, and gave him instruction as well as encouragement in all his blunders.

When the servants were gone, the Duke asked me if anybody might write a letter to the King? I fancy he had some personal idea of this kind. I told him yes, but through the hands of a Lord of the Bedchamber, or some state officer, or a Minister. He seemed pensive, but said no more.

He inquired, however, if I had not read to the Queen; and seemed to wish to understand my office; but here he was far more circumspect than about "Cecilia." He has lived so much in a Court, that he knew exactly how far he might inquire with the most scrupulous punctilio.

I found, however, that he had imbibed the Jacobin notion that our beloved King was still disordered; for, after some talk upon his illness, and very grave and proper expressions concerning the affliction and terror it produced in the kingdom, he looked at me very fixedly, and, with an arching brow, said, "Mais, Mademoiselle—après tout—le Roi—est—il bien guéri?"

I gave him such assurances as he could not doubt, from their simplicity, which resulted from their truth.

Mr. Young would hardly let Sarah and me retreat; however, we promised to meet soon to coffee.

I went away full of concern for his injuries, and fuller of amazement at the vivacity with which he bore them.

When at last we met in the drawing-room, I found the Duke all altered. Mr. Young had been forced away by business, and was but just returned, and he had therefore been left a few minutes by himself; the effect was visible, and extremely touching. Recollections and sorrow had retaken possession of his mind; and his spirit, his vivacity, his power of rallying, were all at an end. He was strolling about the room with an air the most gloomy, and a face that looked enveloped in clouds of sadness and moroseness. There was a *fiercé* almost even fierce in his air and look, as, wrapped in himself, he continued his walk.

I felt now an increasing compassion:—what must he not suffer when he ceases to fight with his calamities! Not to disturb him we talked with one another, but he soon shook himself and joined us; though he could not bear to sit down, or stand a moment in a place.

Sarah spoke of Madame Brulard, and, in a little malice, to draw him out, said her sister knew her very well.

The Duke, with eyes of fire at the sound, came up to me: "Comment, Mademoiselle! vous avez connu cette coquine de Brulard?" And then he asked me what I had thought of her.

I frankly answered that I had thought her charming; gay, intelligent, well-bred, well-informed, and amiable.

He instantly drew back, as if sorry he had named her so roughly, and looked at Sally for thus surprising him; but I immediately continued that I could now no longer think the same of her, as I could no longer esteem her; but I confessed my surprise had been inexpressible at her duplicity.

He allowed that, some years ago, she might have a better chance than now of captivation; for the deeper she had immersed in politics, the more she had forfeited of feminine attraction. "Ah," he cried, "with her talents—her knowledge—her parts—had she been modest, reserved, gentle, what a blessing might she have proved to her country! but she is devoted to intrigue and cabal, and proves its curse."

He then spoke with great asperity against all the *femmes de*

lettres now known ; he said they were commonly the most disgusting of their sex, in France, by their arrogance, boldness, and *mauvaises mœurs*.

I inquired if Mr. Young had shown him a letter from the Duke of Grafton, which he had let me read in the morning. It was to desire Mr. Young would acquaint him if the Duc de Liancourt was still in Bury, and, if so, to wait upon him, in the Duke of Grafton's name, to solicit him to make Euston his abode while in England, and to tell him that he should have his apartments wholly unmolested, and his time wholly unbroken ; that he was sensible, in such a situation of mind, he must covet much quiet and freedom from interruption and impertinence ; and he therefore promised that, if he would honour his house with his residence, it should be upon the same terms as if he were in an, hotel—that he would never know if he were at home or abroad or even in town or in the country ; and he hoped the Duc de Liancourt would make no more scruple of accepting such an asylum and retreat at his house than he would himself have done of accepting a similar one from the Duke in France, if the misfortunes of his own country had driven him to exile.

I was quite in love with the Duke of Grafton for this kindness. The Duc de Liancourt bowed to my question, and seemed much gratified with the invitation ; but I see he cannot brook obligation ; he would rather live in a garret, and call it his own.

He told me, however, with an air of some little pleasure, that he had received just such another letter from Lord Sheffield. I believe both these noblemen had been entertained at Liancourt some years ago. I inquired after Madame la Duchesse, and I had the satisfaction to hear she was safe in Switzerland. The Duke told me she had purchased an estate there..

He inquired very particularly after your Juniper colony, and M. de Narbonne, but said he most wished to meet with M. d'Arblay, who was a friend and favourite of his eldest son.

Mr. Jacob Bryant to Miss Burney.

November 15th, 1792.

DEAR MADAM,—Your very kind letter afforded me uncommon

satisfaction, for I had from your silence formed an opinion that you were very ill; and, from the length of your silence, that this illness must necessarily be of an alarming and dangerous nature. It gives me great pleasure to find that my fears were vain, and that I shall be again favoured both with your correspondence and rational conversation.

I have been, till very lately, in continual fears from the wickedness and degeneracy of numbers in this nation, and from the treasonable purposes which they have dared openly to avow; but, thanks to God, these sons of sedition are fewer than I imagined, and their influence and power not equal to their wishes. The sense of the nation is otherwise directed, and the people's attachment to the best of kings is not to be shaken. His Majesty's speech, I think, is very happily calculated, and cannot but please all those who are well affected.

You are very good in speaking so favourably of my little treatise; and as I know that you are always sincere, it gives me much satisfaction. It has certainly been well received, as appears by the quick sale, though the town has been empty, but more especially from letters which I have received from some of the most eminent of the bishops and clergy, and by accounts from the two universities.

When I look upon our two sister kingdoms I see a cloud which seems to be gathering, but I trust in Providence that it will dissolve and vanish, and that calm sunshine will be universally restored. The outrageous behaviour and cruelties of the French must surely awaken all Europe. I should think that no power would remain unconcerned. From the most early annals to this day we read of nothing similar to the events which have disgraced these times. But these violences are too great to be lasting; this wickedness cannot endure long; and I believe many of our nation have been shocked by these horrid extravagances, and preserved from a similar corruption. I am, with the truest esteem,

My dear Madam,

Your most affectionate

And obliged humble servant,

JACOB BRYANT.

[It is hoped that some pages from Mrs. Phillips's journalizing letters to her sister, written at this period, may not be unacceptable; since they give particulars concerning several distinguished actors and sufferers in the French Revolution, and also contain the earliest description of M. d'Arblay.]

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney.

Mickleham, November, 1792.

It gratifies me very much that I have been able to interest you for our amiable and charming neighbours.

Mrs. Locke had been so kind as to pave the way for my introduction to Madame de la Châtre, and carried me on Friday to Juniper Hall, where we found M. de Montmorency, a *ci-devant duc*, and one who gave some of the first great examples of sacrificing personal interest to what was then considered the public good. I know not whether you will like him the better when I tell you that from him proceeded the motion for the abolition of titles in France; but if you do not, let me, in his excuse, tell you he was scarcely onc-and-twenty when an enthusiastic spirit impelled him to this, I believe, ill-judged and mischievous act. My curiosity was greatest to see M. de Jaucourt, because I remembered many lively and spirited speeches made by him during the time of the *Assemblée Législative*, and that he was a warm defender of my favourite hero, M. Lafayette.

Of M. de Narbonne's abilities we could have no doubt from his speeches and letters whilst Ministre de la Guerre, which post he did not quit till last May. By his own desire he then joined Lafayette's army, and acted under him; but, on the 10th of August, he was involved, with perhaps nearly all the most honourable and worthy of the French nobility, accused as a traitor by the Jacobins, and obliged to fly from his country.

M. d'Argenson was already returned to France, and Madame de Broglie had set out the same day, November 2nd, hoping to escape the decrec against emigrants.

Madame de la Châtre received us with great politeness. She

is about thirty-three; an elegant figure, not pretty, but with an animated and expressive countenance; very well read, *pleine d'esprit*, and, I think, very lively and charming.

A gentleman was with her whom Mrs. Loeke had not yet seen, M. d'Arblay. She introduced him, and, when he had quitted the room, told us he was adjutant-general to M. Lafayette, *maréchal de camp*, and in short the first in military rank of those who had accompanied that general when he so unfortunately fell into the hands of the Prussians; but, not having been one of the *Assemblée Constituante*, he was allowed, with four others, to proceed into Holland, and there M. de Narbonne wrote to him. "Et comme il l'aime infiniment," said Madame de la Châtre, "il l'a prié de venir vivre avec lui." He had arrived only two days before. He is tall, and a good figure, with an open and manly countenance; about forty, I imagine.

It was past twelve. However, Madame de la Châtre owned she had not breakfasted—*ces messieurs* were not yet ready. A little man, who looked very *triste* indeed, in an old-fashioned suit of clothes, with long flaps to a waistcoat embroidered in silks no longer very brilliant, sat in a corner of the room. I could not imagine who he was, but when he spoke was immediately convinced he was no Frenchman. I afterwards heard he had been engaged by M. de Narbonne for a year, to teach him and all the party English. He had had a place in some college in France at the beginning of the Revolution, but was now driven out and destitute. His name is Clarke. He speaks English with an accent *tant soit peu* Scotch.

Madame de la Châtre, with great *franchise*, entered into details of her situation and embarrassment, whether she might venture, like Madame de Broglie, to go over to France, in which case she was *dans le cas où elle pouvait toucher sa fortune* immediately. She said she could then settle in England, and settle comfortably. M. de la Châtre, it seems, previous to his joining the King's brothers, had settled upon her her whole fortune. She and all her family were great favourers of the original Revolution; and even at this moment she declares herself unable to wish the restoration of the old *régime*, with its tyranny and

corruptions—persecuted and ruined as she and thousands more have been by the unhappy consequences of the Revolution.

M. de Narbonne now came in. He seems forty, rather fat, but would be handsome were it not for a slight cast of one eye. He was this morning in great spirits. Poor man! It was the only time I have ever seen him so. He came up very courteously to me, and begged leave *de me faire sa cour* at Mickleham, to which I graciously assented.

Then came M. de Jaucourt, whom I instantly knew by Mr. Locke's description. He is far from handsome, but has a very intelligent countenance, fine teeth, and expressive eyes. I scarce heard a word from him, but liked his appearance exceedingly, and not the less for perceiving his respectful and affectionate manner of attending to Mr. Locke; but when Mr. Locke reminded us that Madame de la Châtre had not breakfasted, we took leave after spending an hour in a manner so pleasant and so interesting that it scarcely appeared ten minutes.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7TH.—Phillips was at work in the parlour, and I had just stepped into the next room for some papers I wanted, when I heard a man's voice, and presently distinguished these words: "Je ne parle pas trop bien l'Anglais, monsieur." I came forth immediately to relieve Phillips, and then found it was M. d'Arblay.

I received him *de bien bon cœur*, as courteously as I could. The adjutant of M. Lafayette, and one of those who proved faithful to that excellent general, could not but be interesting to me. I was extremely pleased at his coming, and more and more pleased with himself every moment that passed. He seems to me a true *militaire, franc et loyal*—open as the day—warmly affectionate to his friends—intelligent, ready, and amusing in conversation, with a great share of *gaieté de cœur*, and at the same time, of *naïveté* and *bonne foi*. He was no less flattering to little Fanny than M. de Narbonne had been.

We went up into the drawing-room with him, and met Willy on the stairs, and Norbury capered before us. "Ah, Madame!" cried M. d'Arblay, "la jolie petite maison que vous avez, et les jolis petits hôtes!" looking at the children, the drawings, &c., &c.

He took Norbury on his lap and played with him. I asked him if he was not proud of being so kindly noticed by the adjutant-general of M. Lafayette? "Est-ce qu'il sait le nom de M. Lafayette?" said he, smiling. I said he was our hero. "Ah! nous voilà donc bons amis! Il n'y a pas de plus brave homme sur la terre!" "Et comme on l'a traité!" cried I. A little shrug, and his eyes cast up, was the answer. I said I was thankful to see at least one of his faithful friends here. I asked if M. Lafayette was allowed to write and receive letters. He said yes, but they were always given to him open.

Norbury now (still seated on his lap) took courage to whisper him, "Were you, sir, put in prison with M. Lafayette?" "Oui, mon ami." "And—was it quite dark?" I was obliged, laughing, to translate this curious question. M. d'Arblay laughed too: "Non, mon ami," said he, "on nous a mis d'abord dans une assez jolie chambre—c'était à Nivelles." "Vous y étiez avec M. Lafayette, monsieur?" "Oui, madame, pour quelques jours, et puis on nous a séparés."

I lamented the hard fate of the former, and the rapid and wonderful *revers* he had met with after having been, as he well merited to be, the most popular man in France. This led M. d'Arblay to speak of M. de Narbonne, to whom I found him passionately attached. Upon my mentioning the sacrifices made by the French nobility, and by a great number of them voluntarily, he said no one had made more than M. de Narbonne; that, previous to the Revolution, he had more wealth and more power than almost any except the princes of the blood.

For himself, he mentioned his fortune and his income from his appointments as something immense, but I never remember the number of hundred thousand livres, nor can tell what their amount is without some consideration. "Et me voilà, madame, réduit à rien, hormis un peu d'argent comptant, et encore très peu. Je ne sais encore ce que Narbonne pourra retirer des débris de sa fortune; mais, quoique ce soit, nous le partagerons ensemble. Je ne m'en fais pas le moindre scrupule, puisque nous n'avons eu qu'un intérêt commun, et nous nous sommes toujours aimés comme frères."*

* "And here I am, madam," said he, "reduced to nothing, except a

I wish I could paint to you the manly *franchise* with which these words were spoken; but you will not find it difficult to believe that they raised MM. de Narbonne and d'Arblay very high in my estimation.

The next day Madame de la Châtre was so kind as to send me the French papers, by her son, who made a silent visit of about five minutes.

FRIDAY MORNING.—I sent Norbury with the French papers, desiring him to give them to M. d'Arblay. He stayed a prodigious while, and at last came back attended by M. de Narbonne, M. de Jaucourt, and M. d'Arblay. M. de Jaucourt is a delightful man—as comic, entertaining, unaffected, unpretending, and good-humoured as dear Mr. Twining, only younger, and not quite so black. He is a man likewise of first-rate abilities—M. de Narbonne says, perhaps superior to Vaublanc—and of very uncommon firmness and integrity of character.

The account Mr. Batt gave of the National Assembly last summer agrees perfectly with that of M. de Jaucourt, who had the misfortune to be one of the deputies, and who, upon some great occasion in support of the King and Constitution, found only twenty-four members who had courage to support him, though a far more considerable number gave him secretly their good wishes and prayers. It was on this that he regarded all hope of justice and order as lost, and that he gave in *sa démission* from the Assembly. In a few days he was seized, and, *sans forme de procès*, having lost his inviolability as a member, thrown into the prison of the *Abbaye*, where, had it not been for the very extraordinary and admirable exertions of Madame de Staël (M. Necker's daughter, and the Swedish ambassador's wife), he would infallibly have been massacred.

I must here tell you that this lady, who was at that time seven months gone with child, was indefatigable in her efforts

little ready money, and very little indeed. I know not yet what Narbonne will be able to save from the wreck of his fortune; but be it what it may, we shall share it together. I make not the least scruple about it, for we have always had but one common interest, and we have always loved each other like brothers."

to save every one she knew from this dreadful massacre. She walked daily (for carriages were not allowed to pass in the streets) to the Hôtel de Ville, and was frequently shut up for five hours together with the horrible wretches that composed the *Comité de Surveillance*, by whom these murders were directed; and, by her eloquence, and the consideration demanded by her rank and her talents, she obtained the deliverance of above twenty unfortunate prisoners, some of whom she knew but slightly.

M. de Narbonne brought me two volumes of new "Contes Moraux," by Marmontel, who is yet living; they are printed at Liège, and in this year, 1792. He was in very depressed spirits, I saw, and entered into some details of his late situation with great openness. Though honoured by the Jacobins with the title of traitor, all his friends here concur in saying he has ever been truly *constitutionnaire*, that is, of the same party as Lafayette. Last May *il donna sa démission* of the place of *Ministre de la Guerre*, being annoyed in all his proceedings by the Jacobins, and prevented from serving his country effectually by the instability of the King, for whom he nevertheless professes a sincere personal attachment. "Mais il m'a été impossible de le servir—il l'a été à tous ses meilleurs amis, et par ses vertus et par ses défauts; car—il le faut avouer—il ne pouvait se fier à lui-même, et il était en conséquence défiant de tout le monde."*

Madame de la Châtre and M. de Jaucourt have since told me that M. de Narbonne and M. d'Arblay had been treated with singular ingratitude by the King, whom they nevertheless still loved as well as forgave. They likewise say he wished to get rid of M. de Narbonne from the Ministry, because he could not trust him with his projects of *contre* revolution.

M. d'Arblay was the officer on guard at the Tuileries the night on which the King, &c., escaped to Varennes, and ran great risk of being denounced, and perhaps massacred, though he had been kept in the most perfect ignorance of the King's intention.

* "But it was impossible for me," observed M. de Narbonne, "to serve him, and so it has been for all his best friends, as well on account of his virtues as his failings, for, it must be confessed, he could not trust himself, and in consequence distrusted everybody."

The next Sunday, November 18th, Augusta and Amelia came to me after church, very much grieved at the inhuman decrees just passed in the Convention, including as emigrants, with those who have taken arms against their country, all who have quitted it since last July; and adjudging their estates to confiscation, and their persons to death should they return to France.

"Ma'am," said Mr. Clarke, "it reduces this family to nothing: all they can hope is, by the help of their parents and friends, to get together wherewithal to purchase a cottage in America, and live as they can."

I was more shocked and affected by this account than I could very easily tell you. To complete the tragedy, M. de Narbonne had determined to write an offer—a request rather—to be allowed to appear as a witness in behalf of the King, upon his trial; and M. d'Arblay had declared he would do the same, and share the fate of his friend whatever it might be.

On Tuesday, the 20th, I called to condole with our friends on these new misfortunes. Madame de la Châtre received me with politeness, and even cordiality: she told me she was a little recovered from the first shock—that she should hope to gather together a small *débris* of her fortune, but never enough to settle in England—that, in short, her *parti était pris*—that she must go to America. It went to my heart to hear her say so. Presently came in M. Girardin. He is son to the Marquis de Girardin d'Ermenonville, the friend of Rousseau, whose last days were passed, and whose remains are deposited, in his domain. This M. Girardin was a pupil of Rousseau; he was a member of the Legislative Assembly, and an able opponent of the Jacobins.

It was to him that M. Merlin, *après bien de gestes menaçans*, had held a pistol, in the midst of the Assembly. His father was a mad republican, and never satisfied with the rational spirit of patriotism that animated M. Girardin; who, witnessing the distress of all the friends he most esteemed and honoured, and being himself in personal danger from the enmity of the Jacobins, had as soon as the *Assemblée Legislative* broke up, quitted Paris, I believe, firmly determined never to re-enter it under the present régime.

I was prepossessed very much in favour of this gentleman, from his conduct in the late Assembly and all we had heard of him. I confess I had not represented him to myself as a great, fat, heavy-looking man, with the manners of a somewhat hard and morose Englishman: he is between thirty and forty, I imagine; he had been riding as far as to the cottage Mr. Malthouse had mentioned to him—*l'asile de Jean Jacques*—and said it was very near this place (it is at the foot of Leith Hill, Mr. Locke has since told me).

They then talked over the newspapers which were come that morning. M. de St. Just, who made a most fierce speech for the trial and condemnation of the King, they said had before only been known by little madrigals, romances, and *épîtres tendres*, published in the "Almanac des Muses." "A cette heure," said M. de Jaucourt, laughing, "c'est un fier républicain. Enfin voilà l'Abbé Fouché qui prend la parole. Ah, mais il ne s'en tire pas mal." "Oui, en vérité," said Madame de la Châtre; "il montre de l'esprit; ses raisonnemens sont tous justes ce qu'il faut pour persuader la Convention."*

For Condorcet, in despite of his abilities, they feel a sovereign contempt. They spoke of his ingratitude to the Duc de la Rochefoucault with great disgust, and of the terrible end of that most respectable man with a mixture of concern and indignation that left them and us for a few minutes silent and in a kind of consternation.

It appears that there is an exception in the detestable law concerning the emigrants, in favour of such persons as are established in other countries in any trade. M. de Jaucourt said, "Il me paraît que j'ai un peu vocation pour la cuisine: je me ferai cuisinier. Savez-vous ce que m'a dit ce matin notre cuisinier? Il me consultait sur les dangers qu'il courrait, lui, en retournant en France. 'Pourtant, monsieur,' il m'a dit,

* "He is now," said M. de Jaucourt, laughing, "a furious republican. Here at last is the Abbé Fouché making a speech; and not amiss either." "Yes, indeed," said Madame de la Châtre, "he shows talent; his arguments are precisely such as are wanted to persuade the Convention."

‘il y a une exception pour les *artistes*.’ Moi, je serai cuisinier artiste aussi.”*

Speaking of the hard-bought liberty his country had gained, “Bah!” cried M. Girardin; “peut-on appeler cela la liberté?” “Mais ils l’auront,” said M. de Jaucourt energetically, “et ce qui me fâche le plus c’est qu’ils ne veulent pas me permettre d’en dire du bien; ils ont gâté la cause.”†

M. de Narbonne delighted me by his accounts of M. de Lafayette, who is, I am now certain, precisely the character I took him to be—one whom prosperity could never have corrupted, and that misfortune will never subdue. “An excess of *bonté de cœur*,” M. d’Arblay said, “was almost the only fault he knew him to have.” This made him so unwilling to suspect of treachery some of those who called themselves his friends, that it was almost impossible to put him on his guard. “Il caressait ceux qui cherchaient à l’égorger.”

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27TH.—Phillips and I determined at about half-past one to walk to *Junipère* together.

M. d’Arblay received us at the door, and showed the most flattering degree of pleasure at our arrival.

We found with Madame de la Châtre another French gentleman, M. Sicard, who was also an officer of M. de Lafayette’s.

M. de Narbonne said he hoped we would be sociable, and dine with them now and then. Madame de la Châtre made a speech to the same effect. “Et quel jour, par exemple,” said M. de Narbonne, “ferait mieux qu’aujourd’hui?” Madame de la Châtre took my hand instantly, to press in the most pleasing and gratifying manner imaginable this proposal; and, before I had time to answer, M. d’Arblay, snatching up his hat, declared he would run and fetch the children.

I was obliged to entreat Phillips to bring him back, and entreated him to *entendre raison*.

* M. de Jaucourt said, “I fancy that I have some little talent for cookery: I will turn cook. What do you think our cook told me this morning? He was consulting me about the danger which he, *he* should incur, in returning to France, ‘However, sir,’ said he, ‘there is an exception in favour of *artists*.’ So I will be an artist-cook too.”

† “Bah!” cried M. Girardin, “can that be called liberty?” “But they will have it,” said M. de Jaucourt, energetically, “and what vexes me most is, that they will not allow me to say any good of it; they have ruined the cause.”

"Mais, mais, madame," cried M. de Narbonne, "ne soyez pas disgracieuse."

"Je ne suis pas disgracieuse," answered I, *assez naïvement*, which occasioned a general comical but not affronting laugh: "sur ce sujet au moins;" I had the modesty to add. I pleaded their late hour of dinner, our having no carriage, and my disuse to the night air at this time of the year; but M. de Narbonne said their cabriolet (they have no other carriage) should take us home, and that there was a top to it, and Madame de la Châtre declared she would cover me well with shawls, &c.

"Allons, allons," cried M. d'Arblay; "voilà qui est fait, car je parie que Monsieur Phillips n'aura pas le courage de nous refuser."

Effectivement, Monsieur Phillips was perfectly agreeable; so that all my efforts were vain, and I was obliged to submit, in despite of various worldly scruples, to pass a most charmingly pleasant day.

M. d'Arblay scampered off for the little ones, whom all insisted upon having, and Phillips accompanied him, as it wanted I believe almost four hours to their dinner-time.

J'eus beau dire que ce serait une visite comme on n'en fait jamais. "Ce sera," said Madame de la Châtre, "ce qu'il nous faut; ce sera une journée."

Then my dress: Oh, it was *parfaite*, and would give them all the courage to remain as they were, *sans toilette*: in short, nothing was omitted to render us comfortable and at our ease, and I have seldom passed a more pleasant day—never, I may fairly say, with such new acquaintance. I was only sorry M. de Jaucourt did not make one of the party.

Whilst M. d'Arblay and Phillips were gone, Madame de la Châtre told me they had that morning received M. Necker's *Défense du Roi*, and if I liked it that M. de Narbonne would read it out to us. You may conceive my answer. It is a most eloquent production, and was read by M. de Narbonne with *beaucoup d'âme*. Towards the end it is excessively touching, and his emotion was very evident, and would have struck and interested me had I felt no respect for his character before.

I must now tell you the secret of his birth, which, however, is, I conceive, no great secret even in London, as Phillips heard it at Sir Joseph Banks's. Madame Victoire, daughter of Louis XV., was in her youth known to be attached to the Comte de Narbonne, father of our M. de Narbonne. The consequence of this attachment was such as to oblige her to a temporary retirement under the pretence of indisposition; during which time la Comtesse de Narbonne, who was one of her attendants, not only concealed her own chagrin, but was the means of preserving her husband from a dangerous situation, and the Princess from disgrace. She declared *herself* with child, and, in short, arranged all so well as to *seem* the mother of her husband's son; though the truth was immediately suspected, and rumoured about the Court, and Madame de la Châtre told me, was known and familiarly spoken of by all her friends, except in the presence of M. de Narbonne, to whom no one would certainly venture to hint it. His father is dead, but la Comtesse de Narbonne, his reputed mother, lives, and is still an attendant on Madame Victoire, at Rome. M. de Narbonne's wife is likewise with her, and he himself was the person fixed on by Mesdames to accompany them when they quitted France for Italy. An infant daughter was left by him at Paris, who is still there with some of his family, and whom he expressed an earnest wish to bring over, though the late decree may perhaps render his doing so impossible. He has another daughter, of six years old, who is with her mother at Rome, and whom he told me the Pope had condescended to embrace. He mentioned his mother once (meaning la Comtesse de Narbonne) with great respect and affection.

How sorry I was to find that M. Sicard and M. d'Arblay believed the account given in the newspapers, of the very severe treatment of M. de Lafayette and his companions! They added that the Prussians themselves were *indignes* at the treatment these gentlemen had received. M. Sicard, who is but just arrived from Holland, gave the same account. Would you believe it?—a corporal is appointed to call to them and insist on an answer every fifteen minutes, day and night, so that they can never have more than ten minutes of undisturbed sleep! What a barbarity!

—added to this, depriving them of books, pen and ink, pencils, or anything whatever which might tend to while away their melancholy moments. I have been haunted by this sad account ever since.

S. P.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

Aylsham, Norfolk, November 27th, '92.

My dearest Susanna's details of the French colony at Juniper are truly interesting. I hope I may gather from them that M. de Narbonne, at least, has been able to realise some property here. I wish much to hear that poor Madame de Broglie has been permitted to join her husband.

Who is this M. Malouet, who has the singular courage and feeling to offer to plead the cause of a fallen Monarch in the midst of his ferocious accusers? And how ventures M. de Chauvelin to transmit such a proposal? I wish your French neighbours could give some account of this. I hear that the son for whom the Duc de Liancourt has been trembling, has been reduced to subscribe to all Jacobin lengths, to save his life and retain a little property. What seasons are these for dissolving all delicacy of internal honour!

I am truly amazed and half alarmed to find this county filled with little revolution societies, which transmit their notions of things to the larger committee at Norwich, which communicates the whole to the reformists of London. I am told there is scarce a village in Norfolk free from these meetings.

I have been again to Thornham to Mrs. Rishton, and a week brought so back all old and early attachment and feelings to her bosom, that our parting was a tragedy on her side. On mine, the calls away predominated too forcibly for such sympathy; but I was both glad and sorry. I have been also, at last, introduced to Mrs. Coke, and I think her one of the sweetest women, on a short acquaintance, I have ever met with.

My good and brilliant champion in days of old, Mr. Windham,

has never been in Norfolk since I have entered it. He had a call to Bulstrode, to the installation of the Duke of Portland, just as I arrived, and he has been engaged there and at Oxford ever since. I regret missing him at Holkham : I had no chance of him anywhere else, as I have been so situated, from the melancholy circumstances of poor Mr. Francis's illness, that I have been unable to make acquaintance where he visits.

I will be very discreet, my dearest Susan, in the points that require it ; *au reste*, I like to inspire those I see with an interest for your little colony at Juniper Hall, by such recitals as are safe,—especially as all the *constituants* are now reviled as authors and originators of all the misfortunes of France, from arrogant self-sufficiency in their powers to stop as well as begin when they pleased.

[Miss Burney's second visit at Aylsham proved a very mournful one. Soon after her arrival, Mr. Francis, her brother-in-law, was seized with an apoplectic fit, which terminated in his death ; and Miss Burney remained with her widowed sister, soothing and assisting her, till the close of the year, when she accompanied the bereaved family to London.]

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney.

December 16th, '92.

EVERYTHING that is most shocking may, I fear, be expected for the unfortunate King of France, his Queen, and perhaps all that belong to him. M. d'Arblay said it would indeed scarce have been possible to hope that M. de Narbonne could have escaped with life, had the *sauf-conduit* requested been granted him, for attending as a witness at the King's trial.

"Mais," said M. d'Arblay, "il désirait vivement de servir le Roi ; il y croyait même son honneur intéressé ; et pour lors—ma foi ! l'on ne craint pas la mort. Si j'avais espéré de pouvoir être utile au Roi, je vous jure que rien ne m'aurait retenu ; mais puisque l'on ne veut pas qu'il ait des défenseurs, et qu'enfin on a poussé l'atrocité jusqu'à un tel excès, jamais je ne retournerai en France."

"Mais si fait," said Mr. Locke, "si les choses viennent à changer?"

"Pardonnez moi, monsieur; je ne vois point d'espérance de tranquillité dans ma malheureuse patrie pendant mes jours: le peuple est tellement vitié par l'impunité du crime, par les désordres de tout espèce, par l'habitude de voir couler le sang, qu'enfin, selon toutes les apparences, il n'y aura ni paix ni sûreté de trente ou quarante ans à venir en France. Heureusement pour nous," he added, more cheerfully, "vous nous avez adopté, et j'espère que nous ne vous quitterons plus." *

Speaking of M. Lafayette, and of the diatribes that have been published against him, he expressed warmly his concern and indignation, saying, his judgment, perhaps, had not been always infallible; "mais pour ses vues, pour ses intentions, j'ose en répondre: il n'y a pas d'homme plus brave, ni plus véritablement honnête homme. Il y a des personnes qui m'ont dit, et répété jusqu'à ce que j'en ai été impatienté, qu'il avait perdu toutes les occasions de faire de grands coups, lorsqu'il avait dans tout le royaume autant de pouvoir que Cromwell en avait de son temps. A la bonne heure—s'il avait voulu être Cromwell; car il est très vrai que, pour faire le mal, il en avait tout le pouvoir; mais, pour faire le bien (et tout ce qu'il désirait faire c'était le bien), c'était, je vous jure, une toute autre difficulté. Les temps d'ailleurs sont infiniment changés depuis l'époque de Cromwell. On ne peut plus mener des milliers d'hommes comme autant de troupeaux. Dans l'armée de M. Lafayette il y avait des volontaires innombrables,—auteurs distingués, hommes de lettres, artistes; (David,

* "But," said M. d'Arblay, "he was extremely desirous to serve the king; he even thought his honour involved in his doing so; and then, *ma foi*, one is not afraid of death. If I had hoped that I could be useful to the King, I swear to you that nothing should have held me back; but since they will not allow him to have defenders, and in short have carried atrocity to such excess, never will I return to France."

"But," said Mr. Locke, "if things should change, how then?"

"Pardon me, sir; I see no hope of tranquillity in my unhappy country in my lifetime: the people are so debased by the impunity of crime, by disorders of every kind, by the habit of seeing blood spilt, that, according to all appearances, there will not be either peace or safety for thirty or forty years to come in France. Fortunately for us," he added more cheerfully, "you have adopted us, and I hope that we shall never leave you."

par exemple, le premier de nos artistes),—tous voulant juger de toutes choses par eux-mêmes; tirant de cent manières différentes; ayant tous leur partis à eux, et presque tous des fous absolument, criant pour la liberté et la patriotisme avec encore plus de fureur que les gueux et les sans-culottes. Et pourtant on persiste à dire que M. Lafayette aurait pû les tourner de telle manière qu'il l'aurait jugé à propos! Voilà comme on affirme, et comme on décide, dans ce monde!"*

Yesterday, Saturday, December 15th, at about noon, I was very pleasantly surprised by a visit from M. de Narbonne, who was as gracious and as pleasant as ever he could be. We talked over Marmontel's new tales, which I believe I mentioned his having been so good as to lend me; he told me the author of them was in Paris, unhappy enough in seeing the state of public affairs. "Mais pour l'intérieur de sa maison, on ne peut guère voir de bonheur plus parfait: à soixante ans il a su trouver une femme aimable de trente, qui a bien voulu l'épouser. Elle lui est fort attachée; et lui—il semble toujours amant, et toujours pénétré d'une reconnaissance sans bornes de ce qu'elle veut bien lui permettre de respirer l'air de la même chambre qu'elle. C'est un homme rempli de sentiment et de douceur."†

* "But as for his views, his intentions, I dare answer for them: there is not a braver or more truly honourable man. There are persons who have told me, and repeated till I was out of patience with them, that he let slip all occasions for striking a great blow, when he had the whole kingdom as much in his power as Cromwell had in his time. Well and good, if he had designed to be a Cromwell; for it is very true that he had power enough to do mischief; but to do good (and he had no wish to do anything else) was, I protest to you, a far more difficult matter. Besides, times are infinitely changed since the days of Cromwell. Thousands of men are no longer to be led like so many sheep. In M. Lafayette's army there were innumerable volunteers,—distinguished authors, literary men, artists (David, for instance, the first of our artists),—all intent on forming their own opinions of everything, drawing a hundred different ways, having all their separate parties, and almost all of them absolute madmen, shouting for liberty and patriotism more furiously than even the ragamuffins and the sansculottes. And still people persist in saying that M. Lafayette could have turned them any way he chose. That's the way they assert and decide in this world."

† "But, as for his domestic circumstances, it is scarcely possible to see more perfect happiness: at sixty he contrived to find an amiable woman of thirty, who consented to marry him. She is exceedingly attached to him; while he—he seems to be still the lover, and to be constantly filled

He had heard nothing new from France, but mentioned, with great concern, the indiscretion of the King, in having kept all his letters since the Revolution; that the papers lately discovered in the Tuileries would bring ruin and death on hundreds of his friends; and that almost every one in that number "s'y trouvaient compliqués" some way or other. A decree of accusation had been *lancé* against M. Talleyrand, not for anything found from himself, but because M. de la Porte, long since executed, and from whom, of course, no *renseignemens* or explanations of any kind could be gained, had written to the King that l'Evêque d'Autun was well disposed to serve him. Can there be injustice more flagrant?

M. Talleyrand, it seems, had purposed returning, and hoped to settle his affairs in France in person, but now he must be content with life; and as for his property (save what he may chance to have in other countries), he must certainly lose all.

Monday, December 17th, in the morning, Mr. and Mrs. Locke called, and with them came Madame de la Châtre, to take leave.

She now told us, perfectly in confidence, that Madame de Broglie had found a friend in the Mayor of Boulogne, that she was lodged at his house, and that she could answer for her (Madame de la Châtre) being received by him as well as she could desire (all this must be secret, as this good Mayor, if accused of harbouring or befriending *des émigrés*, would no doubt pay for it with his life). Madame de la Châtre said, all her friends who had ventured upon writing to her entreated her not to lose the present moment to return, as, the three months allowed for the return of those excepted in the decree once past, all hope would be lost for ever. Madame de Broglie, who is her cousin, was most excessively urgent to her to lose not an instant in returning.

"Vous croyez donc, madame," said I, rather *tristement*, "y aller?" "Oui, sûrement, je l'espère; car, sans cela, tous mes projets

with boundless gratitude because she condescends to permit him to breathe the air of the same room with her. He is a man full of sentiment and sweetness."

sont anéantis. Si enfin je n'y pouvais aller, je serais réduite à presque rien !”

Madame de Broglie, he said, had declared there would be no danger. Madame de la Châtre was put in spirits by this account, and the hope of becoming not destitute of everything ; and I tried to hope without fearing for her, and, indeed, most sincerely offer up my petitions for her safety.

Heaven prosper her ! Her courage and spirits are wonderful. M. de Narbonne seemed, however, full of apprehensions for her. M. de Jaucourt seemed to have better hopes ; he, even he, has now thoughts of returning, or rather his generosity compels him to think of it. His father has represented to him that his sister's fortune must suffer unless he appears in France again ; and, although he had resisted every other consideration, on this he has given way.

In France they are now printing, by order of the Convention, all the letters to the King's brothers which had been seized at Verdun and in other places ; amongst them were some from “le traître Narbonne,” in which he professed his firm and unalterable attachment to royalty, and made offers of his services to the Princes.

But the M. de Narbonne whose letters are printed is not our M. de Narbonne, but a relation of his, a man of true honour, but a decided aristocrat from the beginning of the Revolution, who had consequently devoted himself to the party of the Princes. The Convention knew this perfectly, M. de Narbonne said, but it suited their purpose best to enter into no explanations, but to let all who were not so well informed conclude that “ce traître de Narbonne,” and “ce scélérat de Narbonne,” was the minister, in whom such conduct would really have been a treachery, though in the real author of the letters it was the simple result of his principles—principles which he had never sought to conceal. He spoke with considerable emotion on the subject, and said that after all his losses and all that he had undergone, that which he felt most severely was the expectation of being “confondu avec tous les scélérats de sa malheureuse patrie,” not only “de son vivant,” but by posterity.

Friday, December 21st, we dined at Norbury Park, and met our French friends: M. d'Arblay came in to coffee before the other gentlemen. We had been talking of Madame de la Châtre, and *conjecturing conjectures* about her *sposo*: we were all curious, and all inclined to imagine him old, ugly, proud, aristocratic—a kind of ancient and formal courtier; so we questioned M. d'Arblay, acknowledging our curiosity, and that we wished to know, in short, if M. de la Châtre was “digne d'être l'époux d'une personne si aimable et si charmante que Madame de la Châtre.” He looked very drolly, scarce able to meet our eyes; but at last, as he is *la franchise même*, he answered, “M. de la Châtre est un bon homme—parfaitement bon homme: au reste, il est brusque comme un cheval de carosse.”

We were in the midst of our coffee when St. Jean came forward to M. de Narbonne, and said somebody wanted to speak to him. He went out of the room; in two minutes he returned, followed by a gentleman in a great-coat, whom we had never seen, and whom he introduced immediately to Mrs. Lock by the name of M. de la Châtre. The appearance of M. de la Châtre was something like a *coup de théâtre*; for, despite our curiosity, I had no idea we should ever see him, thinking that nothing could detach him from the service of the French Princes.

His *abord* and behaviour answered extremely well the idea M. d'Arblay had given us of him, who in the word *brusque* rather meant unpolished in manners than harsh in character.

He is quite old enough to be father to Madame de la Châtre, and, had he been presented to us as such, all our wonder would have been to see so little elegance in the parent of such a woman.

After the first introduction was over, he turned his back to the fire, and began *sans façon*, a most confidential discourse with M. de Narbonne. They had not met since the beginning of the revolution, and, having been of very different parties, it was curious and pleasant to see them now, in their mutual misfortunes, meet *en bons amis*. They rallied each other *sur leurs disgraces* very good-humouredly and comically; and though poor M. de la Châtre had missed his wife by only one day, and his son by a few hours, nothing seemed to give him *de l'humeur*. He

gave the account of his disastrous journey since he had quitted the Princes, who are themselves reduced to great distress, and were unable to pay him his arrears: he said he could not get a *sou* from France, nor had done for two years. All the money he had, with his papers and clothes, were contained in a little box, with which he had embarked in a small boat—I could not hear whence; but the weather was tempestuous, and he, with nearly all the passengers, landed, and walked to the nearest town, leaving his box and two faithful servants (who had never, he said, quitted him since he had left France) in the boat: he had scarce been an hour at the *auberge* when news was brought that the boat had sunk.

At this M. de Narbonne threw himself back on his seat, exclaiming against the hard fate which pursued all *ses malheureux amis*! “Mais attendez donc,” cried the good-humoured M. de la Châtre, “je n’ai pas encore fini: on nous a assurés que personne n’a péri, et que même tout ce qu’il y avait sur le bateau a été sauvé.”* He said, however, that, being now in danger of falling into the hands of the French, he dared not stop for his box or servants; but, leaving a note of directions behind him, he proceeded *incognito*, and at length got on board a packet-boat for England, in which though he found several of his countrymen and old acquaintance, he dared not discover himself till they were *en pleine mer*. “Et vous voyez bien qu’il n’y a pas de fin à mes malheureuses aventures, puisqu’en arrivant on m’apprend tout de suite que ma femme est partie hier pour la France, et Alphonse aujourd’hui; et Dieu sait si je le verrai, lui, d’ici à quarante ans!”†

How very, very unfortunate! We were all truly sorry for him; however, he went on gaily enough, laughing at *ses amis les constitutionnaires*, and M. de Narbonne, with much more

* “But have patience,” cried the good-humoured M. de la Châtre, “I have not done yet: we were assured that not one life was lost, and, indeed, that everything on board had been saved.”

† “And you see there is no end to my mishaps, for on my arrival I am instantly told that my wife set out yesterday for France, and Alphonse to-day; and God knows whether I shall see him again these forty years!”

wit, and not less good humour, retorting back his raillery on the *parti de Brunswick*.

"Eh bien," said de M. la Châtre; "chacun à son tour!—Vous avez été ruinés par les premiers—chacun à son tour!—Vous avez fait une constitution qui ne pouvait tenir."

"Pardon!" cried M. d'Arblay, with quickness: "on ne l'a pas essayée."

"Eh bien, elle est tombée toutefois—il n'en est plus question," said M. de la Châtre; "et nous n'avons plus qu'à mourir de faim gaiement ensemble."

M. de Narbonne said he had yet a few bottles of wine, and that he should not drink beer whilst he stayed with him.

M. de la Châtre mentioned the *quinzaine* in which the Princes' army had been paid up, as the most wretched he had ever known. "C'était un désespoir, une douleur, une détresse de tous côtés, dont vous ne pouvez vous former une idée." Of 22,000 men who formed the army of the emigrants, 16,000 were gentlemen,—men of family and fortune: all of whom were now, with their families, destitute. He mentioned two of these who had engaged themselves lately in some orchestra, where they played first and second flute.—"Ils sont, je vous jure, l'envie de toute l'armée," said he; "car en général nous ne pouvons rien faire que nous battre quand on nous en donne l'occasion."

The Princes, he said, had been twice arrested for debt in different places—that they were now so reduced that they dined, themselves, the Comte d'Artois, children, tutors, &c.—eight or nine persons in all—upon one single dish; and that they burnt *de la chandelle*, "parceque les bougies coutaient trop cher."

"Et les dames," said M. de Narbonne, *à demi-voix*, "que font elles?—Madame de Balby et les autres?"

"Elles n'y sont plus," said M. de la Châtre; adding, laughing, "C'est une réforme en tout."

I don't know whether I need tell you the ladies meant were the two Princes' mistresses, who have hitherto accompanied them everywhere.

M. de Narbonne asked how he had been able to travel on, since his money and clothes had been left behind.

"J'avais," said he, "ma bourse, bien heureusement; au reste, j'ai été obligé, en arrivant à Londres, de m'adresser à un tailleur, car on m'a assuré à l'auberge où j'étais, que dans l'habit que je portais on me montrerait au doigt. Eh bien, il m'a fait le gilet que tu vois, ces culottes" (in a low voice, but laughing, to M. de Narbonne). They were, I must tell you, of the most common and cheap materials: but M. de Narbonne, interrupting him, gravely, but very good-naturedly, said,

"Eh bien; vous pouvez aller partout comme cela—ici on peut aller où l'on veut comme cela."

"Cette redingote," replied M. de la Châtre, who continued the whole evening in it, "il me l'a fait aussi. Mais pour l'habit, il n'y avait pas moyen, puisque je ne voulais pas m'arrêter. It m'a donc—*prêté le sien*."

"Quoi? le tailleur?"

O ui, lui-même: tu vois il ne va pas mal."

There was something so frank and so good humoured in all this, that, added to the deplorable situation to which he was reduced, I could almost have cried, though it was impossible to forbear laughing.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Locke.

Chelsea, December 20th, '92.

I rejoice Mr. Locke will be able to attend the meeting. I hope for tolerable weather: but it would have grieved me to have had such a name out of a loyal list at such a time.

God keep us all safe and quiet! All now wears a fair aspect; but I am told Mr. Windham says we are not yet out of the wood, though we see the path through it. There must be no relaxation. The pretended friends of the people, pretended or misguided, wait but the stilling of the present ferment of loyalty to come forth. Mr. Grey has said so in the House. Mr. Fox attended the St. George's Meeting, after keeping back to the last, and was *nobody* there! Our Mr. North was present and amazed.

The accounts from France are thrilling. Poor M. d'Arblay's speech should be translated, and read to all English imitators of

French reformers. What a picture of the *now reformed* ! Mr. Burke's description of the martyred Duc de la Rochefoucault should be read also by all the few really pure promoters of new systems. New systems, I fear, in states, are always dangerous, if not wicked. Grievance by grievance, wrong by wrong, must only be assailed, and breathing time allowed to old prejudices, and old habits, between all that is done.

I had never head of any *good* association six months ago ; but I rejoice Mr. Lock had. I am glad, too, your neighbourhood is so loyal. I am sure such a colony of sufferers from state experiments, even with best intentions, ought to double all vigilance for running no similar risks—here too, where there are no similar calls ! Poor M. d'Arblay's belief in perpetual banishment is dreadful : but Chabot's horrible denunciation of M. de Narbonne made me stop for breath, as I read it in the papers.

I had fancied the letters brought for the King of France's trial were forgeries. One of them, certainly, to M. Bouillé, had its answer dated before it was written. If any have been found, others will be added, to serve any evil purposes. Still, however, I hope the King and his family will be saved. I cannot but believe it, from all I can put together. If the worst of the Jacobins hear that Fox has called him an "unfortunate Monarch,"—that Sheridan has said "his execution would be an act of injustice," and Grey "that we ought to have spared that *one blast to their glories* by earlier negotiation and an ambassador,"—surely the worst of these wretches will not risk losing their only abettors and palliators in this kingdom ? I mean publicly : they have privately and individually their abettors and palliators in abundance still, wonderful as that is.

I am glad M. d'Arblay has joined the set at *Junipère*. What miserable work is this duelling, which I hear of among the emigrants, after such hair-breadth 'scapes for life and existence !—to attack one another on the very spot they seek for refuge from attacks ! It seems a sort of profanation of safety.

I can assure you people of *all* descriptions are a little alarmed here, at the successes so unbounded of the whole Jacobin tribe, which seems now spreading contagion over the whole surface of

the earth. The strongest original favourers of revolutions abroad, and reforms at home, I see, are a little scared : they will not say it ; but they say they are *not*, uncalled upon ; which is a constant result of secret and involuntary consciousness.

F. B.

CHAPTER XLVIII

1793.

Correspondence—Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—Execution of the French King—Dr. Burney to Miss Burney—Charles Fox's Pamphlet against War with France—Lord Orford—A Dinner at the Literary Club—Fox, Windham, Burke ; the Bishops of Salisbury, Peterborough, Dromore ; Bishop Marlow, Duke of Leeds, Lord Ossory, Lord Lucan, &c.—Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—Madame de Staël at Mickleham—The last Moments of the French King—His last Words on the Scaffold—Three English Letters from Madame de Staël to Miss Burney—Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—Account of Madame de Staël—Her Escape from Massacre—Tallien—Malesherbes—M. d'Arblay—Talleyrand—Miss Burney to Mrs. Locke—M. Sicard—Conversation of Talleyrand—Dr. Burney to Miss Burney—Barry's Discourse on Sir Joshua Reynolds—Miss Burney to Dr. Burney—Letter from Madame de Staël to Miss Burney—Mrs. Phillips to Mrs. Locke—M. de Lally Tolendal—M. de Talleyrand and the Society at Juniper Hall—Madame de Staël's Opinions on the Revolution—Letter from Madame de Staël to Miss Burney—Offer of Marriage from General d'Arblay to Miss Burney—M. Dumont—Madame de Staël's Work on the "Influence of the Passions"—Miss Burney to Mrs. Lock—Dr. Burney to Miss Burney—Marriage of M. d'Arblay and Miss Burney—Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. ——— on her Marriage—Madame de Staël to Madame d'Arblay on her Marriage—Eloge of Norbury Park by Madame de Staël—Letter from Lally Tolendal to M. d'Arblay—Letter from Madame de la Fite to Madame d'Arblay.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Locke.

January 8th, 1793.

IT is quite out of my power, my dearest friends, to leave town before the birthday, as I must then present myself at the Queen's house.

Your French colonies are truly attractive—I am sure they must be so to have caught me, so substantially, fundamentally,

the foe of all their proceedings while in power. But the Duc de Liancourt taught me how little we can resist distress, even where self-incurred. M. de la Châtre, however, has my whole heart. I am his friend, not only upon the pleas of compassion due to all, but upon the firm basis of principle. My heart ached to read of his 22,000 fellow sufferers for loyalty, original sense of duty, and a captive and injured master.

I like, too, his *brusque* and *franc* character. I have read the declaration of M. de Narbonne. It is certainly written with feeling and energy, and a good design; but I do not think it becoming, nor *bien honnête*, in a late minister and servant, at a time of such barbarous humiliation, to speak of the French King's weakness, and let him down so low, at the moment he is pleading in his favour. Yet something there is, hinting at regret for having possibly contributed to his disgrace by not helping to avert it, which touched me very much, from its candour, though it is a passage unfinished.

In short, what of misery can equal the misery of such a Revolution?—I am daily more and more in charity with all fixed governments. "Let every one mend one," as Will Chip says; and then states, as well as families, may be safely reformed. I hope you like "Village Politics?" It makes much noise in London, and is suspected to be written by some capital author.*

F. B.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

Norbury Park, Monday, January 28th, '93.

MY DEAREST PADRE—I have been wholly without spirit for writing, reading, working, or even walking or conversing, ever since the first day of my arrival. The dreadful tragedy† acted in France has entirely absorbed me. Except the period of the illness of our own inestimable King, I have never been so overcome with grief and dismay, for any but personal and family

* "Will Chip, or Village Politics," was written by Hannah More.

† The execution of Louis XVI.

calamities. O what a tragedy! how implacable its villany, and how severe its sorrows! You know, my dearest father, how little I had believed such a catastrophe possible: with all the guilt and all the daring already shown, I had still thought this a height of enormity impracticable. And, indeed, without military law throughout the wretched city, it had still not been perpetrated. Good Heaven!—what must have been the sufferings of the few unhardened in crimes who inhabit that city of horrors!—if I, an English person, have been so deeply afflicted, that even this sweet house and society—even my Susan and her lovely children—have been incapable to give me any species of pleasure, or keep me from a desponding low-spiritedness, what must be the feelings of all but the culprits in France?

M. de Narbonne and M. d'Arblay have been almost annihilated; they are for ever repining that they are French, and, though two of the most accomplished and elegant men I ever saw, they break our hearts with the humiliation they feel for their guiltless birth in that guilty country!—"Est-ce vrai," cries M. de Narbonne, "que vous conservez encore quelque amitié, M. Locke, pour ceux qui ont la honte et le malheur d'être nés Français?—Poor man!—he has all the symptoms upon him of the jaundice; and M. d'Arblay, from a very fine figure and good face, was changed, as if by magic, in one night, by the receipt of this inexpiable news, into an appearance as black, as meagre, and as miserable as M. de la Blancherie.

We are all here expecting war every day. This dear family has deferred its town journey till next Wednesday. I have not been at all at Mickleham, nor yet settled whether to return to town with the Locks, or to pay my promised visit there first. All has been so dismal, so wretched, that I have scarce ceased to regret our living at such times, and not either sooner or later.

These immediate French sufferers here interest us, and these alone have been able to interest me at all. We hear of a very bad tumult in Ireland, and near Captain Phillips's property: Mr. Brabazon writes word it is very serious. Heaven guard us from insurrections! What must be the feelings at the Queen's house? how acute, and how indignant!

Adieu, most dear sir; I am sure we sympathize but too completely on this subject,—

And am ever your

F. B.

Dr. Burney to Miss Burney and Mrs. Phillips.

Chelsea College, Thursday, January 31st, 1793.

MY DEAREST GIRLS, FANNY AND SUSY,—I have little stomach to write. The horrors of last week's news still prey on my spirits, with the addition of new political disgusts. The cry of Charles Fox and his adherents, against a war on the French wild beasts, is so loud and clamorous, that I fear it will dismay honest men and real lovers of their country and constitution. He (Fox) has published a pamphlet, which furnishes plenty of words, though not one new argument. He has merely dilated his late Whig and Parliamentary speeches; still stubbornly denying that there was any reason for calling Parliament so early, or for apprehending the country in the least danger from sedition or discontent; and urges stronger than ever the necessity of treating with France.

The most subtle and specious argument he uses is this: if we go to war, it cannot be determined that it shall last for ever; and peace can never be made, whatever may be the events of the war, without treating with France. To this I answer, that we neither want nor wish to meddle with the interior government of that country within its own limits, but to check their conquests and ravages without; to prevent their spreading anarchy, desolation, and atheism over all Europe; to prevent their sending emissaries into our own country to detach the King's subjects from their allegiance, and, by encouraging revolt, preparing and hastening a similar revolution here to that within their own country, which has been attended with such misery and horrors to all good men as were never equalled in any other period of the history of the world. God forbid I should wish any human creature so ill as to have the most distant idea, at present, of placing him on the torturing throne of France!—No,

no ; it will require ages to make the savages of that nation human creatures.

But if England does not try to prevent their preying upon all the rest of the world, who or what else is likely to do it ? They have voted an army of between 500,000 and 600,000 men for the next campaign. What but our fleet can impede their progress and subsistence ? But alas ! Ireland, Scotland, and several English towns and counties, are said to be ripe for open rebellion ; yet they will be more easily kept in obedience during war than peace. Government is most vigorous, and the laws more strictly executed against treason and rebellion, then, than in the piping times of peace. I think there is some chance, at least, of preserving our constitution and independence by opposing French doctrines and conquests ; and none at all by waiting till they have a fleet and leisure to attack us.

I made Lord Orford (Horace Walpole) another visit a few days ago : I did not mention war to him ; but we talked of nothing else but the French monsters, and their most saint-like Royal martyr ! He says that France has produced at once in this age the extremes of virtue and vice, in the King and his accursed relation Egalité, which no other age ever knew.

At the club,* on Tuesday, the fullest I ever knew, consisting of fifteen members, fourteen seemed all of one mind, and full of reflections on the late transaction in France ; but, when about half the company was assembled, who should come in but Charles Fox ! There were already three or four bishops arrived, hardly one of whom could look at him, I believe, without horror. After the first bow and cold salutation, the conversation stood still for several minutes. During dinner Mr. Windham, and Burke, jun., came in, who were obliged to sit at a side table. All were *boutonnés*, and not a word of the martyred King or politics of any kind was mentioned ; and though the company was chiefly composed of the most eloquent and loquacious men in the kingdom, the conversation was the dullest and most uninteresting I ever remember at this or any such large meeting. Mr. Windham and Fox, civil—young Burke and he never spoke.

* The Literary Club.

The Bishop of Peterborough as sulky as the d—l; the Bishop of Salisbury, more a man of the world, very cheerful; the Bishop of Dromore frightened as much as a barn-door fowl at the sight of a fox; Bishop Marlow preserved his usual pleasant countenance. Steevens in the chair; the Duke of Leeds on his right, and Fox on his left, said not a word. Lords Ossory and Lucan, formerly much attached, seemed silent and sulky.

I have not time for more description.

God bless you both, and all!

C. B.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

Norbury Park, Monday, February 4th, '93.

How exactly do I sympathise in all you say and feel, my dear sir, upon these truly calamitous times! I hear daily more and more affecting accounts of the saint-like end of the martyred Louis. Madame de Staël, daughter of M. Necker, is now at the head of the colony of French noblesse, established near Mickleham. She is one of the first women I have ever met with for abilities and extraordinary intellect. She has just received, by a private letter, many particulars not yet made public, and which the Commune and Commissaries of the Temple had ordered should be suppressed. It has been exacted by those cautious men of blood that nothing should be printed that could *attendrir le peuple*.

Among other circumstances, this letter relates that the poor little Dauphin supplicated the monsters who came with the decree of death to his unhappy father, that they would carry him to the Convention, and the forty-eight Sections of Paris, and suffer him to beg his father's life.

This touching request was probably suggested to him by his miserable mother or aunt. When the King left the Temple to go to the place of sacrifice, the cries of his wretched family were heard, loud and shrill, through the courts without!—Good Heaven! what distress and horror equalled ever what they must then experience?

When he arrived at the scaffold, his Confessor, as if with the courage of inspiration, called out to him aloud, after his last benediction, "Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel!"—The King ascended with firmness, and meant to harangue his guilty subjects; but the wretch Santerre said he was not there to speak, and the drums drowned the words, except to those nearest the terrible spot. To those he audibly was heard to say, "Citoyens, je meurs innocent! Je pardonne à mes assassins; et je souhaite que ma mort soit utile à mon peuple."

M. de Narbonne has been quite ill with the grief of this last enormity; and M. d'Arblay is now indisposed. This latter is one of the most delightful characters I have ever met, for openness, probity, intellectual knowledge, and unhackneyed manners. M. de Narbonne is far more a man of the world, and joins the most courtly refinement and elegance to the quickest repartee and readiness of wit. If anything but desolation and misery had brought them hither, we should have thought their addition to the Norbury society all that could be wished. They are bosom friends.

Your F. B.

*Madame de Staël Holstein to Miss Burney.**

Written from Juniper Hall, Dorking, Surrey, 1793.

WHEN J learned to read english J begun by milton, to know all or renounce at all in once. J follow the same system in writing my first english letter to Miss burney; after such an enterprize nothing can affright me. J feel for her so tender a friendship that it melts my admiration, inspires my heart with hope of her indulgence, and impresses me with the idea that in a tongue even unknown J could express sentiments so deeply felt.

my servant will return for a french answer. J intreat miss burney to correct the words but to preserve the sense of that card.

best compliments to my dear protectress, Madame Phillipe.

* As literary curiosities, these subjoined notes from Madame de Staël have been printed *verbatim et literatim*: they are probably her earliest attempts at English writing.

Madame de Staël Holstein to Miss Burney.

Your card in french, my dear, has already something of your grace in writing english: it is cecilia translated. my only correction is to fill the interruptions of some sentences, and J put in them kindnesses for me. J do not consult my master to write to you; a fault more or less is nothing in such an occasion. What may be the perfect grammar of Mr. Clarke, it cannot establish any sort of equality between you and J. then J will trust with my heart alone to supply the deficiency. let us speak upon a grave subject: do J see you that morning? What news from Captain phillip? when do you come spend a large week in that house? every question requires an exact answer; a good, also. my happiness depends on it, and J have for pledge your honour.

good morrow and farewell.

pray madame phillips, recollecting all her knowledge in french, to explain that card to you.

Madame de Staël Holstein to Miss Burney.

January, 1793.

Tell me, my dear, if this day is a charming one, if it must be a sweet epoch in my life?—do you come to dine here with your lovely sister, and do you stay night and day till our sad separation? J rejoice me with that hope during this week; do not deceive my heart.

J hope that card very clear, mais, pour plus de certitude, je vous dis en françois, que votre chambre, la maison, les habitants de Juniper, tout est prêt à recevoir la première femme d'Angleterre.

Janvier.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

Mickleham, February 29th, 1793.

Have you not begun, dearest sir, to give me up as a lost sheep? Susanna's temporary widowhood, however, has tempted me on,

and spelled me with a spell I know not how to break. It is long, long since we have passed any time so completely together; her three lovely children only knit us the closer. The widowhood, however, we expect now quickly to expire, and I had projected my return to my dearest father for Wednesday next, which would complete my fortnight here; but some circumstances are intervening that incline me to postpone it another week.

Madame de Staël, daughter of M. Necker, and wife of the Swedish Ambassador to France, is now head of the little French colony in this neighbourhood. M. de Staël, her husband, is at present suspended in his embassy, but not recalled; and it is yet uncertain whether the Regent Duke of Sudermania will send him to Paris, during the present horrible Convention, or order him home. He is now in Holland, waiting for commands. Madame de Staël, however, was unsafe in Paris, though an ambassadress, from the resentment owed her by the Commune, for having received and protected in her house various destined victims of the 10th August and of the 2nd September. She was even once stopped in her carriage, which they called aristocratic, because of its arms and ornaments, and threatened to be murdered, and only saved by one of the worst wretches of the Convention, Tallien, who feared provoking a war with Sweden, from such an offence to the wife of its Ambassador. She was obliged to have this same Tallien to accompany her, to save her from massacre, for some miles from Paris, when compelled to quit it.

She is a woman of the first abilities, I think, I have ever seen. She is more in the style of Mrs. Thrale than of any other celebrated character, but she has infinitely more depth, and seems an even profound politician and metaphysician. She has suffered us to hear some of her works in MS., which are truly wonderful, for powers both of thinking and expression. She adores her father, but is much alarmed at having had no news from him since he has heard of the massacre of the martyred Louis; and who can wonder it should have overpowered him?

Ever since her arrival she has been pressing me to spend some time with her before I return to town. She wanted Susan and me to pass a month with her, but, finding that impossible, she

bestowed all her entreaties upon me alone, and they are grown so urgent, upon my preparation for departing, and acquainting her my furlough of absence was over, that she not only insisted upon my writing to you, and telling why I deferred my return, but declares she will also write herself, to ask your permission for the visit. She exactly resembles Mrs. Thrale in the ardour and warmth of her temper and partialities. I find her impossible to resist, and therefore, if your answer to her is such as I conclude it must be, I shall wait upon her for a week. She is only a short walk from hence, at Juniper Hall.

There can be nothing imagined more charming, more fascinating, than this colony; between their sufferings and their *agrémens* they occupy us almost wholly. M. de Narbonne, alas, has no £1,000 a-year! he got over only £4,000 at the beginning, from a most splendid fortune; and, little foreseeing how all has turned out, he has lived, we fear, upon the principal; for he says, if all remittance is withdrawn, on account of the war, he shall soon be as ruined as those companions of his misfortunes with whom as yet he has shared his little all. He bears the highest character for goodness, parts, sweetness of manners, and ready wit. You could not keep your heart from him if you saw him only for half an hour. He has not yet recovered from the black blow of the King's death, but he is better, and less jaundiced; and he has had a letter which, I hear, has comforted him, though at first it was almost heart-breaking, informing him of the unabated regard for him of the truly saint-like Louis. This is communicated in a letter from M. de Malesherbes.

M. d'Arblay is one of the most singularly interesting characters that can ever have been formed. He has a sincerity, a frankness, an ingenuous openness of nature, that I had been unjust enough to think could not belong to a Frenchman. With all this, which is his military portion, he is passionately fond of literature, a most delicate critic in his own language, well versed in both Italian and German, and a very elegant poet. He has just undertaken to become my French master for pronunciation, and he gives me long daily lessons in reading. Pray expect wonderful improvements! In return, I hear him in English;

and for his theme this evening he has been writing an English address *à Mr. Burney* (*i. e.* M. le Docteur), joining in Madame de Staël's request.

I hope your last club was more congenial? M. de Talleyrand insists on conveying this letter for you. He has been on a visit here, and returns again on Wednesday. He is a man of admirable conversation, quick, terse, *fin*, and yet deep, to the extreme of those four words. They are a marvellous set for excess of agreeability.

Adieu, most dear sir. Susanna sends her best love, and the Fanni and Norbury kisses and sweet words. I beg my love to my mother, and hope she continues amending. I am ever, ever, and ever,

My dearest Father's

F. B.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Locke.

Mickleham.

Your kind letter, my beloved Fredy, was most thankfully received, and we rejoice the house and situation promise so much local comfort; but I quite fear with you that even the *bas bleu* will not recompense the loss of the *Junipère* society. It is, indeed, of incontestable superiority. But you must burn this confession, or my poor effigy will blaze for it. I must tell you a little of our proceedings, as they all relate to these people of a thousand.

M. d'Arblay came from the melancholy sight of departing Norbury to Mickleham, and with an air the most *triste*, and a sound of voice quite dejected, as I learn from Susanna; for I was in my heroics, and could not appear till the last half-hour. A headache prevented my waiting upon Madame de Staël that day, and obliged me to retreat soon after nine o'clock in the evening, and my *douce compagne* would not let me retreat alone. We had only robed ourselves in looser drapery, when a violent ringing at the door startled us; we listened, and heard the voice of M. d'Arblay, and Jerry answering, "They're gone

to bed." "*Comment ?* What?" cried he: "*C'est impossible !* What you say?" Jerry then, to show his new education in this new colony, said, "*Allée couchée !*" It rained furiously, and we were quite grieved, but there was no help. He left a book for *Mlle. Burnet*, and word that Madame de Staël could not come on account of the bad weather. M. Ferdinand was with him, and has bewailed the disaster; and M. Sicard says he accompanied them till he was quite wet through his *redingote*; but this enchanting M. d'Arblay will murmur at nothing.

The next day they all came, just as we had dined, for a *morning* visit,—Madame de Staël, M. Talleyrand, M. Sicard, and M. d'Arblay; the latter then made *insistance* upon commencing my *master of the language*, and I think he will be almost as good a one as the little Don.*

M. de Talleyrand opened, at last, with infinite wit and capacity. Madame de Staël whispered me, "How do you like him?" "Not very much," I answered, "but I do not know him." "Oh, I assure you," cried she, "he is the best of the men."

I was happy not to agree; but I have no time for such minute detail till we meet. She read the noble tragedy of *Tancrède* till she blinded us all round. She is the most charming person, to use her own phrase, "that never I saw."

We called yesterday noon upon Madame de Staël, and sat with her till three o'clock, only the little Don being present. She was delightful; yet I see much uneasiness hanging over the whole party, from the terror that the war may stop all remittances. Heaven forbid!

F. B.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Locke.

Thursday, Mickleham.

I have no heart not to write, and no time to write. I have been scholaring all day, and mastering too; for our lessons are mutual, and more entertaining than can easily be conceived

* Mr. Clarke.

My master of the language says he dreams of how much more solemnly he shall write to charming Mrs. Locke, after a little more practice. Madame de Staël has written me two English notes, quite beautiful in ideas, and not very reprehensible in idiom. But English has nothing to do with elegance such as theirs—at least, little and rarely. I am always exposing myself to the wrath of John Bull, when this coterie come in competition. It is inconceivable what a convert M. de Talleyrand has made of me; I think him now one of the first members, and one of the most charming, of this exquisite set: Susanna is as completely a proselyte. His powers of entertainment are astonishing, both in information and in raillery. We know nothing of how the rest of the world goes on. They are all coming to-night. I have yet avoided, but with extreme difficulty, the change of abode. Madame de Staël, however, will not easily be parried, and how I may finally arrange I know not. Certainly I will not offend or hurt her, but otherwise I had rather be a visitor than a guest.

Pray tell Mr. Locke that “the best of the men” grows upon us at every meeting. We dined and stayed till midnight at *Juni-père* on Tuesday, and I would I could recollect but the twentieth part of the excellent things that were said. Madame de Staël read us the opening of her work “*Sur le Bonheur* :” it seems to me admirable. M. de Talleyrand avowed that he had met with nothing better thought or more ably expressed; it contains the most touching allusions to their country’s calamities.

F. B.

Dr. Burney to Miss Burney.

Chelsea College, Tuesday Morning, February 19th, 1793.

WHY, Fanny, what are you about. and where are you? I shall write *at* you, not knowing how to write *to* you, as Swift did to the flying and romantic Lord Peterborough.

I had written the above, after a yesterday’s glimmering and a feverish night as usual, when behold! a letter of requisition for a further furlough! I had long histories ready for narration *de vive*

voix, but my time is too short and my eyes and head too weak for much writing this morning. I am not at all surprised at your account of the captivating powers of Madame de Staël. It corresponds with all I had heard about her, and with the opinion I formed of her intellectual and literary powers, in reading her charming little "*Apologie de Rousseau*." But as nothing human is allowed to be perfect, she has not escaped censure. Her house was the centre of revolutionists previous to the 10th of August, after her father's departure, and she has been accused of partiality to M. de N——. But perhaps all may be Jacobinical malignity. However, unfavourable stories of her have been brought hither, and the Burkes and Mrs. Ord have repeated them to me. But you know that M. Necker's administration, and the conduct of the nobles who first joined in the violent measures that subverted the ancient establishments by the abolition of nobility and the ruin of the church, during the first National Assembly, are held in greater horror by aristocrats than even the members of the present Convention. I know this will make you feel uncomfortable, but it seemed to me right to hint it to you. If you are not absolutely in the house of Madame de Staël when this arrives, it would perhaps be possible for you to waive the visit to her, by a compromise, of having something to do for Susy, and so make the addendum to your stay under her roof.

I dined yesterday with dear Mrs. Crewe, and, Mr. C. being come to town, did not go to the house, whereof Mrs. C. and I rejoiced much. His brother and Mr. Hare dined with us, and all was well and pleasant, except my head.

Barry* last night at the Academy read a discourse, and, as he

* James Barry was born at Cork in 1741. He was the son of a ship-master, and early exhibited talents for the art in which he afterwards became so distinguished. He was taught by Mr. West of Dublin, and after having, at the age of twenty-two, gained the Academy's prize for the best Historical Composition, was enabled, by the liberality of Edmund Burke, to study in Italy for four years, where he was made a Member of the Academy of Bologna. He returned to England in 1770, and in 1775 published a work in reply to Winckelman's celebrated axiom which proclaimed the English people to be naturally incapacitated, by their climate, from attaining any eminence in the exercise of the fine arts. In 1777 he was chosen a Royal Academician, and in 1780, Professor of Painting. Nineteen years afterwards he was removed from the Professor's Chair, and

had apprised me that he should introduce an *éloge* in it upon Sir Joshua, I determined to go. On my mentioning this circumstance at dinner, Mr. Hare, when he was departing in order to attend his friend Charles Fox's motion in parliament, said to Crewe, "Dr. B. is going to hear the *éloge* of his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds, and I am going, I fear, to hear the *oraison funèbre d'un homme illustre*."

Mrs. Ord wants to meet Mr. Smelt to-morrow evening, and you, if returned. Lady Hesketh has written two or three civil notes of invitation to us for "blue."

God bless you! I must make up for town business. Love to dear Susy and children.

Ever affectionately yours,

C. B.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

Mickleham, Friday, February 22nd, '93.

WHAT a kind letter is my dearest father's, and how kindly speedy! yet it is too true it has given me very uncomfortable feelings. I am both hurt and astonished at the acrimony of malice; indeed, I believe all this party to merit nothing but honour, compassion, and praise. Madame de Staël, the daughter of M. Necker—the idolising daughter—of course, and even from the best principles, those of filial reverence, entered into the opening of the Revolution just as her father entered into it; but as to her house having become the centre of Revolutionists before the 10th of August, it was so only for the Constitutionalists, who, at that period, were not only members of the then established government, but the decided friends of the King. The aristocrats were then already banished, or wanderers from fear, or concealed and silent from cowardice; and the Jacobins—I

subsequently expelled from the Academy itself, through a cabal of his fellow Academicians, which was greatly aided by the eccentricity and violence of his character, approaching at times to insanity. His great work, or rather series of works, which was painted gratuitously for the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, was completed in three years. He died in 1806.

need not, after what I have already related, mention how utterly abhorrent to her must be that fiend-like set.

The aristocrats, however, as you well observe, and as she has herself told me, hold the Constitutionalists in greater horror than the Convention itself. This, however, is a violence against justice which cannot, I hope, be lasting; and the malignant assertions which persecute her, all of which she has lamented to us, she imputes equally to the bad and virulent of both these parties.

The intimation concerning M. de N. was, however, wholly new to us, and I do firmly believe it a gross calumny. M. de N. was of her society, which contained ten or twelve of the first people in Paris, and, occasionally, almost all Paris; she loves him even tenderly, but so openly, so simply, so unaffectedly, and with such utter freedom from all coquetry, that, if they were two men, or two women, the affection could not, I think, be more obviously undesigning. She is very plain, he is very handsome; her intellectual endowments must be with him her sole attraction.

M. de Talleyrand was another of her society, and she seems equally attached to him. M. le Vicomte de Montmorenci she loves, she says, as her brother: he is another of this bright constellation, and esteemed of excellent capacity. She says, if she continues in England he will certainly come, for he loves her too well to stay away. In short, her whole *côterie* live together as brethren. Madame la Marquise de la Châtre, who has lately returned to France, to endeavour to obtain *de quoi vivre en Angleterre*, and who had been of this colony for two or three months, since the 10th of August, is a bosom friend of Madame de Staël and of all this circle: she is reckoned a very estimable, as well as fashionable woman; and a daughter of the unhappy Montmorin, who was killed on the 1st of September, is another of this set. Indeed, I think you could not spend a day with them and not see that their commerce is that of pure, but exalted and most elegant friendship.

I would, nevertheless, give the world to avoid being a guest under their roof, now I have heard even the shadow of such a rumour; and I will, if it be possible without hurting or offending

them. I have waived and waived acceptance almost from the moment of Madame de Staël's arrival. I prevailed with her to let my letter go alone to you, and I have told her, with regard to your answer, that you were sensible of the honour her kindness did me, and could not refuse to her request the week's furlough; and then followed reasons for the compromise you pointed out, too diffuse for writing. As yet they have succeeded, though she is surprised and disappointed. She wants us to study French and English together, and nothing could to me be more desirable, but for this invidious report.

Susanna and her Captain intend going to town on Friday in next week, and I have fixed therefore on the same day for my return; thus, at all events, the time cannot be long.

M. d'Arblay, as well as M. de Narbonne, sent over a declaration in favour of the poor King. M. d'A. had been commandant at Longwi, and had been named to that post by the King himself. In the accusation of the *infernals*, as Mr. Young justly calls them, the King is accused of leaving Longwi undefended, and a prey to the Prussians. M. d'Arblay, who before that period had been promoted into the regiment of M. de Narbonne, and thence summoned to be Adjutant-General of Lafayette, wrote, therefore, on this charge, to M. de Malesherbes, and told him that the charge was utterly false; that the King had taken every precaution for the proper preservation of Longwi, and that M. d'Arblay, the King's commandant, had himself received a letter of thanks and approbation from Dumouriez, who said nothing would have been lost had every commandant taken equal pains, and exerted equal bravery.

This original letter M. d'Arblay sent to M. Malesherbes, not as a vindication of himself, for he had been summoned from Longwi before the Prussians assailed it, but as a vindication of the officer appointed by the King, while he had yet the command. M. de Malesherbes wrote an answer of thanks, and said he should certainly make use of this information in the defence. However, the fear of Dumouriez, I suppose, prevented his being named.

M. d'Arblay, in quitting France with Lafayette, upon the deposition of the King, had only a little ready money in his pocket,

and he has been *décrété* since, and all he was worth in the world is sold and seized by the Convention. M. de Narbonne loves him as the tenderest of brothers, and, while one has a guinea in the world, the other will have half. "Ah!" cried M. d'Arblay, upon the murder of the King, which almost annihilated him, "I know not how those can exist who have any feelings of remorse, when I scarce can endure my life, from the simple feeling of regret that ever I pronounced the word *liberty* in France!"

I confess I was much pleased with the *oraison funèbre*. We hear no news here, except French, and see no newspapers, and not an English newsmonger. The Captain is just returned from Colchester. Babes are well. Adieu, most dear Sir! Your affectionate

F. B.

Madame de Staël to Miss Burney.

Juniper, ce 8 Mars.

MY DEAR MISS,—Pour cette fois vous me permettez de vous écrire en François; il s'agit de m'arranger pour vous voir, et je ne veux pas risquer d'équivoques dans cet important intérêt. Mardi entre midi et une heure je serai à Chelsea College, avec votre maître de François et Mr. Clarke: tous les deux causeront ensemble, et vous—vous me parlerez. Je sais que vous êtes pleine de bonté pour moi, et que vous mettez même du courage contre la réaction de quelques méchancetés Françaises auxquelles les tems de guerre civile doivent accoutûmer; mais tout ce que je vous demande c'est m'aimer, dussiez-vous attendre à d'autres tems pour le dire? Il faut laisser l'injustice aux hommes malheureux; il faut qu'ils s'occupent des personnes quand ils ne peuvent rien sur les affaires; il faut qu'ils donnent quelques unes de leurs préventions aux étrangers, qui n'ont pas le tems de juger les procès des individus; il faut tout ce qui est ordinaire et extraordinaire dans une pareille époque, et se confier au tems pour l'opinion publique—à l'amitié pour le bonheur particulier. Ils vous diront que je suis démocrate, et ils oublieront que mes amis et moi nous avons échappé au fer des Jacobins: ils vous diront

que j'aime passionnément les affaires, et je suis ici quand M. de Staël me presse d'aller à Paris, me mêler avec lui des plus importantes (ceci pour vous seule): enfin ils ehécheront à troubler jusqu'au repos de l'amitié, et ne permettront pas que, fidèle à mes devoirs, j'aie eu le besoin de partager pendant deux mois le malheur de celui dont j'avois sauvé la vie. Il y a dans tout cela tant d'absurdes faussetés, qu'un jour ou l'autre je céderai au désir d'en parler. Mais qui peut maintenant se permettre d'occuper de soi? Il n'y a pas d'idées générales assez vastes pour ce moment. Je suis bien mal ce précepte en vous écrivant; mais, parceque je vous ai trouvé la meilleure et la plus distinguée; parcequ'avant de vous connoître, j'ambitionnois de vous plaire; parceque, depuis que je vous ai vu, il m'est nécessaire de vous intéresser, je me persuade que vous devez m'aimer; je erois bien aussi que votre bonté pour moi m'a valu quelques envieux; ainsi il y a un peu de justice dans ce que vous faites pour moi. Je chasse toutes mes idées tristes en songeant que je vous verrai Mardi, et les jours suivans, chez Madame Loeki—en pensant à votre aimable sœur Madame Phillips, qui, sentant le besoin que j'avois d'être consolée, a été doublement aimable pour moi après votre départ. Répondez à ma lettre. Adieu!

Mrs. Phillips to Mrs. Locke.

Mickleham, April 2nd, 1793.

I MUST, however, say something of Juniper, whence I had an irresistible invitation to dine, &c., yesterday, and hear M. de Lally Tolendal read his 'Mort de Strafford,' which he had already recited once, and which Madame de Staël requested him to repeat for my sake.

I had a great curiosity to see M. de Lally. I cannot say that feeling was gratified by the sight of him, though it was satisfied, insomuch that it has left me without any great anxiety to see him again. He is the very reverse of all that my imagination

had led me to expect in him : large, fat, with a great head, small nose, immense cheeks, nothing *distingué* in his manner ; and *en fait d'esprit*, and of talents in conversation, so far, so very far, distant from our *Juniperiens*, and from M. de Talleyrand, who was there, as I could not have conceived, his abilities as a writer and his general reputation considered. He seems *un bon garçon, un très honnête garçon*, as M. Talleyrand says of him, *et rien de plus*.

He is extremely absorbed by his tragedy, which he recites by heart, acting as well as declaiming with great energy, though seated, as Le Texier is. He seemed, previous to the performance, occupied completely by it, except while the dinner lasted, which he did not neglect ; but he was continually reciting to himself till we sat down to table, and afterwards between the courses.

M. Talleyrand seemed much struck with his piece, which appears to me to have very fine lines and passages in it, but which, altogether, interested me but little. I confess, indeed, the violence of *ses gestes*, and the alternate howling and thundering of his voice in declaiming, fatigued me excessively. If our Fanny had been present, I am afraid I should many times have been affected as one does not expect to be at a tragedy.

We sat down at seven to dinner, and had half finished before M. d'Arblay appeared, though repeatedly sent for ; he was profoundly grave and silent, and disappeared after the dinner, which was very gay. He was sent for after coffee and Norbury were gone, several times, that the tragedy might be begun ; and at last Madame de S. impatiently proposed beginning without him. " *Mais cela lui fera de la peine,*" said M. d'Autun (Talleyrand), good-naturedly ; and, as she persisted, he rose up and limped out of the room to fetch him : he succeeded in bringing him.

M. Malouet has left them. La Princesse d'Henin is a very pleasing, well-bred woman : she left Juniper the next morning with M. de Lally.

S. P.

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney.

Mickleham, April 3rd.

AFTER I had sent off my letter to you on Monday I walked on

to Juniper, and entered at the same moment with Mr. Jenkinson and his attorney—a man whose figure strongly resembles some of Hogarth's most ill-looking personages, and who appeared to me to be brought as a kind of spy, or witness of all that was passing. I would have retreated, fearing to interrupt business, but I was surrounded, and pressed to stay, by Madame de Staël with great *empressement*, and with much kindness by M. d'Arblay and all the rest. Mr. Clarke was the spokesman, and acquitted himself with great dignity and moderation; Madame de S. now and then came forth with a little *coquetterie pour adoucir ce sauvage* Jenkinson. "What will you, Mr. Jenkinson? tell to me, what will you?" M. de Narbonne, somewhat *indigné de la mauvaise foi*, and *excédé des longueurs de son adversaire*, was not quite so gentle with him, and I was glad to perceive that he meant to resist, in some degree at least, the exorbitant demands of his landlord.

Madame de Staël was very gay, and M. de Talleyrand quite *comique*, this evening; he criticised, amongst other things, her reading of prose, with great *sang froid*: "Vous lisez très mal la prose; vous avez un chant en lisant, une cadence, et puis une cadence, et puis une monotonie, qui n'est pas bien du tout: en vous écoutant on croit toujours entendre des vers, et cela a un fort mauvais effet!"

They talked over a number of their friends and acquaintance with the utmost unreserve, and sometimes with the most comic humour imaginable,—M. de Lally, M. de Lafayette, la Princesse d'Henin, la Princesse de Poix, a M. Guibert, an author, and one who was, Madame de S. told me, passionately in love with her before she married, and innumerable others.

M. d'Arblay had been employed almost night and day since he came from London in writing a *Memoire*, which Mr. Villiers had wished to have, upon the "Artillerie à Cheval," and he had not concluded it till this morning.

S. P.

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney.

Tuesday, May 14th.

TRUSTING to the kindness of chance, I begin at the top of my

paper. Our Juniperians went to see Paine's Hill yesterday, and had the good-nature to take my little happy Norbury. In the evening came Miss F—— to show me a circular letter, sent by the Archbishop of Canterbury to all the parishes in England, authorising the ministers of those parishes to raise a subscription for the unfortunate French clergy. She talked of our neighbours, and very shortly and abruptly said, "So, Mrs. Phillips, we hear you are to have Mr. Norbone and the other French company to live with you—Pray, is it so?"

I was, I confess, a little startled at this plain inquiry, but answered as composedly as I could, setting out with informing this *bête personnage* that Madame de Staël was going to Switzerland to join her husband and family in a few days, and that of all the French company none would remain but M. de Narbonne and M. d'Arblay, for whom the Captain and myself entertained a real friendship and esteem, and whom he had begged to make our house their own for a short time, as the impositions they had had to support from their servants, &c., and the failure of their remittances from abroad, had obliged them to resolve on breaking up housekeeping.

I had scarcely said thus much when our party arrived from Paine's Hill; the young lady, though she had drunk tea, was so obliging as to give us her company for near two hours, and made a curious attack on M. de N., upon the first pause, in wretched French, though we had before, all of us, talked no other language than English:—"Je vous prie, M. Gnawbone, comment se porte la Reine?"

Her pronunciation was such that I thought his understanding her miraculous: however, he did guess her meaning, and answered with all his accustomed *douceur* and politeness, that he hoped well, but had no means but general ones of information.

"I believe," said she afterwards, "nobody was so hurt at the King's death as my papa! he couldn't ride on horseback next day!"

She then told M. de Narbonne some anecdotes (very new to him, no doubt), which she had read in the newspapers, of the Convention; and then spoke of M. Egalité. "I hope," said she,

flinging her arms out with great violence, "he'll come to be gullytined. He showed the King how he liked to be gullytined, so now I hope he'll be gullytined himself!—So shocking! to give his vote against his own nephew!"

If the subject of her vehemence and blunders had been less just or less melancholy, I know not how I should have kept my face in order.

Our evening was very pleasant when she was gone. Madame de Staël is, with all her wildness and blemishes, a delightful companion, and M. de N. rises upon me in esteem and affection every time I see him; their minds in some points ought to be exchanged, for he is as delicate as a really feminine woman, and evidently suffers when he sees her setting *les bienséances* aside, as it often enough befalls her to do.

Poor Madame de Staël has been greatly disappointed and hurt by the failure of the friendship and intercourse she had wished to maintain with you,—of that I am sure; I fear, too, she is on the point of being offended. I am not likely to be her confidante if she is so, and only judge from the nature of things, and from her character, and a kind of *dépit* in her manner once or twice in speaking of you. She asked me if you would accompany Mrs. Loekc back into the country? I answered that my father would not wish to lose you for so long a time at once, as you had been absent from him as a nurse so many days.

After a little pause, "Mais est-ce qu'une femme est en tutelle pour la vie dans ce pays?" she said. "Il me paraît que votre sœur est comme une demoiselle de quatorze ans."

I did not oppose this idea, but enlarged rather on the constraints laid upon females, some very unnecessarily, in England—hoping to lessen her *dépit*; it continued, however, visible in her countenance, though she did not express it in words.

I must go back to Monday, to tell you something that passed which struck and affected me very much. M. de Talleyrand arrived at Juniper to dinner, and Madame de Staël, in a state of the most vehement impatience for news, would scarcely give him time to breathe between her questions; and when she had heard all he could tell her, she was equally impetuous to hear all his

conjectures. She was evidently elated with hopes of such success as would give peace, security, and happiness to them all, yet scarce dared give way to all her flattering expectations.

M. de Talleyrand's hopes were alive likewise, though he did not, like her lose his composure and comic placidness of manner.

Madame de Staël, between jest and earnest, reproached M. de Narbonne with a number of aristocratic sentiments, which she said had that day escaped him. He calmly declared he was willing to repeat and support every word he had uttered. She next reproached him for always resisting her passion for conjectural discussions. He said he had for the last half-year found every one baffled in making conjectures: "Mais," said he, very gravely, and in a manner much impressed, "dans huit jours d'ici il me paraît qu'on pourra voir assez clair pour former un plan; et alors—je prendrai mon parti."

He said no more, but dropped into a very deep reverie. "Pour prendre un parti," said M. de Talleyrand, "il faut d'abord savoir si celui qui nous conviendrait sera assez fort pour justifier l'espérance de succès; sans quoi il y aurait de la folie à se mêler de la partie. Mais pour moi," continued he, laughing, "j'ai grande envie de me battre, je vous l'avoue."

"Ah, mais, sans doute," said Madame de Staël, "dans une situation désespérée comme la vôtre, il faut bien que vous ayez le besoin de faire des efforts."

"Vous le sentez," said M. de N., with sadness, "parceque vous n'avez pas vécu à Juniper, proche de Norbury et de Madame Philippe—parceque vous avez vécu en Woodstock Street."

"Mais," said M. de Talleyrand, "je vous donne ma parole que ce me serait un plaisir de bien battre tous ces vilains gueux."

"Eh, non," said M. de N., with a mixture of *douceur* and sadness which was very touching, "dites moi donc le plaisir qu'il y aurait à donner la mort à ces pauvres misérables, dont l'ignorance et la bêtise ont été les plus grands crimes. S'il fallait ne faire la guerre que contre Marat, et Danton, et Robespierre, et M. Egalité, et quelques centaines d'autres infames scélérats, j'y pourrai peut-être trouver de la satisfaction aussi."

After this he again fell into his reverie, and the conversation was supported by Madame de Staël and M. de Talleyrand, who, by the way, is going to sell all his books, and who very placidly said to-day, "Je vais quitter ma maison de Woodstock Street; elle est trop chère."

S. P

Madame de Staël to Miss Burney.

Juniper, 11th May.

Je vois bien, my dear Miss, que vous voulez vous acquitter à force de services : mais si vous vous étiez permis de lire Voltaire, je vous dirais ces deux vers un peu changés ;—

Un sentiment est cent fois au-dessus
Et de l'esprit et de la bonté même.

Oublions et le bonheur et le malheur de notre liaison ensemble, pour retourner au doux penchant de la reconnaissance. Les dentelles de mon émigrée peuvent être vendues en détail, parceque c'est le seul moyen de les vendre. Quant au prix, c'est un marchand de dentelles à votre choix qui doit le fixer. Une fille de chez Madame Roger, Duke Street, Piccadilly, a estimé le tout £100 sterling. Mais je ne sais pas un mot de détails, et la première marchande de dentelles que vous rencontrerez vous le dira.

Quant à *the ogly, tall, and good servant*, je demande quatre jours pour répondre à cette grande affaire : je demande aussi si elle sait écrire ce qu'il faut pour le *bill* d'un déjeuner, de sucre, de thé, &c.

Maintenant que je vous ai bien fatigué de tous les services que je veux rendre à mes amis, et que votre excellent caractère vous fait désirer de partager, laissez moi vous dire que je suis triste de partir peut-être sans vous revoir ; et qu'en écartant tous les nuages de mon cœur je serai toujours intéressée dans vos succès, et dans votre bonheur.

Soyez assez bonne pour exprimer, avec l'accent de Cécilia, tout le regret que je sens d'avoir été bannie de la chambre de nos aimables malades, que ma pensée n'a pas quittées.

[The frequency and intimacy with which Miss Burney and M. d'Arblay now met, ripened into attachment the high esteem which each felt for the other; and, after many struggles and scruples, occasioned by his reduced circumstances and clouded prospects, M. d'Arblay wrote her an offer of his hand; candidly acknowledging, however, the slight hope he entertained of ever recovering the fortune he had lost by the Revolution.

At this time Miss Burney went to Chesington for a short period; probably hoping that the extreme quiet of that place would assist her deliberations, and tranquillize her mind during her present perplexities.]

Mrs. Phillips to Miss Burney at Chesington.

Sunday, after church, I walked up to Norbury; there, unexpectedly, I met all our Juniperians, and listened to one of the best conversations I ever heard: it was on literary topics, and the chief speakers, Madame de Staël, M. de Talleyrand, Mr. Locke, and M. Dumont, a gentleman on a visit of two days at Juniper, a Genevois, *homme d'esprit et de lettres*. I had not a word beyond the first "how d'yes" with any one, being obliged to run home to my abominable dinner in the midst of the discourse.

On Monday I went, by invitation, to Juniper to dine, and before I came away at night a letter arrived express to Madame de Staël. On reading it, the change in her countenance made me guess the contents. It was from the Swedish gentleman who had been appointed by her husband to meet her at Ostend; he wrote from that place that he was awaiting her arrival. She had designed walking home with us by moonlight, but her spirits were too much oppressed to enable her to keep this intention.

M. d'Arblay walked home with Phillips and me. Every moment of his time has been given of late to transcribing a MS. work of Madame de Staël, on "*L'Influence des Passions*." It is a work of considerable length, and written in a hand the most difficult possible to decipher.

On Tuesday we all met again at Norbury, where we spent the day. Madame de Staël could not rally her spirits at all, and

seemed like one torn from all that was dear to her. I was truly concerned.

After giving me a variety of charges, or rather entreaties, to watch and attend to the health, spirits, and affairs of the friends she was leaving, she said to me, "Et dites à Mlle. Burney que je ne lui en veux pas du tout—que je quitte le pays l'aimant bien sincèrement, et sans rancune."

I assured her earnestly, and with more words than I have room to insert, not only of your admiration, but affection, and sensibility of her worth, and chagrin at seeing no more of her. I hope I exceeded not your wishes ; *mais il n'y avait pas moyen de résister.*

She seemed pleased, and said, "Vous êtes bien bonne de me dire cela," but in a low and faint voice, and dropped the subject.

Before we took leave, M. d'Arblay was already gone, meaning to finish transcribing her MS. I came home with Madame de Staël and M. de Narbonne. The former actually sobbed in saying farewell to Mrs. Locke, and half way down the hill ; her parting from me was likewise very tender and flattering.

I determined, however, to see her again, and met her near the school, on Wednesday morning, with a short note and a little offering which I was irresistibly tempted to make her. She could not speak to me, but kissed her hand with a very speaking and touching expression of countenance.

It was this morning, and just as I was setting out to meet her, that Skilton arrived from Chesington. I wrote a little, walked out, and returned to finish as I could.

At dinner came our *Tyo*—very bad indeed. After it we walked together with the children to Norbury ; but little Fanny was so well pleased with his society, that it was impossible to get a word on any particular subject. I, however, upon his venturing to question me whereabouts was the *campagne où se trouvait Mdlle. Burnet*, ventured *de mon côté* to speak the name of Chesington, and give a little account of its inhabitants, the early love we had for the spot, our excellent Mr. Crisp, and your good and kind hostesses.

He listened with much interest and pleasure, and said, "Mais ne pourrait-on pas faire ce petit voyage-là ?"

I ventured to say nothing encouraging, at least decisively, in a great measure upon the children's account, lest they should repeat; and, moreover, your little namesake seemed to me surprisingly attentive and *éveillé* as if *elle se doutait de quelque chose*.

When we came home I gave our *Tyo* some paper to write to you; it was not possible for me to add more than the address, much as I wished it.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Locke.

Chesington, 1793.

I have been quite enchanted to-day by my dear Susan's intelligence that my three convalescents walked to the wood. Would I had been there to meet and receive them!

I have regretted excessively the finishing so miserably an acquaintance begun with so much spirit and pleasure, and the *dépit* I fear Madame de Staël must have experienced. I wish the world would take more care of itself, and less of its neighbours. I should have been very safe, I trust, without such flights, and distances, and breaches. But there seemed an absolute resolution formed to crush this acquaintance, and compel me to appear its wilful renouncer. All I did also to clear the matter, and soften to Madame de Staël any pique or displeasure, unfortunately served only to increase both. Had I understood her disposition better I should certainly have attempted no palliation, for I rather offended her pride than mollified her wrath. Yet I followed the golden rule, for how much should I prefer any acknowledgment of regret at such an apparent change, from any one I esteemed, to a seeming unconscious complacency in an unexplained caprice!

I am vexed, however, very much vexed, at the whole business. I hope she left Norbury Park with full satisfaction in its steady and more comfortable connexion. I fear mine will pass for only a fashionable one.

Miss Kitty Cooke still amuses me very much by her incomparable dialect; and by her kindness and friendliness I am taken the best care of imaginable.

My poor brother, who will carry this to Mickleham, is grievously altered by the loss of his little girl. It has affected his spirits and his health, and he is grown so thin and meagre, that he looks ten years older than when I saw him last. I hope he will now revive, since the blow is over; but it has been a very, very hard one, after such earnest pains to escape it.

Did the wood look very beautiful? I have figured it to myself, with the three dear convalescents wandering in its winding paths, and inhaling its freshness and salubrity, ever since I heard of this walk. I wanted prodigiously to have issued forth from some little green recess, to have hailed your return. I hope Mr. Locke had the pleasure of this sight. Is Jenny capable of such a mounting journey?

Do you know anything of a certain young lady, who eludes all my inquiries, famous for having eight sisters, all of uncommon talents? I had formerly some intercourse with her, and she used to promise she would renew it whenever I pleased; but whether she is offended that I have slighted her offers so long, or whether she is fickle, or only whimsical, I know not: all that is quite undoubted is that she has concealed herself so effectually from my researches, that I might as well look for justice and clemency in the French Convention, as for this former friend in the plains and lanes of Chesington, where, erst, she met me whether I would or no.

F. B.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Locke.

Chesington, 1793.

How sweet to me was my dearest Fredy's assurance that my gratification and prudence went at last hand in hand! I had longed for the sight of her writing, and not dared wish it. I shall now long impatiently till I can have the pleasure of saying, "Ma'am, I desire no more of your letters."

I have heard to-day all I can most covet of all my dear late *malades*. I take it for granted this little visit was made known to my dearest sister confidant. I had prepared for it from the

time of my own expectation, and I have had much amusement in what the preparation produced. Mrs. Hamilton ordered half a ham to be boiled ready; and Miss Kitty trimmed up her best cap and tried it on, on Saturday, to get it in shape to her face. She made chocolate also, which we drank up on Monday and Tuesday, because it was spoiling. "I have never seen none of the French quality," she says, "and I have a *purdigious curo-sity*; though as to dukes and dukes' sons, and these high top captains, I know they'll think me a mere country bumpkin. *Howsever*, they can't call me worse than *Fat Kit Square*, and that's the worse name I ever got from any of our English pelite bears, which I suppose these pelite French quality never heard the like of."

Unfortunately, however, when all was prepared above, the French *top captain* entered while poor Miss Kitty was in *dish-bill*, and Mrs. Hamilton finishing washing up her china from breakfast. A maid who was out at the pump, and first saw the arrival, ran in to give Miss Kitty time to escape, for she was in her round dress night-cap, and without her roll and curls. However, he followed too quick, and Mrs. Hamilton was seen in her linen gown and mob, though she had put on a silk one in expectation for every noon these four or five days past; and Miss Kitty was in such confusion, she hurried out of the room. She soon, however, returned, with the roll and curls, and the forehead and throat fashionably lost in a silk gown. And though she had not intended to speak a word, the gentle quietness of her guest so surprised and pleased her, that she never quitted his side while he stayed, and has sung his praises ever since.

Mrs. Hamilton, good soul! in talking and inquiring since of his history and conduct, shed tears at the recital. She says now she has really seen one of the French gentry that has been drove out of their country by the villains she has heard of, she shall begin to believe there really has been a Revolution! and Miss Kitty says, "I *purtest* I did not know before but it was all a sham."

F. B.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

Friday, May 31st, Chesington.

My heart so smites me this morning with making no answer to all I have been requested to weigh and decide, that I feel I cannot with any ease return to town without at least complying with one demand, which first, at parting yesterday, brought me to write fully to you, my Susan, if I could not elsewhere to my satisfaction.

Much indeed in the course of last night and this morning has occurred to me, that now renders my longer silence as to prospects and proceedings unjustifiable to myself. I will therefore now address myself to both my beloved confidants, and open to them all my thoughts, and entreat their own with equal plainness in return.

M. d'Arblay's last three letters convince me he is desperately dejected when alone, and when perfectly natural. It is not that he wants patience, but he wants rational expectation of better times: expectation founded on something more than mere aërial hope, that builds one day upon what the next blasts; and then has to build again, and again to be blasted.

What affects me the most in this situation is, that his time may as completely be lost as another's peace, by waiting for the effects of distant events, vague, bewildering, and remote, and quite as likely to lead to ill as to good. The very waiting, indeed, with the mind in such a state, is in itself an evil scarce to be recompensed.

My dearest Fredy, in the beginning of her knowledge of this transaction, told me that Mr. Locke was of opinion that the £100 per annum might do, as it does for many a curate. M. d'A. also most solemnly and affectingly declares that *le simple nécessaire* is all he requires, and here, in your vicinity, would unhesitatingly be preferred by him to the most brilliant fortune in another *séjour*.

If he can say that, what must *I* be not to echo it? I, who in the bosom of my own most chosen, most darling friends——

I need not enter more upon this; you all must know that to

me a crust of bread, with a little roof for shelter, and a fire for warmth, near you, would bring me to peace, to happiness, to all that my heart holds dear, or even in any situation could prize. I cannot picture such a fate with dry eyes; all else but kindness and society has to me so always been nothing.

With regard to my dear father, he has always left me to myself; I will not therefore speak to him while thus uncertain what to decide.

It is certain, however, that, with peace of mind and retirement, I have resources that I could bring forward to amend the little situation; as well as that, once thus undoubtedly established and naturalized, M. d'A. would have claims for employment.

These reflections, with a mutual freedom from ambition, might lead to a quiet road, unbroken by the tortures of applications, expectations, attendance, disappointment, and time-wasting hopes and fears; if there were not apprehensions the £100 might be withdrawn. I do not think it likely, but it is a risk too serious in its consequences to be run. M. d'A. protests he could not answer to himself the hazard.

How to ascertain this, to clear the doubt, or to know the fatal certainty before it should be too late, exceeds my powers of suggestion. His own idea, to write to the Queen, much as it has startled me, and wild as it seemed to me is certainly less wild than to take the chance of such a blow in the dark.

Yet such a letter could not even reach her. His very name is probably only known to her through myself.

In short, my dearest friends, you will think for me, and let me know what occurs to you, and I will defer any answer till I hear your opinions.

Heaven ever bless you! And pray for me at this moment.

F. B.

Dr. Burney to Miss Burney.

May, 1793.

DEAR FANNY,—I have for some time seen very plainly that you are *éprise*, and have been extremely uneasy at the discovery. You must have observed my silent gravity, surpassing that of

mere illness and its consequent low spirits. I had some thoughts of writing to Susan about it, and intended begging her to do what I must now do for myself—that is, beg, warn, and admonish you not to entangle yourself in a wild and romantic attachment, which offers nothing in prospect but poverty and distress, with future inconvenience and unhappiness. M. d'Arblay is certainly a very amiable and accomplished man, and of great military abilities I take for granted; but what employment has he for them of which the success is not extremely hazardous? His property, whatever it was, has been confiscated—*décrété*—by the Convention; and if a counter-revolution takes place, unless it be exactly such a one as suits the particular political sect in which he enlisted, it does not seem likely to secure to him an establishment in France. And as to an establishment in England, I know the difficulty which very deserving natives find in procuring one, with every appearance of interest, friends and probability; and, to a foreigner, I fear, the difficulty will be more than doubled.

As M. d'Arblay is at present circumstanced, an alliance with anything but a fortune sufficient for the support of himself and partner would be very imprudent. He is a mere soldier of fortune, under great disadvantages. Your income, if it was as certain as a freehold estate, is insufficient for the purpose; and if the Queen should be displeased and withdraw her allowance, what could you do?

I own that, if M. d'Arblay had an establishment in France sufficient for him to marry a wife with little or no fortune, much as I am inclined to honour and esteem him, I should wish to prevent you from fixing your residence there; not merely from selfishness, but for your own sake. I know your love for your family, and know that it is reciprocal; I therefore cannot help thinking that you would mutually be a loss to each other. The friends, too, which you have here, are of the highest and most desirable class. To quit them, in order to make new friendships in a strange land, in which the generality of its inhabitants at present seem incapable of such virtues as friendship is built upon, seems wild and visionary.

If M. d'Arblay had a sufficient establishment here for the purposes of credit and comfort, and determined to settle here for life, I should certainly think ourselves honoured by his alliance; but his situation is at present so very remote from all that can satisfy prudence, or reconcile to an affectionate father the idea of a serious attachment, that I tremble for your heart and future happiness. M. d'Arblay must have lived too long in the great world to accommodate himself contentedly to the little; his fate seems so intimately connected with that of his miserable country, and that country seems at a greater distance from peace, order, and tranquillity now than it has done at any time since the revolution.

These considerations, and the uncertainty of what party will finally prevail, make me tremble for you both. You see, by what I have said, that my objections are not personal, but wholly prudential. For Heaven's sake, my dear Fanny, do not part with your heart too rapidly, or involve yourself in deep engagements which it will be difficult to dissolve; and to the last degree imprudent, as things are at present circumstanced, to fulfil.

As far as character, merit, and misfortune demand esteem and regard, you may be sure that M. d'Arblay will be always received by me with the utmost attention and respect; but, in the present situation of things, I can by no means think I ought to encourage (blind and ignorant as I am of all but his misfortunes) a serious and solemn union with one whose unhappiness would be a reproach to the facility and inconsiderateness of a most affectionate father.

[Memorandum, this 7th of May, 1825.]

In answer to these apparently most just, and, undoubtedly, most parental and tender apprehensions, Susanna, the darling child of Dr. Burney, as well as first chosen friend of M. d'Arblay, wrote a statement of the plans, and means, and purposes of M. d'A. and F.B.—so clearly demonstrating their power of happiness, with willing economy, congenial tastes, and mutual love of the country, that Dr. B. gave way, and sent, though reluctantly, a consent; by which the union took place the 31st of July 1793,

in Mickleham church, in presence of Mr. and Mrs. Locke, Captain and Mrs. Phillips, M. de Narbonne, and Captain Burney, who was father to his sister, as Mr. Locke was to M. d'A.; and on the 1st of August the ceremony was re-performed in the Sardinian Chapel, according to the rites of the Romish Church; and never, never was union more blessed and felicitous; though after the first eight years of unmingled happiness, it was assailed by many calamities, chiefly of separation or illness, yet still mentally unbroken.

F. D'ARBLAY.]

To Mrs. —

August 2nd, 1793.

How in the world shall I begin this letter to my dearest M——! how save her from a surprise almost too strong for her weak nerves and tender heart!

After such an opening, perhaps any communication may be a relief; but it is surprise only I would guard against; my present communication has nothing else to fear; it has nothing in it sad, melancholy, unhappy, but it has everything that is marvellous and unexpected.

Do you recollect at all, when you were last in town, my warm interest for the loyal part of the French exiles?—do you remember my *éloge* of a French officer, in particular, a certain M. d'Arblay?

Ah, my dear M——, you are quick as lightning; your sensitive apprehension will tell my tale for me now, without any more aid than some details of circumstance.

The *éloge* I then made was with design to prepare you for an event I had reason to expect: such, however, was the uncertainty of my situation, from prudential obstacles, that I dared venture at no confidence; though my heart prompted it strongly, to a friend so sweetly sympathising in all my feelings and all my affairs—so constantly affectionate—so tenderly alive to all that interests and concerns me.

My dearest M——, you will give me, I am sure, your heartfelt wishes—your most fervent prayers. The choice I have made appears to me all you could yourself wish to fall to my lot—all

you could yourself have formed to have best accorded with your kind partiality.

I had some hope you would have seen him that evening we went together from Mrs. M. Montagu to Mrs. Locke's, for he was then a guest in Portland-place ; but some miserable circumstances of which I knew nothing till after your departure, had just fallen out, and he had shut himself up in his room. He did not know we were there.

Many, indeed, have been the miserable circumstances that have, from time to time, alarmed and afflicted in turn, and seemed to render a renunciation indispensable. Those difficulties, however, have been conquered ; and last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Locke, my sister and Captain Phillips, and my brother Captain Burney, accompanied us to the altar in Mickleham church ; since which the ceremony has been repeated in the chapel of the Sardinian Ambassador, that if, by a counter-revolution in France, M. d'Arblay recovers any of his rights, his wife may not be excluded from their participation.

You may be amazed not to see the name of my dear father upon this solemn occasion ; but his apprehensions from the smallness of our income have made him cold and averse ; and though he granted his consent, I could not even solicit his presence. I feel satisfied, however, that time will convince him I have not been so imprudent as he now thinks me. Happiness is the great end of all our worldly views and proceedings, and no one can judge for another in what will produce it. To me, wealth and ambition would always be unavailing ; I have lived in their most central possessions, and I have always seen that the happiness of the richest and the greatest has been the moment of retiring from riches and from power. Domestic comfort and social affection have invariably been the sole as well as ultimate objects of my choice, and I have always been a stranger to any other species of felicity.

M. d'Arblay has a taste for literature, and a passion for reading and writing, as marked as my own ; this is a sympathy to rob retirement of all superfluous leisure, and insure to us both occupation, constantly edifying or entertaining. He has seen so

much of life, and has suffered so severely from its disappointments, that retreat, with a chosen companion, is become his final desire.

Mr. Locke has given M. d'Arblay a piece of ground in his beautiful park, upon which we shall build a little neat and plain habitation. We shall continue, meanwhile, in his neighbourhood, to superintend the little edifice, and enjoy the society of his exquisite house, and that of my beloved sister Phillips. We are now within two miles of both, at a farm-house, where we have what apartments we require, and no more, in a most beautiful and healthy situation, a mile and a half from any town. The nearest is Bookham; but I beg that my letters may be directed to me at Captain Phillips's, Mickleham, as the post does not come this way, and I may else miss them for a week.

As I do not correspond with Mrs. Montagu, and it would be awkward to begin upon such a theme, I beg that when you write you will say something for me.

One of my first pleasures, in our little intended home, will be finding a place of honour for the legacy of Mrs. Delany. Whatever may be the general wonder, and perhaps blame, of general people, at this connexion, equally indiscreet in pecuniary points for us both, I feel sure that the truly liberal and truly intellectual judgment of that most venerated character would have accorded its sanction, when acquainted with the worthiness of the object who would wish it.

Adieu, my sweet friend. Give my best compliments to Mr. —, and give me your kind wishes, your kind prayers, my ever dear M——.

F. D'A.

Madame de Staël to Madame d'Arblay.

Copet, 9 Août, 1793.

On me dit une nouvelle qui me fait un extrême plaisir. Il appartenait à votre cœur de sentir tout le prix de l'héroïque conduite de notre excellent ami, et de justifier le sort en vous donnant à lui, en assurant ainsi à sa vertu la récompense que

Dieu lui permet sur cette terre. A présent que vous êtes un peu de ma famille, j'espère que, si je revenais en Angleterre, je vous verrais tant que je voudrais, c'est à dire, sans cesse : tous mes regrets, comme toutes mes espérances, me ramènent en Surrey. C'est-là le paradis terrestre pour moi—ce le sera pour vous, je l'espère. Je ne connais pas un caractère meilleur à vivre que M. d'Arblay, et je sais depuis longtemps combien il vous aime. Vous nous devez à présent de beaucoup écrire. Je vous demande de m'informer de vos projets, de me confier votre bonheur ; et, si je trouve jamais une manière de vous servir, de disposer de moi comme d'un bien à vous. Adieu, adieu !

On Norbury Park, by Madame de Staël.

August 30, 1793.

Douce image de Norbury, venez me rappeler qu'une félicité vive et pure peut exister sur la terre ! là, l'on jouit également de ce qu'on inspire, et de ce qu'on éprouve ; là, le sentiment est dévoué comme la passion, et constant comme le devoir ; là, l'esprit, les talents, la beauté, tout ce qui sert à l'éclat, a été consacré au bonheur. La vertu, la raison, ont été les guides fidèles d'une telle destinée, mais on ne s'y glorifie que d'être heureux. Soit que ces âmes sensibles, attachées à leurs biens naturels par l'attrait de leurs cœurs, ne pensent point à s'honorer d'un penchant irrésistible ; soit que leur douce philosophie aime à faire des prosélytes, contents de la route qu'ils ont parcouru, ils cherchent le plus sur moyen d'inviter à leur exemple. En le considérant, la vertu admire, la faiblesse espère, et tout ce qui a un cœur se sent pénétré par degrés de calme et de bien-être. Dans cette retraite, que la volonté des possesseurs rend obscure, que le jugement des hommes éclairés, que la reconnaissance de ceux qui souffrent doit illustrer, j'ai trouvé quelque temps un asile loin des crimes de la France, et des préjugés que l'horreur qu'ils doivent causer inspirent à tous ceux qui n'ont pas la force de résister aux extrêmes contraires. Le respect, l'enthousiasme,

dont mon âme est remplie, en contemplant l'ensemble des vertus morales et politiques qui constituent l'Angleterre ;—l'admiration d'un tel spectacle, le repos céleste qu'il me faisait goûter : ces sentimens, si doux et si nécessaires après la tourmente de trois ans de révolution, s'unissent dans mon souvenir au délicieux séjour, aux respectables amis, près desquels je les ai éprouvés. Je les remercie de quatre mois de bonheur échappés au naufrage de la vie ; je les remercie de m'avoir aimée. La félicité dont ils jouissent s'étendra peut-être à tout ce qui les intéresse ; leur estime, du moins, doit soutenir l'âme abattue ; et lorsqu'un sentiment mélancolique porterait à se lasser de combattre les injustes attaques des fureurs de l'esprit de parti, l'on se rattache à soi comme à l'objet de suffrages si purs, l'on se défend encore pour honorer ses amis.

Comte de Lally Tolendal to the Chevalier d'Arblay.*

Twickenham, 9 Août, 1793.

Je m'étais plaint de vous, mon cher D'Arblay, et puis par réflexion j'avais trouvé que vous faisiez bien mieux de goûter votre bonheur que de le décrire. L'amour vous a permis de consacrer un instant à l'amitié, et je viens vous demander encore un pour

* Le Marquis de Lally Tolendal. The father of this nobleman, the Comte de Lally Tolendal and Baron Tullendally in Ireland, was the French governor of Pondicherry, when that place was taken by the English. The Comte de Lally returning to France, said, "J'apporte ici ma tête et mon innocence ;" but in 1766, he was unfairly tried and unjustly executed for the surrender, and in 1778, his son, the Marquis de Lally Tolendal, by great perseverance and exertions, obtained a reversion of the attainder, and cleared his father's memory. This Marquis de Lally Tolendal was, in 1780, deputed to the *Etats Généraux*. He emigrated to England in 1792 in company with Madame de Staël, the Princesse d'Hénil, Talleyrand, M. de Narbonne, and the Chevalier d'Arblay. He returned to Paris in 1801, was called to the *Chambre des Pairs* in 1815, and in 1816 to the *Académie Française*. His principal literary works were, "Lettres à Edmond Burke," "Plaidoyer pour Louis XVI." in 1795, and "Essai sur la Vie de Strafford." His eloquence obtained for him the appellation of "the French Cicero," but Madame de Staël called him "le plus gras des hommes sensibles." He died at Paris in the year 1820.

ma reconnaissance, et pour l'expression des vœux les plus ardents qui aient jamais été formés pour votre bonheur, et pour celui de l'être si intéressant qui vient de doubler le vôtre. Vous m'ôtez un bien bon argument dans mes disputes politiques. "Citez-moi," disais-je toujours, avec une assurance imperturbable, "un homme qui ait gagné à la révolution."

Au moins, ne porterai-je plus ce défi dans les environs de Mickleham. Les orages vous ont conduit dans un port qui vaut mieux que la rive natale, et les démons vous ont précipité aux pieds d'un ange qui vous a relevé. Votre roman vaut celui de Miss Burney, et vous le faites aussi heureux qu'elle les écrit sublimes. Votre destinée est écrite dans "Cecilia," mon cher ami, et vous aurez autant de cautions et autant de jaloux que Cecilia a eu de lecteurs. Vous voilà possédant la pratique de ce cœur dont nous avons tant admiré et chéri la théorie, ces grâces de l'esprit qui nous ont tant séduits, cette finesse de jugement qui nous a si fort étonnés, ces sentiments délicieux qui venaient remuer le fond de nos cœurs, cette pureté de morale qui excitait nos respects,—tout cela vous était destiné! Une si profonde connaissance du cœur humain devait conduire à juger le vôtre, à apprécier votre noble caractère, et ce charme de loyauté qui fait qu'on se sent votre ami quand on a causé un jour avec vous.

Je suis sûr que Miss Burney vous aura entendu parler du pauvre Louis XVI. avec cette émotion qui tirait les larmes des yeux de Malouet et des miens la dernière fois que nous avons cheminé ensemble. Citez nous tant que vous voudrez, mon cher D'Arblay: vous nous rendrez justice en vous adressant à nous pour obtenir celle qui vous est due.

Le jour où j'ai reçu votre lettre j'avais dîné chez le Chancelier, et pendant une partie du dîner votre mariage avait été le sujet de l'entretien général. C'était à moi tout naturellement à conter votre histoire, et à répondre à tout ce qui était là du sort de Miss Burney. J'ai rempli le devoir, je ne dirai pas d'ami, mais d'homme juste; c'est tout ce qu'il vous faut.

Enfin toute notre colonie n'a qu'un sentiment et qu'une voix. Le Prince * vous écrit, Malouet vous écrira, la Princesse † se joint

* Le Prince de Poix.

† La Princesse d'Hénin.

à tout ce que nous vous disons : vous connaissez son âme, vous savez qu'elle se réfléchit dans tout ce qui est beau et dans tout ce qui est bon ; vous avez vu son entraînement vers Miss Burney. Nous jouissons aussi de la part qu'ont eu à cet heureux événement M. et Madame Locke, de celle qu'y prennent M. et Madame Phillips. Tout ce que l'humanité peut atteindre de vertu et obtenir de bonheur est au milieu de vous tous. Jouissez en longtemps, et que votre félicité soit aussi incorruptible que votre caractère ! Présentez, je vous prie, mon hommage respectueux à Madame d'Arblay, et comptez toujours sur moi comme sur un ami qui vous est acquis à jamais.

LALLY TOLENDAL.

P.S.—Lorsque mon père commandait dans l'Inde il fût fort mécontent d'un officier qui, chargé d'une mission chez les Hollandais, en avait compromis le succès par la faute la plus grave. Mon pauvre père, le meilleur des hommes en actions, mais le plus vif en propos, lui écrivit dans sa colère, “ Si vous retombez dans la même faute, je vous préviens, qu'eussiez vous la tête de mon fils sur les épaules de mon père, je la ferai sauter.”

Comme il fermait sa lettre, entre son maître d'hôtel. “ Que veux-tu ? ” “ Monsieur, je viens d'entendre dire que vous envoyez un exprès chez les Hollandais, et, comme nous n'aurons bientôt plus de café, je suis venu vous demander si vous ne voudriez pas en faire venir. ” “ Tu as raison. ” Et voilà que mon père, qui ne se souvenait déjà plus de sa colère, rouvre sa lettre et mande à son officier, en *post-scriptum* au-dessous de la belle phrase ci-dessus, “ Je vous en prie, faites-moi le plaisir de m'envoyer par le porteur un ballot de café. ”

Où tend toute cette histoire ? A justifier par l'exemple la dispartate toute aussi forte que je vais me permettre. Mon laquais vient d'entrer chez moi, et m'a dit, “ Monsicur, on dit que vous écrivez à Mickelham : la dernière fois que vous y avez été vous avez oublié un bonnet de nuit et une paire de petites bottes : si vous vouliez bien les demander ? ” Soit ; et voilà que je termine une épithalame en priant l'époux de vouloir bien donner des ordres, je ne sais pas à qui, afin que ces petites bottes me soient

renvoyés à Londres, Norton Street, No. 17. Où se cache-t-on quand on écrit de ces choses-là ?

Madame de la Fête to Madame d'Arblay.

September, 1793.

Combien vous êtes aimable, ma chère madame, et que votre lettre est charmante ! Je vous remercie et du plaisir qu'elle m'a fait, et de celui qu'elle a procuré à la famille de Luc, et à trois de nos Princesses à qui je l'ai communiquée.

J'ai su depuis que cette lettre, montrée à la Reine, est encore dans la poche de sa Majesté. Votre changement d'état faisait la nouvelle du jour, et j'avais un mérite alors ; moi seule dans tout le comté de Berkshire avait l'avantage de connaître M. d'Arblay. Miss P—— entr'autres m'accabla de questions : " Est-il grand ? est-il beau ? est-il jeune ? " Je parlai de son air noble, et d'une impression de tristesse qui m'avait frappée en le voyant, mais qui devait être effacée par l'amour et son frère. Si la soirée qu'il a passé chez moi pouvait se renouveler, je ferais taire la harpe, et j'empêcherais un groupe d'émigrés de s'emparer de lui, et de me priver du plaisir de l'entendre. Quant à son mérite personnel, à ses lumières, à ses vertus, ils sont évidemment prouvés par les sentiments qu'il a su inspirer à Norbury.

Mais à propos de gens distingués, il faut vous parler, ma chère madame, de nos deux jeunes Princes. Celui dont vous faites mention est le plus joli, le plus gai, le plus caressant de tous les héros de dix-neuf ans.* Comme une blessure sied bien à cet âge ! Je l'ai vu souffrir des siennes, mais il me semble qu'il en jouissait. Le Prince Auguste† est moins vif, et nullement bruyant ; une affabilité douce rappelle qu'il est le frère chéri de la Princesse Elizabeth, et s'il n'a pu exercer ce courage militaire qui fait les héros de l'histoire, on sait qu'il a prouvé une fermeté admirable dans le cours de ses longues souffrances ; et Rousseau prétend que les vertus négatives sont les plus sublimes.

Notre philosophe,‡ pour se consoler du présent, s'occupe beau-

* Duke of Cambridge.

† Duke of Sussex.

‡ M. de Luc.

coup du passé, et d'une histoire de la terre bien plus ancienne que celle de Moïse. Perdant de vue pour un temps les révolutions qui agitent la surface de notre globe, il s'enfonce dans de profondes méditations, pour rechercher ce qu'était l'intérieur avant, bien avant, que le genre humain habitât cette planète. "What are you about?" lui demandait quelqu'un : "I am in the bowels of the earth," fut sa réponse. Madame de Luc vous aime toujours tendrement, ma chère madame ; mais elle est moins que jamais en état d'écrire, ses yeux ayant beaucoup souffert depuis quelques mois. Mon fils sera bien sensible au souvenir dont vous l'honorez ; j'ignore si dans ce moment il traverse la mer, ou s'il est arrivé en Hollande. Il est toujours compté parmi les bons fils, et c'est à lui que je dois en partie le retour de ma santé. Celle de Madame Schwellenberg est toujours étonnante ; c'est après un crachement de sang qu'elle a repris ses forces.

Vous auriez peine, madame, à reconnaître Frogmore. On y construit des ruines, et bientôt on aura achevé un vieux bâtiment gothique ; ici s'élève un petit temple octogone, dont le plafond est dessiné par la Princesse Elizabeth ; là on découvre un hermitage, dont elle a donné le modèle, &c., &c. : au reste, nous avons un spectacle et des acteurs de Londres. *Quick*, surtout, y attirait la cour et la ville. Madame de la Roche me demande toujours des nouvelles de Miss Burney ; je lui ai marqué depuis peu que parmi nos femmes célèbres il n'en est pas une qui porte ce nom ; mais pour qu'elle ne soupçonnât point que vous avez perdu la vie, ou moi l'esprit, j'ai bien vite ajouté que les sentiments dûs à l'auteur de "*Cecilia*" étaient maintenant réservés à Madame d'Arblay.

J'espère que les devoirs de votre nouvel état ne vous empêcheront pas d'acquérir de nouveaux droits à la reconnaissance du public ; c'est un de mes vœux ; mais je souhaite bien plus encore que vous sachiez toujours réunir ce qui est si souvent séparé—la célébrité et le bonheur. Madame Brûlard* habite dans un petit canton de la Suisse, où elle a été admise, ainsi que Mlle. d'Orléans, sous un nom supposé. Adieu, ma chère madame ! veuillez me continuer le souvenir et la bienveillance dont vous m'honorez,

* Madame de Genlis.

et agréer l'assurance de la haute estime et du tendre attachement de

Votre très dévouée,

M. E. DE LA FITE.

Vous connaissez mes sentiments pour les habitants de Norbury ; daignez en être l'interprète. Je crains de ne pouvoir profiter cette année de votre aimable hospitalité, mais je vous conjure d'avance de m'accorder une soirée quand vous viendrez à Londres.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Charlotte Smith and her son—Mrs. Crewe's exertions in favour of the exiled French Clergy seconded by Mr. Windham—M. d'Arblay an amateur gardener—Terrible state of France—M. d'Arblay desires to go to Toulon—Offers his services to Mr. Pitt—The French Clergy—State of Toulon—Hannah More—Subscription for the French Clergy—Death of the Queen of France—M. d'Arblay's offer of service declined—Thoughts on Marriage—The Royal Family felicitate Madame d'Arblay on her nuptials.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

September 12th, 1793.

DEAR FANNY,

In this season of leisure I am as fully occupied as ever your friend *Mr. Delville* was. So many people to attend, so many complaints to hear, and so many grievances to redress, that it has been impossible for me to write to you sooner. I have been out of town but one single day, I believe, since you were here—that was spent at Richmond with my sisters. But every day produces business for other people, which occupies me as much as ever I found myself in days of hurry about my own affairs.

I have had a negotiation and correspondence to carry on for and with Charlotte Smith, of which I believe I told you the beginning, and I do not see the end myself. Her second son had his foot shot off before Dunkirk, and has undergone a very dangerous amputation, which, it is much feared, will be fatal.

Mrs. Crewe, having seen at Eastbourne a great number of venerable and amiable French clergy suffering all the evils of banishment and beggary with silent resignation, has for some time had in meditation a plan for procuring some addition to the small

allowance the committee at Freemasons' Hall is able to allow from the residue of the subscriptions and briefs in their favour. Susan will show you the plan. Mr. Windham undertook to lay it while in MS. before the committee, to be sanctioned by their approbation, lest it should be regarded as a rival or hostile scheme to their establishment. I caught him just stepping into his chaise for Norfolk, when I carried him the plan from Mrs. Crewe. He wrote immediately to Mr. Wilmot, the president I believe, or, at least, a leading person in the Committee at the Freemasons' Tavern; but left me to find him and to carry on the business. This has *Delviled* me not a little; for Mr. Wilmot is at Lymington, Hants, and all the rest of the Committee out of town: so that the whole is transacted in that snail's pace with which business is done by letters between persons residing at a great distance from each other.

Well, but you say that M. d'Arblay is not only his own architect, but intends being his own gardener. I suppose the ground allotted to the garden of your *maisonnette* is marked out, and probably will be enclosed and broken up before the foundation of your mansion is laid; therefore to encourage M. d'Arblay in the study of horticulture, I have the honour to send him Miller's "Gardeners' Dictionary,"—an excellent book, at least for the rudiments of the art.

I send you, my dear Fanny, an edition of Milton, which I can well spare, and which you ought not to live without; and I send you both our dear friend Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas."

This is sad news from Dunkirk, at which our own Jacobins will insolently triumph. Everything in France seems to move in a regular progression from bad to worse. After near five years' struggle and anarchy, no man alive, with a grain of modesty, would venture to predict how or when the evils of that country will be terminated. In the mean time the peace and comfort of every civilized part of the globe is threatened with similar calamities.

Your mother and Sarah join their compliments to M. d'Arblay, and love to yourself, with those of

Yours affectionately,

CHAS. BURNEY.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, September 29th, 1793.

When I received the last letter of my dearest father, and for some hours after, I was the happiest of all human beings. I make no exception, for I think none possible: not a wish remained to me; not a thought of forming one.

This was just the period—is it not always so?—for a blow of sorrow to reverse the whole scene: accordingly, that evening M. d'Arblay communicated to me his desire of going to Toulon.

He had intended retiring from public life: his services and his sufferings in his severe and long career, repaid by exile and confiscation, and for ever embittered to his memory by the murder of his Sovereign, had justly satisfied the claims of his conscience and honour; and led him, without a single self-reproach, to seek a quiet retreat in domestic society: but the second declaration of Lord Hood no sooner reached this little obscure dwelling,—no sooner had he read the words Louis XVII. and the Constitution to which he had sworn united, than his military ardour rekindled, his loyalty was all up in arms, and every sense of duty carried him back to wars and dangers.

I dare not speak of myself, except to say that I have forbore to oppose him with a single solicitation: all the felicity of this our chosen and loved retirement would effectually be annulled by the smallest suspicion that it was enjoyed at the expense of any duty; and therefore, since he is persuaded it is right to go, I acquiesce.

He is now writing an offer of his services, which I am to convey to Windsor, and which he means to convey himself to Mr. Pitt. As I am sure it will interest my dear father, I will copy it for him.

This total break into all my tranquillity incapacitates me from attempting at this moment to compose any address for the poor suffering clergy; but, as nothing could give me greater comfort than contributing the smallest mite in their favour, I beseech my dear father to let me know in what manner I should try—whether as a letter, and to whom; or how: besides, I know

so little what has already been said, that I am at a loss where to look, or where to shun; yet I would gladly make any experiment possible in my power, and M. d'Arblay particularly wishes it.

How flattering and kind Mrs. Crewe! and how delightful to me what is said by Mr. Burke! I entreat you to take the first opportunity to thank them warmly, and to assure them their kindness of remembrance is a true joy to me, and to return my most grateful thanks to the very amiable Mrs. Burke.

I have had congratulatory letters every day this week.

Miss Ellerker has written, and begs to be introduced to M. d'Arblay. Are we not coming into high fashion?

Ah! if peace would come without, what could equal my peace within?

Let me not forget to say that even M. de Luc sends me his felicitations, in an ardent letter of friendly kindness written by his excellent wife, and his joy for M. d'Arblay in the late affair of Toulon and acknowledgment of the Constitution.

My dearest father, before this tremendous project broke into our domestic economy, M. d'Arblay had been employed in a little composition, which, being all in his power, he destined to lay at your feet, as a mark of his pleasure in your attention to his horticultural pursuit. He has just finished copying it for you, and to-morrow it goes by the stage.

Your hint of a book from time to time enchanted him: it seems to me the only present he accepts entirely without pain. He has just requested me to return to Mrs. Locke herself a *cadeau* she had brought us. If it had been an old court-calendar, or an almanac, or anything in the shape of a brochure, he would have received it with his best bow and smile.

This Toulon business finally determines our deferring the *maisonnette* till the spring. Heaven grant it may be deferred no longer! Mr. Locke says it will be nearly as soon ready as if begun in the autumn, for it will be better to have it aired and inhabited before the winter seizes it. If the *mémoire* which M. d'Arblay is now writing is finished in time, it shall accompany the little packet; if not, we will send it by the first opportunity.

Meanwhile, M. d'Arblay makes a point of our indulging ourselves with the gratification of subscribing one guinea to your fund, and Mrs. Locke begs you will trust her and insert her subscription in your list, and Miss Locke and Miss Amelia Locke. Mr. Locke is charmed with your plan. M. d'Arblay means to obtain you Lady Burrell and Mrs. Benn. If you think I can write to any purpose, tell me a little hint how and of what, dearest sir; for I am in the dark as to what may remain yet unsaid. Otherwise, heavy as is my heart just now, I could work for them and your plan.

Adieu, dearest, dearest sir: ever and ever most affectionately, most dutifully yours,

F. D'A.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

October 4th, 1793.

DEAR FANNY,—This is a terrible *coup*, so soon after your union; but I honour M. d'Arblay for offering his service on so great an occasion, and you for giving way to what seems an indispensable duty. Common-place reflections on the vicissitudes of human affairs would afford you little consolation. The stroke is new to your situation, and so will be the fortitude necessary on the occasion. However, to military men, who, like M. d'Arblay, have been but just united to the object of their choice, and begun to domesticate, it is no uncommon thing for their tranquillity to be disturbed by "the trumpet's loud clangor." Whether the offer is accepted or not, the having made it will endear him to those embarked in the same cause among his countrymen, and elevate him in the general opinion of the English public. This consideration I am sure will afford you a satisfaction the most likely to enable you to support the anxiety and pain of absence.

I have no doubt of the offer being taken well at Windsor, and of its conciliating effects. If his Majesty and the Ministry have any settled plan for accepting or rejecting similar offers I know not; but it seems very likely that Toulon will be regarded as the rallying point for French royalists of all sects and

denominations. The restoration of the constitution of 1791 being the condition proposed by the natives themselves, and the proposition having been acceded to by Lord Hood, removes all scruples and difficulties for loyal constitutionalists at least; and is the only chance which those can ever have of being restored to their country and possessions, who wish to place some intermediate power between the King and the mob, to prevent his being dragged in a month's time to the scaffold, like poor Louis XVI.

If monarchy, however limited, is to triumph over anarchy, and brutal savage tyranny over the property and lives of the wretched inhabitants of France, it seems most likely to be accomplished in the southern provinces, from the stand that has been made at Toulon.

I shall be very anxious to know how the proposition of M. d'Arblay has been received; and, if accepted, on what conditions, and when and how the voyage is to be performed; I should hope in a stout man-of-war; and that M. de Narbonne will be of the party, being so united in friendship and political principles.

Has M. d'Arblay ever been at Toulon? It is supposed to be so well fortified, both by art and nature, on the land side, that, if not impregnable, the taking it by the regicides will require so much time that it is hoped an army of counter-revolutionists will be assembled from the side of Savoy, sufficient to raise the siege, if unity of measures and action prevail between the Toulonnais and their external friends. But even if the assailants should make such approaches as to render it necessary to retreat, with such a powerful fleet as that of England and Spain united, it will not only be easy to carry off the garrison and inhabitants in time, but to destroy such ships as cannot be brought away, and ruin the harbour and arsenal for many years to come.

You promised me, dear Fanny, a copy of M. d'Arblay's *requête*. When you have leisure, and can tell me what turn things are likely to take, perhaps you will enclose it in a future letter.

I have written to Mrs. Crewe all you have said on the subject of writing something to stimulate benevolence and commiseration in favour of the poor French ecclesiastics, amounting to 6000

now in England, besides 400 laity here and 800 at Jersey, in utter want. The fund for the laity was totally exhausted the 27th of last month, and by the beginning of next that raised by former subscriptions and briefs will be wholly expended!

I have been working with my pen night and day for more than this last fortnight, in correspondence with Mrs. Crewe, Mr. Wilmot, Mr. Huter the secretary of the Committee, and have written single letters innumerable to others—as Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Garick, Hannah More, &c. The two first of these ladies have not yet answered my letters. Poor H. More has written a letter that has drawn tears from me. She has been dangerously ill for a twelvemonth, is now seldom able to get up, and incapable of reading or writing: she approves very highly of the ladies' plan, and has sent some papers to Bath; but laments extremely her inability to act as she would have done both with hand and head, if her health would have permitted.

The expense, in only allowing the clergy 8s. a-week, amounts to about 7500*l.* a-month, which cannot be supported long by private subscription, and must at last be taken up by Parliament; but to save the national disgrace of suffering these excellent people to die of hunger, before the Parliament meets and agrees to do something for them, the ladies must work hard. The list of these whom Mrs. Crewe has interested in the cause is now become very illustrious and honourable—the Marchioness of Buckingham, Lady Spencer, Lady Payne, Lady Cotton, Lady Charlotte Greville, Lady Ann Dashwood, Lady C. Douglas, Lady Hartley, Lady Macartney, Lady Gray, Lady Camelford, Miss Trimmer, Hon. Miss Fox, Mrs. Whitbread, Mrs. H. Greville, Miss Crewe, Mrs. Cooke, Miss Smith, Lady Pelham, Lady Webster, Mrs. Pierrepont, &c., &c. We have contrived at Chelsea to enlist Lady Cremorne and others. Mrs. and Miss Lockes are charming acquisitions—I beg my best thanks for them.

Your mother works hard in packing and distributing papers among her friends in town and country, and Sally in copying letters. You and M. d'Arblay are very good in wishing to contribute your mite; but I did not intend leading you into this scrape. If you subscribe your pen, and he his sword, it will best

answer Mr. Burke's idea, who says, "There are two ways by which people may be charitable—the one by their money, the other by their exertions." Now, it has struck me that, if you felt any impulse to use your pen, it should be in an *éloge* on female benevolence. The ladies whom I have recollected above do it so cheerfully and with so much zeal, though hoaxed and scouted by the men, who call it "Ladies' nonsense," that I think it says a great deal in favour of religion, whose precepts still remain among the female part of Christendom, while the men seem to have given up every idea of it, and with it of every virtue and moral sentiment which all religions recommend. *Pensez-y.* The good Bishop of St. Pol de Leon has heard of my zeal as secretary to the Ladies, from M. Jumard, I suppose, and has inquired my direction, and wished for my acquaintance. I shall wait on this venerable prelate to-morrow.

I have so much writing on my hands that I fear I shall not have time now to thank M. d'Arblay for his kindness in sending me so nice a copy of his nice translation of your "Willy;" but pray do you, *en attendant* my getting a little leisure, say *mille et mille jolies choses* for

Yours affectionately,

C. B.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Sunday noon, October 21st, 1793.

My dearest father will think I have been very long in doing the little I have done; but my mind is so anxiously discomfited by the continued suspense with regard to M. d'Arblay's proposition and wish, that it has not been easy to me to weigh completely all I could say, and the fear of repeating what had already been offered upon the subject has much restrained me, for I have seen none of the tracts that may have appeared. However, it is a matter truly near my heart; and though I have not done it rapidly, I have done it with my whole mind, and, to own the truth, with a species of emotion that has greatly affected me, for I could not deeply consider the situation of these venerable men without feeling for them to the quick. If what I have written should have power to procure them one more guinea, I shall be paid.

I shall send the scrawl to you by the stage on Tuesday. I have still to copy it. And I have the pleasure to give you another subscriber, Mrs. Hume, a lady who has listened to the eloquence of Mrs. Locke, who never sees any one without producing the plan. Mrs. Locke begs you to trust her for the guineas. Mr. Locke enters into this business with the warmest approbation.

If you think what I have drawn up worth printing, I should suppose it might make a little sixpenny paper, and be sold for the same purpose it is written. Or will it only do to be printed at the expense of the acting ladies, and given gratis? You must judge of this.

Adieu, ever most dear sir!

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, October 27th, 1793.

MY MOST DEAR FATHER,—The terrible confirmation of this last act of savage hardness of heart has wholly upset us again. M. d'Arblay had entirely discredited its probability, and, to the last moment, disbelieved the report; not from milder thoughts of the barbarous rulers of his unhappy country, but from seeing that the death of the Queen could answer no purpose, helpless as she was to injure them, while her life might answer some as a hostage with the Emperor. Cruelty, however, such as theirs, seems to require no incitement whatever; its own horrible exercise appears sufficient both to prompt and to repay it. Good Heaven! that that wretched Princess should so finish sufferings so unexampled!

With difficulties almost incredible, Madame de Staël has contrived, a second time, to save the lives of M. de Jaucourt and M. de Montmorenci, who are just arrived in Switzerland. We know as yet none of the particulars; simply that they are saved is all; but they write in a style the most melancholy to M. de Narbonne, of the dreadful fanaticism of licence, which they dare call liberty, that still reigns unsubdued in France. And they have preserved nothing but their persons!—of their vast properties

they could secure no more than pocket-money, for travelling in the most penurious manner. They are, therefore, in a state the most deplorable. Switzerland is filled with gentlemen and ladies of the very first families and rank, who are all starving, but those who have had the good fortune to procure, by disguising their quality, some menial office !

No answer comes from Mr. Pitt ; and we now expect none till Sir Gilbert Elliot makes his report of the state of Toulon and of the Toulonnese ; till which, probably, no decision will be formed whether the Constitutionals in England will be employed or not.

F. D'A.

[M. d'Arblay's offer of serving in the expedition to Toulon was not accepted, and the reasons for which it was declined do not appear.]

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. ———

THE account of your surprise, my sweet friend, was the last thing to create mine : I was well aware of the general astonishment, and of yours in particular. My own, however, at my very extraordinary fate, is singly greater than that of all my friends united. I had never made any vow against marriage, but I had long, long been firmly persuaded it was for me a state of too much hazard and too little promise to draw me from my individual plans and purposes. I remember, in playing at questions and commands, when I was thirteen, being asked when I intended to marry ? and surprising my playmates by solemnly replying, " When I think I shall be happier than I am in being single." It is true, I imagined that time would never arrive ; and I have pertinaciously adhered to trying no experiment upon any other hope ; for, many and mixed as are the ingredients which form what is generally considered as happiness, I was always fully convinced that social sympathy of character and taste could alone have any chance with me ; all else I always thought, and now know, to be immaterial. I have only this peculiar,—that what many contentedly assert or adopt in theory, I have had the courage to be guided by in practice.

We are now removed to a very small house in the suburbs of a very small village called Bookham. We found it rather inconvenient to reside in another person's dwelling, though our own apartments were to ourselves. Our views are not so beautiful as from Phenice Farm, but our situation is totally free from neighbours and intrusion. We are about a mile and a half from Norbury Park, and two miles from Mickleham. I am become already so stout a walker, by use, and with the help of a very able supporter, that I go to those places and return home on foot without fatigue, when the weather is kind. At other times I condescend to accept a carriage from Mr. Locke; but it is always reluctantly, I so much prefer walking where, as here, the country and prospects are inviting.

I thank you for your caution about building: we shall certainly undertake nothing but by contract; however, it would be truly mortifying to give up a house in Norbury Park; we defer the structure till the spring, as it is to be so very slight, that Mr. Locke says it will be best to have it hardened in its first stage by the summer's sun. It will be very small, merely an habitation for three people, but in a situation truly beautiful, and within five minutes of either Mr. Locke, or my sister Phillips: it is to be placed just between those two loved houses.

My dearest father, whose fears and drawbacks have been my sole subject of regret, begins now to see I have not judged rashly, or with romance, in seeing my own road to my own felicity. And his restored cheerful concurrence in my constant principles, though new station, leaves me, for myself, without a wish. *L'ennui*, which could alone infest our retreat, I have ever been a stranger to, except in tiresome company, and my companion has every possible resource against either feeling or inspiring it.

As my partner is a Frenchman, I conclude the wonder raised by the connexion may spread beyond my own private circle; but no wonder upon earth can ever arrive near my own in having found such a character from that nation. This is a prejudice certainly, impertinent and very John Bullish, and very arrogant: but I only share it with all my countrymen, and therefore must needs

forgive both them and myself. I am convinced, however, from your tender solicitude for me in all ways, that you will be glad to hear that the Queen and all the Royal Family have deigned to send me wishes for my happiness through Mrs. Schwollenberg, who has written me "what you call" a very kind congratulation.

F. D'A.

CHAPTER I.

1794.

Madame d'Arblay gives birth to a son—Letter from the Comte de Narbonne—Talleyrand commanded to quit England—Fox and Canning—Talleyrand takes leave of Madame d'Arblay—La Fayette—Gardening at Bookham—Mrs. Thrale—News from the Continent—Visit from Mr. Hoole—Work for the sabre—Death of Edmund Burke's son—M. de Lally Tolendal—Poems by M. d'Arblay.

IN the year 1794, the happiness of the “Hermitage” was increased by the birth of a son, who was christened Alexander Charles Louis Piochard d'Arblay; receiving the names of his father, with those of his two godfathers, the Comte de Narbonne and Dr. Charles Burney.

Letter from the Comte de Narbonne to Mrs. Phillips, on the order sent by the English Government to Charles Maurice de Talleyrand Périgord, ci-devant Bishop of Autun, to quit England in five days.

Janvier, 1794.

VOUS avez bien voulu, avec votre bonté accoutumée, m'ordonner de vous envoyer tous les détails que je pourrais avoir, sur le malheur qui nous accable: voici au juste tout ce que nous savons, et tout ce qui a été fait.

Mardi, à cinq heures, un messenger d'état est venu chez Talleyrand, lui apporter un ordre de quitter le royaume avant cinq jours, c'est à dire, avant Dimanche prochain; en y ajoutant qu'il

était chargé de le prévenir que si, au jour indiqué, il n'était pas parti, il serait dans le cas de la déportation, et déporté sur le champ.

Talleyrand a fait tout de suite parvenir une note à MM. Pitt et Dundas. M. Windham a été parler au dernier, et prétend n'avoir pas pû seulement savoir de lui si c'était pour une raison générale ou particulière : M. Pitt a gardé la même réserve vis-à-vis un membre du parlement, de ses amis.

Il a écrit hier à Lord Grenville et à M. Pitt des lettres dont il n'a pas, et il n'aura probablement pas, de réponse. Il a écrit aussi au Roi une lettre que j'espérais faire parvenir par le Duc de Gloucester, mais il a refusé de me voir.

Vous voyez qu'il ne nous reste à peu près aucune espérance : le secret dont on s'enveloppe est la preuve que l'on ne veut entendre à rien. Il est renvoyé avec un Comte Zenobia, qu'il n'a jamais vu de sa vie ; un Comte de Vaux, dont il ne savait pas plus le nom que celui d'un nommé Simon, sellier de Bruxelles.

Concevez-vous un malheur pareil ? Aujourd'hui, à midi, il ne sait pas seulement si c'est en Amérique ou en Dannemarc qu'il ira ; et nous venons de lire dans les papiers qu'il a été fait rapport à la Convention de sept prises, dont deux Américaines et une Danoise. Tous les chemins par terre sont impraticables pour lui ; et, avec cela, rien n'égale son calme, son courage, et, presque, sa gaieté. La vôtre, et celle de nos adorables amis de Norbury, n'aurait-elle pas un peu plus souffert encore s'il s'était trouvé vrai que j'avais reçu un pareil ordre ? Cela avait été dit, et, j'imagine, inventé, par les aristocrates. Hélas ! je ne suis ni plus coupable ni plus innocent que mon malheureux ami, qui me charge de vous parler à tous de son éternel attachement.* Demain je vous donnerai l'histoire d'aujourd'hui ; et pourrai vous instruire de sa marche et de la mienne. Ne penserez-vous pas avec un peu de douceur que c'est à votre inépuisable bonté à tous que je dois d'avoir vécu loin de Londres, et d'avoir ainsi échappé aux regards de la haine et de la calomnie ?

* Probably M. de Talleyrand received permission to remain in England a few weeks longer, as his letter to take leave of M. and Madame d'Arblay is dated from London, *March 2nd.*—ED.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, February 8, 1794.

The times are indeed, as my dearest father says, tremendous, and reconcile this retirement daily more and more to my Chevalier—Chevalier every way, by birth, by his order, and by his character for to-day he has been making his first use of a restoration to his garden in gathering snowdrops for his fair Dulcinea—you know I must say *fair* to finish the phrase with any effect.

I am very sorry for the sorrow I am sure Mr. Burke will feel for the loss of his brother, announced in Mr. Cooke's paper yesterday. Besides, he was a comic, good-humoured, entertaining man, though not bashful.

What an excellent opening Mr. Canning has made at last! *Entre nous soit dit*, I remember, when at Windsor, that I was told Mr. Fox came to Eton purposely to engage to himself that young man, from the already great promise of his rising abilities; and he made dinners for him and his nephew, Lord Holland, to teach them political lessons. It must have had an odd effect upon him, I think, to hear such a speech from his disciple. Mr. Locke now sends us the papers for the debates every two or three days; he cannot quicker, as his own household readers are so numerous. I see almost nothing of Mr. Windham in them, which vexes me; but I see Mr. Windham in Mr. Canning.

F. D'A.

P.S.—So you have got Mr. Erskine's speeches? certainly they were not at present likely to be *de trop* from any duplicates in your library! I divert myself with the thought of seeing you running them over with that sort of toleration which recent eating and drinking with a man always breeds, even in causes the most ungenial.

M. de Talleyrand to Mrs. Phillips.

Londres, 1794.

MADAME,—Il faut qu'il y ait eu de l'impossibilité pour que ce matin je n'aie pas eu l'honneur de vous voir; mais l'impossibilité

la plus forte m'a privé du dernier plaisir que je pouvais avoir en Europe. Permettez moi, madame, de vous remercier encore une fois de toutes vos bontés, de vous demander un peu de part dans votre souvenir, et laissez moi vous dire que mes vœux se porteront dans tous les temps de ma vie vers vous, vers le Capitaine, vers vos enfants. Vous allez avoir en Amérique un serviteur bien zélé; je ne reviendrai pas en Europe sans arriver dans le Surrey: tout ce qui, pour mon esprit et pour mon cœur, a quelque valeur, est là.

J'ai l'honneur de vous renouveler, madame, l'assurance du plus respectueux dévouement.

TALLEYRAND.

Voulez-vous bien présenter tous mes compliments au Capitaine?

M. de Talleyrand to M. and Madame d'Arblay.

Londres, 2 Mars, 1794.

Adieu, mon cher D'Arblay; je quitte votre pays jusqu'au moment où il n'appartiendra plus aux petites passions des hommes. Alors j'y reviendrai; non, en vérité, pour m'occuper d'affaires, car il y a longtemps que je les ai abandonnées pour jamais; mais pour voir les excellents habitants du Surrey. J'espère savoir assez d'Anglais pour entendre Madame d'Arblay; d'ici à quatre mois je ne vais faire autre chose que l'étudier; et pour apprendre le beau et bon langage, c'est 'Evelina,' et 'Cecilia' qui sont mes livres d'étude et de plaisir. Je vous souhaite, mon cher ami, toute espèce de bonheur, et vous êtes en position de remplir tous mes souhaits.

Je ne sais combien de temps je resterai en Amérique; s'il se référerait quelque chose de raisonnable et de stable pour notre malheureux pays, je reviendrais; si l'Europe s'abîme dans la campagne prochaine, je préparerai en Amérique des asiles à tous nos amis.

Adieu: mes hommages à Madame d'Arblay et à Madame Phillips, je vous en prie: je vous demande et vous promets amitié pour la vie.

TALLEYRAND.

Madame d'Arblay to Doctor Burney.

Bookham, March 22, 1794.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I am this moment returned from reading your most welcome and kind letter at our Susanna's. The account of your better health gives me a pleasure beyond all words ; and it is the more essential to my perfect contentment on account of your opinion of our retreat. I doubt not, my dearest father, but you judge completely right, and I may nearly say we are both equally disposed to pay the most implicit respect to your counsel. We give up, therefore, all thoughts of our London excursion for the present, and I shall write to that effect to our good intended hostess very speedily.

I can easily conceive far more than you enlarge upon in this counsel : and, indeed, I have not myself been wholly free from apprehension of possible *embarras*, should we, at this period, visit London ; for though M. d'Arblay not only could *stand*, but would *court*, all personal scrutiny, whether retrospective or actual, I see daily the extreme susceptibility which attends his very nice notions of honour, and how quickly and deeply his spirit is wounded by whatever he regards as injustice. Incapable, too, of the least trimming or disguise, he could not, at a time such as this, be in London without suffering or risking, perhaps hourly, something unpleasant. Here we are tranquil, undisturbed, and undisturbing. Can life, he often says, be more innocent than ours, or happiness more inoffensive ? He works in his garden, or studies English and mathematics, while I write. When I work at my needle, he reads to me ; and we enjoy the beautiful country around us in long and romantic strolls, during which he carries under his arm a portable garden-chair, lent us by Mrs. Locke, that I may rest as I proceed. He is extremely fond, too, of writing, and makes, from time to time, memorandums of such memoirs, poems, and anecdotes as he recollects, and I wish to have preserved. These resources for sedentary life are certainly the first blessings that can be given to man, for they enable him to be happy in the extremest obscurity, even after tasting the dangerous draughts of glory and ambition.

The business of M. de Lafayette has been indeed extremely

bitter to him. It required the utmost force he could put upon himself not to take some public part in it. He drew up a short but most energetic defence of that unfortunate general, in a letter, which he meant to print and send to the editors of a newspaper which had traduced him, with his name at full length. But after two nights' sleepless deliberation, the hopelessness of serving his friend, with a horror and disdain of being mistaken as one who would lend any arms to weaken Government at this crisis, made him consent to repress it. I was dreadfully uneasy during the conflict, knowing, far better than I can make him conceive, the mischiefs that might follow any interference at this moment, in matters brought before the nation from a foreigner. But, conscious of his own integrity, I plainly see he must either wholly retire, or come forward to encounter whatever he thinks wrong. Ah—better let him accept your motto, and *cultiver son jardin*! He is now in it, notwithstanding our long walk to Micklesham, and working hard and fast to finish some self-set task that to-morrow, Sunday, must else impede.

I am glad you meet Lord Spencer at Lady Lucan's: what an acquisition, a man of his character, to Government! M. d'Arblay sometimes says, "I cannot conceive how there can be two minds amongst honest men as to this war!" though as to its causes he can conceive but too well a thousand!

M. d'Arblay, to my infinite satisfaction, gives up all thoughts of building, in the present awful state of public affairs. To show you, however, how much he is "of your advice," as to *son jardin*, he has been drawing a plan for it, which I intend to beg, borrow, or steal (all one), to give you some idea how seriously he studies to make his manual labours of some real utility.

This sort of work, however, is so totally new to him, that he receives every now and then some of poor Merlin's "disagreeable compliments;" for, when Mr. Locke's or the Captain's gardeners favour our grounds with a visit, they commonly make known that all has been done wrong. Seeds are sowing in some parts when plants ought to be reaping, and plants are running to seed while they are thought not yet at maturity. Our garden,

therefore, is not yet quite the most profitable thing in the world; but M. d'A. assures me it is to be the staff of our table and existence.

A little, too, he has been unfortunate; for, after immense toil in planting and transplanting strawberries round our hedge, here at Bookham, he has just been informed they will bear no fruit the first year, and the second we may be "over the hills and far away!"

Another time, too, with great labour, he cleared a considerable compartment of weeds, and when it looked clean and well, and he showed his work to the gardener, the man said he had demolished an asparagus bed! M. d'A. protested, however, nothing could look more like *des mauvaises herbes*.

His greatest passion is for transplanting. Everything we possess he moves from one end of the garden to another, to produce better effects. Roses take place of jessamines, jessamines of honeysuckles, and honeysuckles of lilacs, till they have all danced round as far as the space allows; but whether the effect may not be a general mortality, summer only can determine.

Such is our horticultural history. But I must not omit that we have had for one week cabbages from our own cultivation every day! O, you have no idea how sweet they tasted! We agreed they had a freshness and a *goût* we had never met with before. We had them for too short a time to grow tired of them, because, as I have already hinted, they were beginning to run to seed before we knew they were eatable.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, April, 1794.

What a charming letter was your last, my dearest father! How full of interesting anecdote and enlivening detail! The meeting with Mrs. Thrale, so surrounded by her family, made me breathless; and while you were conversing with the Signor, and left me in doubt whether you advanced to her or not, I almost gasped with impatience and revived old feelings, which, presently, you reani-

mated to almost all their original energy. How like my dearest father to find all his kindness rekindled when her ready hand once more invited it! I heard her voice in "Why here's Dr. Burney as young as ever!" and my dear father in his parrying answers. No scene could have been related to me more interesting or more welcome. My heart and hand, I am sure, would have met her in the same manner. The friendship was too pleasant in its first stage, and too strong in its texture, to be ever obliterated, though it has been tarnished and clouded. I wish few things more earnestly than again to meet her.

Miss T—— must, I am sure, have been gratified by what you said to her of her reverend *protégés*, the emigrant French priests: and how sincerely I congratulate you upon the noble success your indefatigable measures and cares in their favour have produced! I did not know Dean Marley was made a bishop. I am very glad to hear it at the same moment that I hear of his beneficence.

I am almost ashamed to use the word *fortunate* in speaking of Toulon. Yet, good Heaven, what an escape from how useless a sacrifice must I ever look back to Mr. Pitt's not accepting M. d'Arblay's services! For I never could buoy myself up with those sanguine expectations of the constitutional spirit of all the south of France, that made M. d'Arblay believe the risk, be whatever the personal event, well worth running for his unhappy country.

Adieu, dearest sir! with a thousand thanks for your "heart dear" letter.

Ever, most affectionately,

Your dutiful

F. D'A.

Think of our horticultural shock last week, when Mrs. Bailey, our landlady, "entreated M. d'Arblay not to spoil our fruit-trees!"—trees he had been pruning with his utmost skill and strength. However, he has consulted your "Millar" thereupon, and finds out she is very ignorant, which he has gently intimated to her.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, May 9, 1794.

How kind is my dearest father, and how straight to my heart comes his kindness! The Chanterelles and Mandoline have vibrated to that of M. d'Arblay. "The Cunning Man"* he is reading with great pleasure, and from its simplicity, and his remembrance of the French, with as much facility as prose. It will be an exceeding good lesson with his Mandoline.

How often—O how often—do I regret that my beloved father cannot for some time *de suite* see the sun rise and set with a character so formed to become every way dear to him!—so replete with every resource for cheerful solitude and happy retirement!—so very like himself in disposition, humour, and taste, that the day never passes in which I do not, in its course, exclaim, "How you remind me of my father!"

We were anxious that Mr. L—— should have an interview with Mrs. Schwellenberg, as M. d'Arblay had been informed that some one had told the King he had "served in America against England, as secretary to M. de Lafayette." Who could have invented such a complete falsehood? M. d'Arblay begged Mr. L—— simply and roundly to make known, first, that he never was in America; secondly, that he had never any connexion with M. de Lafayette but as his equal, except with respect alone to military precedence; and thirdly, that having been an officer in the Royal Artillery from twelve years of age, he had never served any man whatever (officially) but his King.

Is not this news from the Continent as well as from the West Indies very excellent? We wanted to make ourselves Tower and Park guns for a little rejoicing. However, not having cannon or powder, M. d'A. has contented himself with only making me another new walk in our orchard, which must serve instead.

I forgot to mention in my late letters that I have seen good Mr. Hoole. I heard he had visited our worthy neighbours, the clergyman and his wife; and Mrs. Cooke meant to oblige me by

* Dr. Burney's translation in (verse) of Rousseau's 'Devin du Village.'

discouraging him from calling. I desired her to rectify that mistake if he came again ; for my resolute declining of all new acquaintance, to avoid dress, &c., is very remote from involving seclusion from old friends. He accordingly presented himself soon after, and I was very glad to see him. As he spoke French with as much difficulty as M. d'Arblay speaks English, M. d'A., on hearing he had translated Ariosto and Tasso, attacked him in Italian, but was much surprised to find himself not even understood. How very different to know and to speak a language ! M. d'A. is himself an instance, for he hesitates in pronouncing "*How do do?*" yet he wants no assistance in reading Hume, or even a newspaper, which is far more difficult, because more diffuse, and subject to local cant.

I see your name, my dearest father, with generals, statesmen, monarchs, and Charles Fox, in a collection of *bons mots* ! I am dying for the work. If you have it, I beseech a peep at it by some opportunity. I will carefully return it.

F. D'A.

From Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney after his first visit to her at Bookham.

Bookham, August, '94.

It is just a week since I had the greatest gratification of its kind I ever, I think, experienced :—so kind a thought, so sweet a surprise as was my dearest father's visit ! How softly and soothingly it has rested upon my mind ever since !

"Abdolomine" * has no regret but that his garden was not in better order ; he was a little *piqué*, he confesses, that you said it was not *very neat*—and, *to be shor* !—but his passion is to do great works : he undertakes with pleasure, pursues with energy, and finishes with spirit ; but, then, all is over ! He thinks the business once done always done ; and to repair, and amend, and weed, and cleanse,—O, these are drudgeries insupportable to him !

However, you should have seen the place before he began his operations, to do him justice ; there was then nothing else but

* Name of a gardener in a drama of Fontenelle's.

mauvaises herbes ; now, you must at least allow there is a mixture of flowers and grain ! I wish you had seen him yesterday, mowing down our hedge—with his sabre, and with an air and attitudes so military, that, if he had been hewing down other legions than those he encountered—*i.e.*, of spiders—he could scarcely have had a mien more tremendous, or have demanded an arm more mighty. Heaven knows, I am “ the most *contente personne* in the world” to see his sabre so employed !

You spirited me on in all ways ; for this week past I have taken tightly to the *grand ouvrage*.* If I go on so a little longer, I doubt not but M. d'Arblay will begin settling where to have a new shelf for arranging it ! which is already in his rumination for Metastasio ; I imagine you now seriously resuming that work ; I hope to see a further sample ere long.

We think with very great pleasure of accepting my mother's and your kind invitation for a few days. I hope and mean, if possible, to bring with me also a little sample of something less in the dolorous style than what always causes your poor shoulders a little shrug.†

Mr. and Mrs. Loeke were very sorry to have missed you. Mr. Loeke was gratified, even affected by my account of the happiness you had given me. He says, from the time of our inhabiting this *maisonnette*, one of his first wishes had been that you should see us in it ; as no possible description or narration could so decidedly point out its competence. He, who knew the uncommon character which was to be its master, expected all that has followed of its sufficiency ; but he can easily conceive the anxiety of all who had not had so near a view of it upon an experiment so great. How thankfully did I look back, the 28th of last month, upon a year that has not been bleimished with one regretful moment !

How truly grieved was I to hear from Mr. Loeke of the death of young Mr. Burke ! What a dreadful blow upon his father and mother ! to come at the instant of the son's highest and most honourable advancement, and of the father's retreat to the bosom of

* “ Camilla,” then lately begun.

† “ Edwy and Elgiva,” a tragedy by Madame d'Arblay.

his family from public life ! His brother, too, gone so lately ! I am most sincerely sorry, indeed, and quite shocked, as there seemed so little suspicion of such an event's approach, by your account of the joy caused by Lord Fitzwilliam's kindness. Pray tell me if you hear how poor Mr. Burke and his most amiable wife endure this calamity, and how they are.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips.

Bookham, 1794.

I grieve to return M. de Lally's incomparable book ; I have been delighted and enlightened by the " Letters to the Electors," and the " Pièces Justificatives ;" I think never more by any writing I ever read : there is a nobleness of mind and of style, of thought and of expression, so strikingly combined, that eloquence has rarely seemed to me so natural, and never more penetrating. That any country can voluntarily throw away such a statesman, such an orator, such a citizen ! You know how forcibly I was struck by M. de Lally Tolendal from the first : you will therefore not wonder I am now quite enthusiastic for him. Warmth and sensibility such as his, joined to a candour that seems above all prejudice on any side, or for any party, or purpose, or even wish, make me reverence now as before I admired him.

Always, when you can, remember me to him and to your beloved Princesse d'Henin. How I wish you could spend more time with such consolatory beings !

We are seeking everywhere, in the Dorking vicinity, a new dwelling ; but the difficulty of finding anything is immoderate. Nevertheless, as this is the sole period in which we can hope to bear the expense of removing, we are ardent in the search ; for the dearness of provisions, and the difficulty of obtaining the common comforts of the family board, milk, butter, &c., make us unwilling to establish ourselves here for life ; and the sight of Mrs. Locke oftener is well worth a few guineas a-year.

F. D'A.

Lines to Madame d'Arblay on her birthday.

Aimer sa femme est un travers,
 La chanter est un ridicule ;
 Et, de plus, ce monde pervers
 Sur cet article est peu crédule.
 Ton époux, libre dans tes fers,
 Loin des bourreaux que la licence
 Déchaîne contre l'univers,
 Aime à consigner dans ces vers
 Qu'il te doit son indépendance
 Et son bonheur ! Oui ; tous les ans
 Je promets aux mauvais plaisants,
 Qu'en ce jour heureux ma constance
 Les fera rire à mes dépens.
 A cette douce jouissance
 Puissent-ils se livrer longtemps !

A. D'A.

Inscription for the Portrait of his Wife, by A. d'Arblay.

La Raison, si souvent tranchante, atrabilaire,
 Toujours dans ses écrits plait autant qu'elle éclaire ;
 L'Indulgence, l'Amour, allument son flambeau :
 C'est la Sagesse enfin, non l'Ennui peint en beau.

Westhamble.

CHAPTER LI.

1795.

Madame d'Arblay's Tragedy—Cumberland—Acquittal of Warren Hastings—Lord and Lady Spencer—Metastasio—Erskine and Reform of Parliament—English Nuns—Publishing Prospects—Prejudice against the word “Novel”—Invitation to the Comte de Narbonne.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. —.

Bookham, April 15, 1795.

So dry a reproof from so dear a friend! And do you, then, measure my regard of heart by my remissness of hand? Let me give you the short history of my tragedy, fairly and frankly.

I wrote it not, as your acquaintance imagined, for the stage, nor yet for the press. I began it at Kew Palace, and at odd moments, I finished it at Windsor; without the least idea of any species of publication.

Since I left the Royal household, I ventured to let it be read by my father, Mr. and Mrs. Locke, my sister Phillips, and, of course, M. d'Arblay, and not another human being. Their opinions led to what followed, and my brother, Dr. Charles, showed it to Mr. Kemble while I was on my visit to my father last October. He instantly and warmly pronounced for its acceptance, but I knew not when Mr. Sheridan would see it, and had not the smallest expectation of its appearing this year. However, just three days before my beloved little infant came into the world, an express arrived from my brother, that Mr. Kemble wanted the tragedy immediately, in order to show it to Mr. Sheridan, who had just heard of it, and had spoken in the most flattering terms of his good will for its reception.

Still, however, I was in doubt of its actual acceptance till three weeks after my confinement, when I had a visit from my brother, who told me he was, the next morning, to read the piece in the green-room.

This was a precipitance for which I was every way unprepared, as I had never made but one copy of the play, and had intended divers corrections and alterations. Absorbed, however, by my new charge, and then growing ill, I had a sort of indifference about the matter, which, in fact, has lasted ever since.

The moment I was then able to hold a pen I wrote two short letters, to acknowledge the state of the affair to my sisters; and to one of these epistles I had an immediate laughing answer, informing me my confidence was somewhat of the latest, as the subject of it was already in all the newspapers! I was extremely chagrined at this intelligence; but, from that time, thought it all too late to be the herald of my own designs. And this, added to my natural and incurable dislike to enter upon these egotistical details unasked, has caused my silence to my dear M——, and to every friend I possess. Indeed, speedily after, I had an illness so severe and so dangerous, that for full seven weeks the tragedy was neither named nor thought of by M. d'Arblay or myself.

The piece was represented to the utmost disadvantage, save only Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble; for it was not written with any idea of the stage, and my illness and weakness, and constant absorbment, at the time of its preparation, occasioned it to appear with so many undramatic effects, from my inexperience of theatrical requisites and demands, that, when I saw it, I myself perceived a thousand things I wished to change. The performers, too, were cruelly imperfect, and made blunders I blush to have pass for mine—added to what belong to me. The most important character after the hero and heroine had but two lines of his part by heart! He made all the rest at random, and such nonsense as put all the other actors out as much as himself; so that a more wretched performance, except Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Kemble, and Mr. Bensley, could not be exhibited in a barn.

All this occurred to make it very desirable to withdraw the piece for alterations, which I have done.

And now you have the whole history—and now—are you appeased?

F. D'A.

Dr. Burney to Madame D'Arblay.

May 7, 1795.

MY DEAR FANNY,—What a while has our correspondence slept! Let me see—where shall I begin? Why, at my resuscitation, I think. I began to stir and rub my eyes, as I remember, ere you left these parts; and I no sooner got on my legs but it was “Mungo here and Mungo there.” Engagements—scholars—printers—proofs—revises, &c., &c. Within this fortnight or three weeks that I have been quite out of my room, my hurry has been, to my present feelings and strength, greater than ever I can remember. The best part of the story is, that I have been gathering strength and spirits through all this bustle, faster than I did by nursing and inquiries after my own health. But during the late tremendous winter I find that almost all my acquaintance have fared no better than myself; so that, like Swift and his old woman, we do nothing but “eon ailments together.”

One of my dinners, since my going out, was at Charlotte's, with the good Hooles. After dinner Mr. Cumberland came in and was extremely courteous, and seemingly friendly, about you and your piece. He took me aside from Mrs. Paradise, who had fastened on me and held me tight by an account of her own and Mr. Paradise's complaints, so circumstantially narrated, that not a stop so short as a comma occurred in more than an hour while I was evilly waiting for a full period. Mr. Cumberland expressed his sorrow at what had happened at Drury Lane, and said that, if he had had the honour of knowing you sufficiently he would have told you *d'avance* what would happen, by what he had heard behind the scenes. The players seem to have given the play an ill name. But, he says, if you would go to work again, by reforming this, or work with your best powers at a new plan, and would submit it to his inspection, he would, from the experience he has had, risk his life on its success. This conversation I thought too curious not to be mentioned.

Well, but how does your *petit* and pretty monsieur do? 'Tis pity you and M. d'Arblay don't like him, poor thing! And how does horticulture thrive? This is a delightful time of the year for your Floras and your Linnæi: I envy the life of a gardener in spring, particularly in fine weather.

And so dear Mr. Hastings is honourably acquitted! and I visited him the next morning, and we cordially shook hands. I had luckily left my name at his door as soon as I was able to go out, and before it was generally expected that he would be acquitted.

The young Lady Spencer and I are become very thick; I have dined with her at Lady Lucan's, and met her at the blue parties there. She has invited me to her box at the opera, to her house in St. James's Place, and at the Admiralty, whither the family removed last Saturday, and she says I must come to her on the 15th, 22nd, and 29th of this month, when I shall see a huge assembly. Mrs. Crewe says all London will be there. She is a pleasant, lively, and comical creature, with more talents and discernment than are expected from a character *si folâtre*. My lord is not only the handsomest and best-intentioned man in the kingdom, but at present the most useful and truly patriotic. And then, he has written to Vienna for Metastasio's three inedited volumes, which I so much want ere I advance too far in the press for them to be of any use.

I am hallooed on prodigiously in my Metastasio mania. All the critics—Warton, Twining, Nares, and Dr. Charles—say that his *Estratto dell' Arte Poetica d'Aristotile*, which I am now translating, is the best piece of dramatic criticism that has ever been written. "Bless my heart!" says Warton, "I, that have been all my life defending the three unities, am overset." "Ay," quoth I, "has not he made you all ashamed of 'em? You learned folks are only theorists in theatrical matters, but Metastasio had sixty years' successful practice. There!—Go to." My dear Fanny, before you write another play, you must read Aristotle and Horace, as expounded by my dear Metastasio. But *basta*. You know when I take up a favourite author, as a Johnson, a

Haydn, or a Metastasio, I do not soon lay him down or let him be run down.

The club has been very much crowded this season. Mr. Fox was at the last, and Windham! who, coming late, did not put a good face on the discovery; however, all were very loquacious and good humoured. We have vacancies. Poor Sir William Jones has occasioned one—but black balls have been plenty. Three or four d—lish democrats, *Dieu merci!* have had the door shut upon 'em.

Here it strikes three o'clock; the post knell, not bell, tolls here, and I must send off my scrib: but I will tell you, though I need not, that, now I have taken up Metastasio again, I work at him in every uninterrupted moment. I have this morning attempted his charming pastoral in "*Il Re Pastore:*"

Alla Selva, al Prato, al' fonte
 Io n'andro' còl gregge amato:
 E alla selva, al fonte, al prato
 L'idol mio con me verrà.
 In quel rozzo angusto tetto,
 Che ricetto a noi darà,
 Con la gioja e col diletto
 L'innocenza albergherà.

I'll give you the translation, because the last stanza is a portrait:—

To meadows, woods, and fountains
 Our tender flocks I'll lead:
 In meads beneath the mountains
 My love shall see them feed.
 Our simple narrow mansion
 Will suit our station well:
 There's room for heart expansion
 And peace and joy to dwell.

God bless you! A thousand compliments and loves to M.
 d'Arblay. C. B.

From Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Hermitage, Bookham, May 13, 1795.

You have not one letter to translate, my dear father, from your favourite Metastasio, more gaily, more kindly amiable, than this last original you have bestowed upon me. Mr. Cumberland is curious and surprising,—Mrs. Paradise, the very woman,—

Mr. Hastings, reviving,—Fox and Windham, good dramatic encountering; but the best of all is the story of resuscitation, and the happy effect of bustle and exertion. My dearest father is so made for society—that is the truth and moral of the fable—and society is always disposed to be so just towards him, that it is impossible, when he is shaken back to it, he should not, like the man of Sicily, find himself put to rights. For bustle and exertion, like “*tobacco hic*” (how learned and grand I am in my illustrations!), if you are well, may, by overdraughting, make you sick; but, after a short repose, and a little discipline to boot, if you are sick, they are just the things to make you well. The mind wants pulling out a little, to recognize its own elasticity.

Horticulture prospers beyond all former even ideas of prosperity. How, how I do wish you could come and take an hour's work here! it would mingle so well with Metastasio!—the employment—the fragrant surrounding air—the sweet refreshing landscape—and your partner in labour,—all would be congenial with Metastasio, and, consequently, with you; for you know, when we were all to choose who we would be if not our dear identical and always all-preferable selves, you fixed upon Metastasio; and indeed, in many, nay most respects, it would hardly be a change.

To be sure, as you say, 'tis pity M. d'A. and his rib should have conceived such an antipathy to the petit monsieur! Oh if you could see him now! My mother would be satisfied, for his little cheeks are beginning to savour of the trumpeter's, and Esther would be satisfied, for he eats like an embryo alderman. He enters into all we think, say, mean, and wish! His eyes are sure to sympathize in all our affairs and all our feelings. We find some kind reason for every smile he bestows upon us, and some generous and disinterested motive for every grave look. If he wants to be danced, we see he has discovered that his gaiety is exhilarating to us; if he refuses to be moved, we take notice that he fears to fatigue us. If he will not be quieted without singing, we delight in his early *goût* for *les beaux arts*. If he is immovable to all we can devise to divert him, we are

edified by the *grand sérieux* of his dignity and philosophy: if he makes the house ring with loud acclaim because his food, at first call, does not come ready warm into his mouth, we hold up our hands with admiration at his vivacity.

Your conversation with Mr. Cumberland astonished me. I certainly think his experience of stage effect, and his interest with players, so important, as almost instantly to wish putting his sincerity to the proof. How has he got these two characters—one, of Sir Fretful Plagiary, detesting all works but those he owns, and all authors but himself; the other, of a man too perfect even to know or conceive the vices of the world, such as he is painted by Goldsmith in “Retaliation?” And which of these characters is true?

I am not at all without thoughts of a future revise of “Edwy and Elgiva,” for which I formed a plan on the first night, from what occurred by the representation. And let me own to you, when you commend my “bearing so well a theatrical drubbing,” I am by no means enabled to boast I bear it with conviction of my utter failure. The piece was certainly not heard, and therefore not really judged. The audience finished with an unmixed applause on hearing it was withdrawn for alterations, and I have considered myself in the publicly accepted situation of having at my own option to let the piece die, or attempt its resuscitation—its reform, as Mr. Cumberland calls it. However, I have not given one moment to the matter since my return to the Hermitage.

F. D'A.

P.S.—I should be very glad to hear good news of the revival of poor Mr. Burke. Have you ever seen him since this fatality in his family? I am glad, nevertheless, with all my heart, of Mr. Hastings's honourable acquittal.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

Chelsea College, June 9, 1795.

MY DEAR FANNY,—I have been such an *évanoré* lately, that, if I were near enough to accost you, it would be in Susey's exclamation, when she was just arrived from France, and had stayed

at Mrs. Lewis's till ten o'clock at night—" *Que je suis libertine, papa !*" and *Que je suis libertin, ma fille !* Three huge assemblies at Spencer House; two dinners at the Duke of Leeds'; two clubs; a *déjeuner* at Mrs. Crewe's villa at Hampstead: a dinner at Lord Macartney's; two ditto at Mrs. Crewe's; two philosophical conversaziones at Sir Joseph Banks's; Haydn's benefit; Salomon's ditto, &c., &c. What profligacy! But what *argufies* all this festivity?—'tis all vanity and exhalation of spirit. I am tired to death of it all, while your domestic and maternal joys are as fresh as the roses in your garden. And here let me congratulate your honest gardener on "the clouds dropping fatness,"—"visiting each plant, and feeding

Flowers, worthy Paradise.

To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, he now will rise,
And at his pleasant labour, to reform
His flowery arbours and his alleys green
That mock his scant manuring, and require
More hands than his to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if ye mean to tread with ease."

Mason* has sent me his "Essays on Church Music" (the only book he gave away, according to Mr. Stonehewer). He is very civil to me in all parts of his book; but is more tolerant to parochial psalmody than I have been in my life, or ever shall be; but for this he apologises, and I laugh at the cause of our difference.

I must tell you what happened at Mrs. Crewe's *déjeuner*. I arrived late, and met many people coming away, but still found the house and gardens full of fashionables. It was a cold-lunch day, and, after eating was over, people went into the bit of a gar-

* The Rev. William Mason, author of several poems, of various satirical pieces, and of "An Essay on Church Music." He was born in 1725; obtained the living of Aston, in his native county, Yorkshire, and was appointed one of the royal chaplains; but from the latter office he was dismissed for his republican opinions. The excesses of the French Revolution, however, very much cooled his enthusiasm for liberty, and towards the conclusion of his life, which terminated in 1797, his sentiments had undergone a decided change. The works by which he is now remembered are, "The English Garden," a poem in four books, and his edition of the Works of Gray.

den to a lottery, or to take a turn. Among the peripateticopoliticians, there was Lord Sheffield, the Master of the Rolls, Canning, with abundance of *et ceteras*, and Mr. Erskine.* On meeting him and Mrs. Erskine, we renewed last year's acquaintance. After we had passed each other several times, we got into conversation, and what do you think about, but the reform of parliament? He told me his whole plan of virtuous representation;—what new county members were to be added, what rotten boroughs destroyed; and his ideas of keeping down corruption from ruining the state. It is not to be quite universal suffrage at elections, which are to be triennial, &c., &c.

"Well, but," says I quietly, "can government go on without influence, or a majority when its measures are good?"

"Oh, yes: the people will be in good humour, and easily governed."

"But, my good sir!—you, who understand these things so much better than I, be so good as to tell me, what is the ultimate end of Reform, if the present Constitution of Kings, Lords, and Commons, is allowed to subsist, but to make it easy to pull down a minister, at least? and if it is rendered easy to pull down Mr. Pitt, will it not be easy, likewise, to pull down Mr. Fox, or any successor?"

He did not seem prepared for so queer a question; he shuffled about, and gave me an equivocal No, which more clearly said Yes. All this while he had hold of my arm, and people stared at our intimacy, while that rogue Mrs. Crewe and the Marchioness of Buckingham were upstairs, sitting at a window, wondering and laughing at our confabulation.

I have been able to call on Lord Orford but twice since my illness. He was at Strawberry Hall the first time; the second I found him alone, and he was very cordial, quaint, and pleasant; made great inquiries after you; and seemed main eager about my

* Thomas Erskine, the admirable advocate and judge, youngest son of David Henry Erskine, tenth Earl of Buchan. He wrote a political romance, in two volumes, called "*Armata*," and some political pamphlets; but his fame rests upon the ability he displayed in the several legal offices he filled from 1778, when he was called to the bar, till he ceased to hold the dignity of Lord Chancellor. He died in 1823, at the age of seventy-three.

Metastasio, and—would you think it?—charged me to give plenty of translations from his poetry.

I have seen nothing of Mr. Cumberland since my last—not even one of his three successful new plays in one season.

I received of Cadell's son, about a fortnight ago, the balance of your pamphlet in favour of the destitute French Priests, which I immediately put into the hands of Mrs. Crewe—£20 7s. She insisted on your mother's having the pleasure of relieving with £10 of it some of her numerous poor emigrant acquaintances, but since has had it refunded to her for some poor miserable English nuns lately come from Holland, who are literally starving with hunger, and in want of every necessary of life. Lady Buckingham and Mrs. Crewe visit them at Bayswater, and administer to them every assistance in their power. God bless you!

C. B

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. —.

Bookham, June 15, '95.

No, my dear M——, no;—"this poor intercourse" shall never cease, while the hand that writes this assurance can hold a pen! I have been very much touched with your letter, its affection, and its—everything. Do not for the world suffer this our only communication to "dwindle away:" for me, though the least punctual of all correspondents, I am, perhaps, the most faithful of all friends; for my regard, once excited, keeps equal energy in absence as in presence, and an equally fond and minute interest in those for whom I cherish it, whether I see them but at the distance of years, or with every day's sun. *Sun* it is, even in winter, that shines upon sights so sweet as of persons beloved. My dear and darling sister Phillips will now once more experience this truth, for last Monday she left Mickleham—Norbury Park—Bookham—every spot most dear to her, to go and live in London! Will she, think you, for that, be ever absent from my mind? Will my new ties, dear almost to adoration as they are to me, ever obliterate my former ones? No, my dear M——, all those whom I best love have something more or less, of resemblance one to another; each, therefore,

rather helps than mars my affection for the rest. I love *nobody for nothing*; I am not so tindery! therefore there must be change in the object before there can be any in me.

I have much to say to you.—

And lastly, let me hasten to tell you something of myself that I shall be very sorry you should hear from any other, as your too susceptible mind would be hurt again, and that would grieve me quite to the heart.

I have a long work, which a long time has been in hand, that I mean to publish soon—in about a year. Should it succeed, like “*Evelina*” and “*Cecilia*,” it may be a little portion to our Bambino. We wish, therefore, to print it for ourselves in this hope; but the expenses of the press are so enormous, so raised by these late Acts, that it is out of all question for us to afford it. We have, therefore, been led by degrees to listen to counsel of some friends, and to print it by subscription. This is in many—many ways unpleasant and unpalatable to us both; but the real chance of real use and benefit to our little darling overcomes all scruples, and, therefore, to work we go!

You will feel, I dare believe, all I could write on this subject; I once rejected such a plan, formed for me by Mr. Burke, where books were to be kept by ladies, not booksellers—the Duchess of Devonshire, Mrs. Boscawen, and Mrs. Crewe; but I was an individual then, and had no cares of times to come: now, thank Heaven! this is not the case;—and when I look at my little boy’s dear, innocent, yet intelligent face, I defy any pursuit to be painful that may lead to his good.

Adieu, my ever dear friend!

F. D’A.

Madame d’Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, June 18, ’95.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—How I rejoice my business letter did not arrive an hour or two sooner! It might have so turned your thoughts to itself as to have robbed me of “fore George! a more excellent song than t’other!” I would not have lost it—I had

almost said—for all my subscription ; and I should quite have said it, if I listened more to impulse than to interest.

How I should have enjoyed being with “that rogue,” as you call Mrs. Crewe, and Lady Buckingham, peering at you and Mr. Erskine confabbing so lovingly ! . . . But I must fly from all this, and from our garden, and our Bambino, to write first upon business—or this, and those, will presently swallow all my paper by dearer, more congenial attraction.

All our deliberations made, even after your discouraging calculations, we still mean to hazard the publishing by subscription. And, indeed, I had previously determined, when I changed my state, to set aside all my innate and original abhorrences, and to regard and use as resources, myself, what had always been considered as such by others. Without this idea, and this resolution, our hermitage must have been madness. With them—I only wish my dear and kind father could come and work at it, with Abdolomine, to cure his lumbago, as Abdolomine says it would surely do ; and he would then see its comforts, its peace, its harmony, and its little “perennial plant,” and see many a view of retired life which he may have read as romantic, yet felt as desirable, realized. But here I am running away from this same business again !

I am extremely glad you mean to communicate with Mrs. Crewe. Her former great kindness, in voluntary propositions of exertion upon a similar plan, I have never forgotten, and consequently never ceased to be grateful for, though my then shyness and peculiarly strung nerves made its prospect terrific, not alluring, to me. Now, when I look at my dear baby, and see its dimpling smiles, and feel its elastic springs, I think how small is the sacrifice of such feelings for such a blessing. You enhance me by desiring more infantile biography. With what delight I shall obey such a call, and report progress of his wonders from letter to letter !

But—to business again. I like well the idea of giving no name at all—why should not I have my mystery as well as Udolpho ?—but, . . . “now, don’t fly, Dr. Burney !”—I own I do not like calling it a novel ; it gives so simply the notion of a

mere love-story, that I recoil a little from it. I mean this work to be sketches of characters and morals put in action—not a romance. I remember the word *novel* was long in the way of ‘Cecilia,’ as I was told at the Queen’s house; and it was not permitted to be read by the Princesses till sanctioned by a Bishop’s recommendation—the late Dr. Ross of Exeter.

Will you then suffer *mon amour propre* to be saved by the proposals running thus?—Proposals for printing by subscription, in six volumes duodecima, a new work by the author of “Evelina” and Cecilia.’

How grieved I am you do not like my heroine’s name!—the prettiest in nature! I remember how many people did not like that of Evelina, and called it “affected” and “missish,” till they had read the book, and then they got accustomed in a few pages, and afterwards it was much approved.

I must leave this for the present untouched; for the force of the name attached by the idea of the character, in the author’s mind, is such, that I should not know how to sustain it by any other for a long while. In “Cecilia” and “Evelina” ’twas the same: the names of all the personages annexed, with me, all the ideas I put in motion with them. The work is so far advanced, that the personages are all, to me, as so many actual acquaintances, whose memoirs and opinions I am committing to paper. I will make it the best I can, my dearest father. I will neither be indolent, nor negligent, nor avaricious. I can never half answer the expectations that seem excited. I must try to forget them or I shall be in a continual quivering.

Mrs. Cooke, my excellent neighbour, came in just now, to read me a paragraph of a letter from Mrs. Leigh, of Oxfordshire, her sister. . . . After much of civility about the new work and its author, it finishes thus:—“Mr. Hastings I saw just now: I told him what was going forward, he gave a great jump, and exclaimed, ‘Well, then now I can serve her, thank Heaven, and I will! I will write to Anderson to engage Scotland, and I will attack the East Indies myself!’”

F. D’A.

* The name was then *Ariella*, changed afterwards to *Camilla*.

P.S.—The Bambino is half a year old this day.

N.B.—I have not heard the Park or Tower guns. I imagine the wind did not set right.

Madame d'Arblay to the Comte de Narbonne (written during his embarrassments from the French Revolution, and in answer to a letter expressing bitter disappointment from repeated losses).

Bookham, 26th December, 1795.

WHAT a letter, to terminate so long and painful a silence ! It has penetrated us with sorrowing and indignant feelings. Unknown to M. d'Arblay, whose grief and horror are upon the point of making him quite ill, I venture this address to his most beloved friend ; and before I seal it, I will give him the option to burn or underwrite it.

I shall be brief in what I have to propose : sincerity need not be loquacious, and M. Narbonne is too kind to demand phrases for ceremony.

Should your present laudable but melancholy plan fail, and should nothing better offer, or till something can be arranged, will you, dear sir, condescend to share the poverty of our Hermitage ? Will you take a little cell under our rustie roof, and fare as we fare ? What to us two hermits is cheerful and happy will to you, indeed, be miserable ; but it will be some solace to the goodness of your heart to witness our contentment—to dig with M. d'A. in the garden will be of service to your health ; to nurse sometimes with me in the parlour will be a relaxation to your mind. You will not blush to own your little godson. Come, then, and give him your blessing ; relieve the wounded feelings of his father—oblige his mother—and turn hermit at Bookham, till brighter suns invite you elsewhere.

F. D'ARBLAY.

You will have terrible dinners, alas !—but your godson comes in for the dessert.

CHAPTER LII.

1796.

Letter of Comte de Narbonne to Madame d'Arblay—Publication of "Camilla"—Madame d'Arblay's visit to Windsor—Interview with the Queen—Interest of the King in Madame d'Arblay's new work—Conversation with his Majesty—Another interview with the Queen—Conversation with her Majesty, the Princesses Elizabeth and Augusta—Munificence of their Majesties—Conversation with the Princesses—The Royal Family on the terrace—The King's reception of M. d'Arblay—The Queen and the Duchess of York—Sale of "Camilla" compared with that of the writer's previous works—The Princess Royal and the Prince of Wurtemberg—Criticism on "Camilla"—Death of Dr. Burney's second wife—Visit to Norbury Park—The Pursuits of Literature—Unfavourable opinion of Caleb Williams—The Comte de Lally Tolendal and his daughter—Mason's name struck out of Mrs. Delany's will—The Pitt subscription.

The Comte de Narbonne to Monsieur and Madame d'Arblay.

Gleresse, ce 24 Janvier, 1796.

LE sort aura beau faire: mon aimable sœur, il me paraît impossible que je sois jamais bien malheureux tant qu'il ne m'ôtera pas le bien inexprimable de recevoir des lettres comme celles que vous vous réunissiez pour m'écrire. Quel trésor a trouvé mon D'Arblay! Vous croyez peut-être que c'est de *vous* dont je parle? Je ne dis pas tout à fait non—mais je parle aussi de ses richesses, que je partagerai sûrement, avec encore plus de bonheur que de reconnaissance, dès qu'il sera bien décidé qu'il faut que vous vous chargiez de moi. Mais je vais lui expliquer comme quoi votre adorable amitié s'est trop vivement alarmée, et que je ne suis pas tout à fait encore sans quelques petites ressources et espérances. A vous, ma sœur, je ne veux vous parler

que de mon filleul, vous prier de lui apprendre à prononcer mon nom—à le confondre avec celui de nos amis de Norbury. Quel paradis vous faites et vous habitez ! et que je serai heureux, si le sort peut jamais m'y donner une place où je ne vous sois pas trop incommode.

Je ne vous remercie pas, mon ami, mais je vous dirai que rien dans la vie ne m'a fait une plus douce sensation de bonheur que votre lettre ; aussi, ne doutez pas que je n'accepte *tout*—*tout* ce que vous voudriez faire pour moi, quand il ne me restera que vous dans le monde ; car je suis bien sûr que vous ne me manquerez jamais. Mais, au vrai, je n'ai, pour le moment, aucun besoin de vous, et je suis même un peu plus près de quelques espérances : d'abord, Ferdinand, qui est revenu en France, a déjà trouvé le moyen de me faire passer quelques louis, et il m'en promet quelques autres sous peu de temps. Voilà donc pour le présent,—et quant à l'avenir, il vient d'être rendu une loi, qui, en ôtant à mon père les deux tiers de son bien attendu l'émigration de ses deux enfans, assure, au moins, l'autre tiers à son héritier naturel, qui est ma fille, et qui, heureusement, je n'ai pas fait sortir ; ainsi vous voyez que son avenir et le mien n'est pas tout à fait désespéré. Mais, pour veiller à tout cela, vous voyez que je ne dois pas m'éloigner des frontières de la France : ainsi, quelque appétit que vous me donniez d'être pauvre avec vous, il faut que je le sois tout seul encore quelque temps.

Ne vous effrayez donc pas sur moi, mon ami ; je passe ici assez doucement ma vie entre Madame de la Châtre, que vous aimez, et Madame de Laval, que vous aimeriez. Nous nous étourdissons sur l'avenir, et je suis aussi heureux que ma situation le comporte. D'ailleurs en vérité, est-il permis de se plaindre, lorsqu'il existe tant d'infortunes sans aucun espoir ?

DE NARBONNE.

[During the years 1794 and 1795, Madame d'Arblay finished and prepared for the press her third novel, "Camilla," which was published partly by subscription in 1796 ; the Dowager Duchess of Leinster, the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Crewe, and Mrs. Locke, kindly keeping lists, and receiving the names of subscribers.

This work having been dedicated by permission to the Queen, the authoress was desirous of presenting the first copy to her Majesty, and made a journey to Windsor for that honour.]

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, July 10, 1796.

IF I had as much of time as of matter, my dear father, what an immense letter should I write you! But I have still so many book oddments of accounts, examinations, directions, and little household affairs to arrange, that with baby-kissing included, I expect I can give you to-day only part the first of an excursion which I mean to comprise in four parts: so here begins.

The books were ready at eleven or twelve, but not so the tailor! The three Miss Thrals came to a short but cordial hand-shaking at the last minute, by appointment; and at about half-past three we set forward. I had written the day before to my worthy old friend Mrs. Agnew, the housekeeper, erst, of my revered Mrs. Delany, to secure us rooms for one day and night, and to Miss Planta to make known I could not set out till late.

When we came into Windsor at seven o'clock, the way to Mrs. Agnew's was so intricate that we could not find it, till one of the King's footmen, recollecting me, I imagine, came forward, a volunteer, and walked by the side of the chaise to show the postilion the house. N.B.—No bad omen to worldly augurers.

Arrived, Mrs. Agnew came forth with faithful attachment, to conduct us to our destined lodgings. I wrote hastily to Miss Planta, to announce to the Queen that I was waiting the honour of her Majesty's commands; and then began preparing for my appearance the next morning, when I expected a summons; but Miss Planta came instantly herself from the Queen, with orders of immediate attendance, as her Majesty would see me directly! The King was just gone upon the Terrace, but her Majesty did not walk that evening.

Mrs. Agnew was my maid, Miss Planta my arranger; my landlord, who was a hairdresser, came to my head, and M. d'Arblay was general superintendent. The haste and the joy went hand in hand, and I was soon equipped, though shocked at my own precipitance in sending before I was already visible. Who, however, could have expected such prompt admission? and in an evening?

M. d'Arblay helped to carry the books as far as to the gates. My lodgings were as near to them as possible. At the first entry towards the Queen's lodge, we encountered Dr. Fisher and his lady: the sight of me there, in a dress announcing indisputably whither I was hieing, was such an astonishment that they looked at me rather as a recollected spectre than a renewed acquaintance. When we came to the iron rails, poor Miss Planta, in much fidget, begged to take the books from M. d'Arblay, terrified, I imagine, lest French feet should contaminate the gravel within!—while he, innocent of her fears, was insisting upon carrying them as far as to the house, till he saw I took part with Miss Planta, and he was then compelled to let us lug in ten volumes as we could.

The King was already returned from the terrace, the page in waiting told us. "O, then," said Miss Planta, "you are too late!" However, I went into my old dining-parlour; while she said she would see if any one could obtain the Queen's commands for another time. I did not stay five minutes ruminating upon the dinners, "gone where the chickens," &c., when Miss Planta returned, and told me the Queen would see me instantly.

The Queen was in her dressing-room, and with only the Princess Elizabeth. Her reception was the most gracious imaginable; yet, when she saw my emotion in thus meeting her again, she was herself by no means quite unmoved. I presented my little—yet not small—offering, upon one knee, placing them, as she directed, upon a table by her side, and expressing as well as I could my devoted gratitude for her invariable goodness to me. She then began a conversation, in her old style, upon various things and people, with all her former graciousness of manner, which soon, as she perceived my strong sense of her indulgence,

grew into even all its former kindness. Particulars I have now no room for; but when, in about half an hour, she said, "How long do you intend to stay here, Madame d'Arblay?" and I answered, "We have no intentions, ma'am," she repeated, laughing, "You have no intentions!—Well, then, if you can come again to-morrow morning, you shall see the Princesses."

She then said she would not detain me at present; and, encouraged by all that had passed, I asked if I might presume to put at the door of the King's apartment a copy of my little work. She hesitated, but with smiles the most propitious; then told me to fetch the books; and whispered something to the Princess Elizabeth, who left the room by another door at the same moment that I retired for the other set.

Almost immediately upon my return to the Queen and the Princess Elizabeth, the King entered the apartment, and entered it to receive himself my little offering.

"Madame d'Arblay," said her Majesty, "tells me that Mrs. Boscawen is to have the third set; but the first—your Majesty will excuse me—is mine."

This was not, you will believe, thrown away upon me. The King, smiling, said, "Mrs. Boscawen, I hear, has been very zealous."

I confirmed this, and the Princess Elizabeth eagerly called out, "Yes, sir! and while Mrs. Boscawen kept a book for Madame d'Arblay, the Duchess of Beaufort kept one for Mrs. Boscawen."

This led to a little discourse upon the business, in which the King's countenance seemed to speak a benign interest; and the Queen then said,

"This book was begun here, sir." Which already I had mentioned.

"And what did you write of it here?" cried he. "How far did you go?—Did you finish any part? or only form the skeleton?"

"Just that, sir," I answered; "the skeleton was formed here, but nothing was completed. I worked it up in my little cottage."

"And about what time did you give to it?"

"All my time, sir; from the period I planned publishing it, I devoted myself to it wholly. I had no episode but a little baby. My subject grew upon me, and increased my materials to a bulk that I am afraid will be more laborious to wade through for the reader than for the writer."

"Are you much frightened?" cried he, smiling; "as much frightened as you were before?"

"I have hardly had time to know yet, sir. I received the fair sheets of the last volume only last night. I have, therefore, had no leisure for fear. And sure I am, happen what may to the book from the critics, it can never cause me pain in any proportion with the pleasure and happiness I owe to it."

I am sure I spoke most sincerely; and he looked kindly to believe me.

He asked if Mr. Locke had seen it; and, when I said no, seemed comically pleased, as if desirous to have it in its first state. He asked next if Dr. Burney had overlooked it; and, upon the same answer, looked with the same satisfaction. He did not imagine how it would have passed current with my dearest father: he appeared only to be glad it would be a genuine work: but, laughingly, said, "So you kept it quite snug?"

"Not intentionally, sir, but from my situation and my haste; I should else have been very happy to have consulted my father and Mr. Locke; but I had so much, to the last moment, to write, that I literally had not a moment to hear what could be said. The work is longer by the whole fifth volume than I had first planned; and I am almost ashamed to look at its size, and afraid my readers would have been more obliged to me if I had left so much out than for putting so much in."

He laughed; and inquired who corrected my proofs?

"Only myself," I answered.

"Why, some authors have told me," cried he, "that they are the last to do that work for themselves. They know so well by heart what ought to be, that they run on without seeing what is. They have told me, besides, that a mere plodding head is best

and surest for that work; and that the livelier the imagination, the less it should be trusted to."

I must not go on thus minutely, or my four parts will be forty. But a full half-hour of graciousness I could almost call kindness was accorded me, though the King came from the concert to grant it; and it broke up by the Queen saying, "I have told Madame d'Arblay that, if she can come again to-morrow, she shall see the Princesses."

The King bowed gently to my grateful obeisance for this offer, and told me I should not know the Princess Amelia, she was so much grown, adding, "She is taller than you!"

I expressed warmly my delight in the permission of seeing their Royal Highnesses; and their Majesties returned to the concert-room. The Princess Elizabeth stayed, and flew up to me, crying, "How glad I am to see you here again, my dear Miss Burney!—I beg your pardon, Madame d'Arblay I mean—but I always call all my friends by their maiden names when I first see them after they are married."

I warmly now opened upon my happiness in this return to all their sights, and the condescension and sweetness with which it was granted me; and confessed I could hardly behave prettily and properly at my first entrance after so long an absence. "Oh, I assure you I felt for you!" cried she; "I thought you must be agitated; it was so natural to you to come here—to Mamma!"

You will believe, my dearest father, how light-hearted and full of glee I went back to my expecting companion: Miss Planta accompanied me, and stayed the greatest part of the little remaining evening, promising to let me know at what hour I should wait upon their Royal Highnesses.

The next morning, at eight or nine o'clock, my old footman, Moss, came with Mdlle. Jacobi's compliments to M. and Madame d'Arblay, and an invitation to dine at the Queen's Lodge.

Miss Planta arrived at ten, with her Majesty's commands that I should be at the Queen's Lodge at twelve. I stayed, meanwhile, with good Mrs. Agnew, and M. d'Arblay made acquaintance with her worthy husband, who is a skilful and famous

botanist, and lately made gardener to the Queen for Frogmore ; so M. d'Arblay consulted him about our *cabbages* ! and so, if they have not now a high flavour, we are hopeless.

At eleven M. d'Arblay again ventured to esquire me to the rails round the lodge, whence I showed him my *ci-devant* apartment, which he languished to view nearer. I made a visit to Mdlle. Jacobi, who is a very good creature, and with whom I remained very comfortably till her Majesty and the Princesses returned from Frogmore, where they had passed two or three hours. Almost immediately I was summoned to the Queen by one of the pages. She was just seated to her hair-dresser.

She conversed upon various public and general topics till the *friseur* was dismissed, and then I was honoured with an audience, quite alone, for a full hour and a half. In this, nothing could be more gracious than her whole manner and discourse. The particulars, as there was no pause, would fill a duodecimo volume at least. Among them was Mr. Windham, whom she named with great favour ; and gave me the opportunity of expressing my delight upon his belonging to the Government. We had so often conversed about him during the accounts I had related of Mr. Hastings's trial, that there was much to say upon the acquisition to the administration, and my former round assertions of his goodness of heart and honour. She inquired how you did, my dearest father, with an air of great kindness ; and, when I said well, looked pleased, as she answered, " I was afraid he was ill, for I saw him but twice last year at our music."

She then gave me an account of the removal of the concert to the Haymarket since the time I was admitted to it. She talked of some books and authors, but found me wholly in the clouds as to all that is new. She then said, " What a very pretty book Dr. Burney has brought out upon Metastasio ! I am very much pleased with it. Pray (smiling) what will he bring out next ?"

" As yet, Madam, I don't know of any new plan."

" But he *will* bring out something else ?"

" Most probably ; but he will rest a little first, I fancy."

" Has he nothing in hand ?"

"Not that I know of, Madam."

"Oh, but he soon will!" cried she, again smiling.

"He has so active a mind, Ma'am, that I believe it quite impossible to him to be utterly idle; but, indeed, I know of no present design being positively formed."

We had then some discourse upon the new connexion at Norbury Park—the Fitzgeralds, &c.; and I had the opportunity to speak as highly as I believe her to deserve of Mrs. Charles. The Queen had thought Miss Angerstein was dead. From this she led to various topics of our former conferences, both in persons and things, and gave me a full description of her new house at Frogmore, its fitting up, and the share of each Princess in its decoration.

She spoke with delight of its quiet and ease, and her enjoyment of its complete retirement. "I spend," she cried, "there almost constantly all my mornings. I rarely come home but just before dinner, merely to dress; but to-day I came sooner."

This was said in a manner so flattering, I could scarce forbear the air of thanking her; however, I checked the expression, though I could not the inference which urged it.

At two o'clock the Princess Elizabeth appeared. "Is the Princess Royal ready?" said the Queen. She answered "Yes," and her Majesty then told me I might go to her, adding, "You know the way, Madame d'Arblay." And, thus licensed, I went to the apartment of her Royal Highness upstairs. She was just quitting it. She received me most graciously, and told me she was going to sit for her picture, if I would come and stay with her while she sat. Miss Bab Planta was in attendance, to read during this period. The Princess Royal ordered me a chair facing her; and another for Miss Bab and her book, which, however, was never opened. The painter was Mr. Dupont. She was very gay and very charming; full of lively discourse and amiable condescension.

In about an hour the Princess Augusta came in: she addressed me with her usual sweetness, and, when she had looked at her sister's portrait, said, "Madame d'Arblay, when the Princess Royal can spare you, I hope you will come to me," as she left the room

I did not flout her ; and when I had been an hour with the Princess Royal, she told me she would keep me no longer from Augusta, and Miss Planta came to conduct me to the latter.

This lovely Princess received me quite alone ; Miss Planta only shut me in ; and she then made me sit by her, and kept me in most bewitching discourse more than an hour. She has a gaiety, a charm about her, that is quite resistless ; and much of true, genuine, and very original humour. She related to me the history of all the feats, and exploits, and dangers, and escapes of her brothers during last year ; rejoicing in their safety, yet softly adding, "Though these trials and difficulties did them a great deal of good."

We talked a little of France, and she inquired of me what I knew of the late unhappy Queen, through M. d'Arblay ; and spoke of her with the most virtuous discrimination between her foibles and her really great qualities, with her most barbarous end.

She then dwelt upon Madame Royale, saying, in her unaffected manner, "It's very odd one never hears what sort of girl she is." I told her all I had gathered from M. d'Arblay. She next spoke of my Bambino, indulging me in recounting his *faits et gestes* ; and never moved till the Princess Royal came to summon her. They were all to return to Frogmore to dinner. "We have detained Madame d'Arblay between us the whole morning," said the Princess Royal, with a gracious smile. "Yes," cried Princess Augusta, "and I am afraid I have bored her to death ; but when once I begin upon my poor brothers, I can never stop without telling all my little bits of glory." She then outstayed the Princess Royal, to tell me that, when she was at Plymouth, at church, she saw so many officers' wives, and sisters, and mothers, helping their maimed husbands, or brothers, or sons, that she could not forbear whispering to the Queen, "Mamma, how lucky it is Ernest is just come so seasonably with that wound in his face ! I should have been quite shocked, else, not to have had one little bit of glory among ourselves !"

When forced away from this sweet creature, I went to Mlle. Jacobi, who said, "But where is M. d'Arblay ?" Finding it too late for me to go to my lodging to dress before dinner, I wrote

him a word, which immediately brought him to the Queen's Lodge: and there I shall leave my dear father the pleasure of seeing us, mentally, at dinner, at my ancient table—both invited by the Queen's commands. Miss Gomm was asked to meet me, and the repast was extremely pleasant.

Just before we assembled to dinner, Mlle. Jacobi desired to speak with me alone; and, taking me to another room, presented me with a folded packet, saying, "The Queen ordered me to put this into your hands, and said, 'Tell Madame d'Arblay it is from us both.'" It was a hundred guineas. I was confounded, and nearly sorry, so little was such a mark of their goodness in my thoughts. She added that the King, as soon as he came from the chapel in the morning, went to the Queen's dressing-room just before he set out for the levee, and put into her hands fifty guineas, saying, "This is for my set!" The Queen answered, "I shall do exactly the same for mine," and made up the packet herself. "'Tis only," she said, "for the paper, tell Madame d'Arblay—nothing for the trouble!" meaning she accepted that.

The manner of this was so more than gracious, so kind, in the words *us both*, that indeed the money at the time was quite nothing in the scale of my gratification; it was even less, for it almost pained me. However, a delightful thought that in a few minutes occurred made all light and blithesome. "We will come, then," I cried, "once a year to Windsor, to walk the Terrace, and see the King, Queen, and sweet Princesses. This will enable us, and I shall never again look forward to so long a deprivation of their sight." This, with my gratitude for their great goodness, was what I could not refrain commissioning her to report.

Our dinner was extremely cheerful; all my old friends were highly curious to see M. d'Arblay, who was in spirits, and, as he could address them in French, and at his ease, did not seem much disapproved of by them. I went to my lodging afterwards to dress, where I told my Monsieur this last and unexpected stroke, which gave him exactly my sensations, and we returned to tea. We had hopes of the Terrace, as my Monsieur was quite eager to see all this beloved Royal House. The weather, however, was very unpromising. The King came from the Lodge during our

absence; but soon after we were in the levee three Royal coaches arrived from Frogmore: in the first was the Queen, the Princesses Royal and Augusta, and some lady in waiting. M. d'Arblay stood by me at a window to see them; her Majesty looked up and bowed to me, and, upon her alighting, she looked up again. This, I am sure, was to see M. d'Arblay, who could not be doubted, as he wore his *croix* the whole time he was at Windsor. The Princesses bowed also, and the four younger, who followed, all severally kissed their hands to me, and fixed their eyes on my companion with an equal expression of kindness and curiosity; he therefore saw them perfectly.

In a few minutes a page came to say "The Princesses desire to see Madame d'Arblay," and he conducted me to the apartment of the Princess Elizabeth, which is the most elegantly and fancifully ornamented of any in the Lodge, as she has most delight and most taste in producing good effects.

Here the fair owner of the chamber received me, encircled with the Princesses Mary and Amelia, and no attendant. They were exactly as I had left them—kind, condescending, open, and delightful, and the goodness of the Queen, in sparing them all to me thus, without any allay of ceremony, or *gêne* of listening mutes, I felt most deeply.

They were all very gay, and I not very sad, so we enjoyed a perfectly easy and even merry half-hour in divers discourses, in which they recounted to me who had been most anxious about "the book," and doubted not its great success, as everybody was so eager about it. "And I must tell you one thing," cried the Princess Elizabeth; "the King is very much pleased with the dedication."

This was, you will be sure, a very touching hearing to me; and Princess Mary exclaimed, "And he is very difficult!"

"O, yes, he's hardly ever pleased with a dedication," cried one of the Princesses. "He almost always thinks them so fulsome."

"I was resolved I would tell it you," cried the Princess Elizabeth.

Can you imagine anything more amiable than this pleasure in giving pleasure?

I now explained that politics were always left out ; that once I had had an idea of bringing in such as suited me, but that, upon second thoughts, I returned to my more native opinion that they were not a feminine subject for discussion, and that I even believed, should the little work sufficiently succeed to be at all generally read, it would be a better office to general readers to carry them wide of all politics to their domestic firesides, than to open new matter of endless debate.

Soon after the Princess Augusta came in, smiling and lovely. Princess Royal next appeared ; Princess Augusta sat down and charged me to take a chair next her. Princess Royal did not stay long, and soon returned to summon her sister Augusta downstairs, as the concert was begun ; but she replied she could not come yet ; and the Princess Royal went alone. We had really a most delicious chat then.

They made a thousand inquiries about my book, and when and where it was written, &c., and how I stood as to fright and fidget. I answered all with openness, and frankly related my motives for the publication. Everything of housekeeping, I told them, was nearly doubled in price at the end of the first year and half of our marriage, and we found it impossible to continue so near our friends and the capital with our limited income, though M. d'A. had accommodated himself completely, and even happily, to every species of economy, and though my dearest father had capitally assisted us ; I then, therefore, determined upon adopting a plan I had formerly rejected, of publishing by subscription. I told them the former history of that plan, as Mr. Burke's, and many particulars that seemed extremely to interest them. My garden, our way of life, our house, our Bambino—all were inquired after and related. I repeatedly told them the strong desire M. d'Arblay had to be regaled with a sight of all their House—a House to which I stood so every way indebted—and they looked kindly concerned that the weather admitted no prospect of the Terrace.

I mentioned to the Princess Augusta my recent new obligation to their Majesties, and my amaze and even shame at their goodness. "O, I am sure," cried she, "they were very happy to have it in their power."

"Yes, and we were so glad!"

"So glad!" echoed each of the others.

"How enchanted should I have been," cried I, "to have presented my little book to each of your Royal Highnesses if I had dared! or if, after her Majesty has looked it over, I might hope for such a permission, how proud and how happy it would make me!"

"O, I daresay you may," cried the Princess Augusta, eagerly.

I then intimated how deeply I should feel such an honour, if it might be asked, after her Majesty had read it; and the Princess Elizabeth gracefully undertook the office.

She related to me, in a most pleasant manner, the whole of her own transaction, its rise and cause and progress, in "The Birth of Love:"* but I must here abridge, or never have done. I told them all my scheme for coming again next July, which they sweetly seconded. Princess Amelia assured me she had not forgotten me; and when another summons came for the concert, Princess Augusta, comically sitting still and holding me by her side, called out, "Do you little ones go!"

But they loitered also; and we went on, on, on, with our chat—they as unwilling as myself to break it up—till staying longer was impossible; and then, in parting, they all expressed the kindest pleasure in our newly-adopted plan of a yearly visit.

"And pray," cried Princess Elizabeth, "write again immediately!"

"O, no," cried Princess Augusta, "wait half a year—to rest; and then—increase your family—*all ways*!"

"The Queen," said Princess Elizabeth, "consulted me which way she should read 'Camilla;' whether quick, at once, or comfortably at Weymouth: so I answered, 'Why, mamma, I think as you will be so much interested in the book, Madame d'Arblay would be most pleased you should read it now at once, quick, that nobody may be mentioning the events before you come to them; and then again at Weymouth, slow and comfortably.'"

In going, the sweet Princess Augusta loitered last but her

* "The Birth of Love;" a Poem: with engravings, from designs by Her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth.

youngest sister, Amelia, who came to take my hand when the rest were departed, and assure me she should never forget me.

We spent the remnant of Wednesday evening with my old friends, determining to quit Windsor the next day, if the weather did not promise a view of the Royal Family upon the Terrace for M. d'Arblay.

Thursday morning was lowering, and we determined upon departing, after only visiting some of my former acquaintances. We met Miss Planta in our way to the Lodge, and took leave; but when we arrived at Mlle. Jacobi's we found that the Queen expected we should stay for the chance of the Terrace, and had told Mlle. Jacobi to again invite us to dinner.

We left the friendly Miss Goldsworthy for other visits:—first to good old Mrs. Planta; next to the very respectable Dr. Fisher and his wife. The former insisted upon doing the honours himself of St. George's Cathedral to M. d'Arblay, which occasioned his seeing that beautiful antique building to the utmost advantage. Dr. Fisher then accompanied us to a spot to show M. d'Arblay Eton in the best view.

Dinner passed as before, but the evening lowered, and all hopes of the Terrace were weak, when the Duke and Duchess of York arrived. This seemed to determine against us, as they told us the Duchess never went upon the Terrace but in the finest weather, and the Royal Family did not choose to leave her. We were hesitating therefore whether to set off for Rose Dale, when Mlle. Jacobi gave an intimation to me that the King, herself, and the Princess Amelia, would walk on the Terrace.

Thither instantly we hastened, and were joined by Dr. and Mrs. Fisher. The evening was so raw and cold that there was very little company, and scarce any expectation of the Royal Family; and when we had been there about half an hour the musicians retreated, and everybody was preparing to follow when a messenger suddenly came forward, helter skelter, running after the horns and clarionets, and hallooing to them to return. This brought back the straggling parties, and the King, Duke of York, and six Princesses soon appeared.

I have never yet seen M. d'Arblay agitated as at this moment; he could scarce keep his steadiness, or even his ground. The recollections, he has since told me, that rushed upon his mind of his own King and Royal House were so violent and so painful as almost to disorder him.

His Majesty was accompanied by the Duke, and Lord Beau-lieu, Lord Walsingham, and General Manners; the Princesses were attended by Lady Charlotte Bruce, some other lady, and Miss Goldsworthy. The King stopped to speak to the Bishop of Norwich and some others at the entrance, and then walked on towards us, who were at the further end. As he approached, the Princess Royal said, loud enough to be heard by Mrs. Fisher, "Madame d'Arblay, sir;" and instantly he came on a step, and then stopped and addressed me, and, after a word or two of the weather, he said, "Is that M. d'Arblay?" and most graciously bowed to him, and entered into a little conversation; demanding how long he had been in England, how long in the country, &c., &c., and with a sweetness, an air of wishing us well, that will never, never be erased from our hearts.

M. d'Arblay recovered himself immediately upon this address, and answered with as much firmness as respect.

Upon the King's bowing and leaving us, the Commander-in-Chief most courteously bowed also to M. d'Arblay, and the Princesses all came up to speak to me, and to curtsy to him: and the Princess Elizabeth cried, "I've got leave! and mamma says she won't wait to read it first!"

After this the King and Duke never passed without taking off their hats, and the Princesses gave me a smile and a curtsy at every turn: Lord Walsingham came to speak to me, and Mr. Fairly, and General Manners, who regretted that more of our old tea-party were not there to meet me once more.

As soon as they all re-entered the Lodge, we followed to take leave of Mlle. Jacobi; but, upon moving towards the passage, the Princess Royal appeared, saying, "Madame d'Arblay, I come to waylay you!" and made me follow her to the dressing-room, whence the voice of the Queen, as the door opened, called out, in mild accents, "Come in, Madame d'Arblay!"

Her Majesty was seated at the upper end of the room, with the Duchess of York on her right, and the Princesses Sophia and Amelia on her left. She made me advance, and said, "I have just been telling the Duchess of York that I find her Royal Highness's name the first upon this list,"—producing 'Camilla.'

"Indeed," said the Duchess, bowing to me, "I was so very impatient to read it, I could not but try to get it as early as possible. I am very eager for it, indeed!"

"I have read," said the Queen, "but fifty pages yet; but I am in great uneasiness for that poor little girl, that I am afraid will get the small pox! and I am sadly afraid that sweet little other girl will not keep her fortune! but I won't peep! I read quite fair. But I must tell Madame d'Arblay I know a country gentleman, in Mecklenburg, exactly the very character of that good old man the uncle!"

She seemed to speak as if delighted to meet him upon paper.

The King now came in, and I could not forbear making up to him, to pour forth some part of my full heart for his goodness! He tried to turn away, but it was smilingly; and I had courage to pursue him, for I could not help it.

He then slightly bowed it off, and asked the Queen to repeat what she had said upon the book.

"O, your Majesty," she cried, "I must not anticipate!" yet told him of her pleasure in finding an old acquaintance.

"Well!" cried the King archly, "and what other characters have you seized?"

None, I protested, from life.

"O!" cried he, shaking his head, "you must have some!"

"Indeed your Majesty will find none!" I cried.

"But they may be a little better, or a little worse," he answered; "but still, if they are not like somebody, how can they play their parts?"

"O, yes, sir," I cried, "as far as general nature goes, or as characters belong to classes, I have certainly tried to take them. But no individuals!"

My account must be endless if I do not now curtail. The Duke of York, the other Princesses, General Manners, and all the

rest of the group, made way to the room soon after, upon hearing the cheerfulness of the voice of the King, whose graciousness raised me into spirits that set me quite at my ease. He talked much upon the book, and then of Mrs. Delany, and then of various others that my sight brought to his recollection, and all with a freedom and goodness that enabled me to answer without difficulty or embarrassment, and that produced two or three hearty laughs from the Duke of York.

After various other topics, the Queen said, "Duchess, Madame d'Arblay is aunt of the pretty little boy you were so good to."

The Duchess understood her so immediately, that I fancy this was not new to her. She bowed to me again, very smilingly, upon the acknowledgments this encouraged me to offer; and the King asked an explanation.

"Sir," said the Duchess, "I was upon the road near Dorking, and I saw a little gig overturned, and a little boy was taken out, and sat down upon the road. I told them to stop and ask if the little boy was hurt, and they said yes; and I asked where he was to go, and they said to a village just a few miles off; so I took him into my coach, sir, and carried him home."

"And the benedictions, Madam," cried I, "of all his family have followed you ever since!"

"And he said your Royal Highness called him a very pretty boy," cried the Queen, laughing, to whom I had related it.

"Indeed, what he said is very true," answered she, nodding.

"Yes; he said," quoth I, again to the Queen, "that he saw the Duchess liked him."

This again the Queen repeated, and the Duchess again nodded, and pointedly repeated, "It is very true."

"He was a very fine boy—a very fine boy indeed!" cried the King; "what is become of him?"

I was a little distressed in answering, "He is—in Ireland, sir."

"In Ireland! What does he do in Ireland? what does he go there for?"

"His father took him, sir," I was forced to answer.

"And what does his father take him to Ireland for?"

"Because—he is an Irishman, sir," I answered, half laughing.

When at length, every one deigning me a bow of leave-taking, their Majesties and sons and daughters retired to the adjoining room, the Princess Amelia loitered to shake hands, and the Princess Augusta returned for the same condescension, reminding me of my purpose for next year.

While this was passing, the Princess Royal had repaired to the apartment of Mlle. Jacobi, where she had held a little conversation with M. d'Arblay.

We finished the evening very cheerfully with Mlle. Jacobi and Mlle. Montmollin, whom she invited to meet us, and the next morning left Windsor and visited Rose Dale.*

Mrs. Boscawen received us very sweetly, and the little offering as if not at all her due. Mrs. Levison Gower was with her and showed us Thomson's temple. Mrs. Boscawen spoke of my dearest father with her usual true sense of how to speak of him. She invited us to dinner, but we were anxious to return to Bambino, and M. d'Arblay had, all this time, only fought off being ill with his remnant cold. Nevertheless, when we came to Twickenham, my good old friend Mr. Cambridge was so cordial and so earnest that we could not resist him, and were pressed in to staying dinner.

At a little before eleven we arrived at our dear cottage, and to our sleeping Bambino.

F. D'A.

Madame D'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, Friday, October, 1796.

How well I know and feel the pang of this cruel day to my beloved father! My heart seems visiting him almost every minute in grief and participation; yet I was happy to see it open with a smiling aspect, and encourage a superstition of hoping it portentous of a good conclusion.

* Rose Dale, Richmond, Surrey. This place was formerly the residence of the poet Thomson, and afterwards became the property of the Honourable Mrs. Boscawen.

I am almost afraid to ask how my poor mother bore the last farewell. Indeed, I hope she was virtuously cheated of a leave-taking. I advised Susan to avoid it if possible, as the parting impression would be lighter by such management; and, much as she is recovered from her very terrible state, she cannot be too cautious of emotions of almost any sort, much less of such a separation. Our sorrow, however, here, has been very considerably diminished by the major's voluntary promises to Mrs. Locke of certain and speedy return. I shall expect him at the peace—not before. I cannot think it possible he should appear here during the war, except, as now, merely to fetch his family.

But I meant to have begun with our thanks for my dear kind father's indulgence of our extreme curiosity and interest in the sight of the reviews. I am quite happy in what I have escaped of greater severity, though my mate cannot bear that the palm should be contested by 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia'; his partiality rates the last as so much the highest; so does the newspaper I have mentioned, of which I long to send you a copy. But those immense men, whose single praise was fame and security—who established, by a word, the two elder sisters—are now silent. Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua are no more, and Mr. Burke is ill, or otherwise engrossed; yet even without their powerful influence, to which I owe such unspeakable obligation, the essential success of 'Camilla' exceeds that of the elders. The sale is truly astonishing. Charles has just sent to me that five hundred only remain of four thousand, and it has appeared scarcely three months.

The first edition of 'Evelina' was of eight hundred, the second of five hundred, and the third of a thousand. What the following have been I have never heard. The sale from that period became more flourishing than the publisher cared to announce. Of 'Cecilia' the first edition was reckoned enormous at two thousand; and as a part of payment was reserved for it, I remember our dear Daddy Crisp thought it very unfair. It was printed, like this, in July, and sold in October, to every one's wonder. Here, however, the sale is increased in rapidity more than a third. Charles says—

“Now heed no more what critics thought 'em,
Since this you know, all people bought 'em.”

We have resumed our original plan, and are going immediately to build a little cottage for ourselves. We shall make it as small and as cheap as will accord with its being warm and comfortable. We have relinquished, however, the very kind offer of Mr. Locke, which he has renewed, for his park. We mean to make this a property saleable or lettable for our Alex., and in Mr. Locke's park we could not encroach any tenant, if the youth's circumstances, profession, or inclination should make him not choose the spot for his own residence. M. d'Arblay, therefore, has fixed upon a field of Mr. Locke's, which he will rent, and of which Mr. Locke will grant him a lease of ninety years. By this means, we shall leave the little Alex. a little property, besides what will be in the funds, and a property likely to rise in value, as the situation of the field is remarkably beautiful. It is in the valley, between Mr. Locke's park and Dorking, and where land is so scarce, that there is not another possessor within many miles who would part, upon any terms, with half an acre. My kindest father will come and give it, I trust, his benediction. I am now almost jealous of Bookham for having received it.

Imagine but the ecstasy of M. d'Arblay in training, all his own way, an entire new garden. He dreams now of cabbage-walks, potato-beds, bean-perfumes, and peas-blossoms. My mother should send him a little sketch to help his flower-garden, which will be his second favourite object.

Alex. has made no progress in phrases, but pronounces single words a few more. Adieu, most dear sir.

F. D'Λ.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Locke.

1796.

You are too good, my dearest friend, almost literally too good; which, you know, like all extremes, is naught.

My mate wants to send you a daisy, but says he will carry it. What can I send you? Only what you have got already, which

is very Irish, for I have but my old heart, with not one new thing in it for you these many years.

I have had this morning a letter that has quite melted me with grateful sensations, written by command. I will show it you when these eternal rains will take a little rest.

A private letter from Windsor tells me the Prince of Wurtemberg has much pleased in the Royal House, by his manners and address upon his interview; but that the poor Princess Royal was almost dead with terror, and agitation, and affright, at the first meeting. She could not utter a word. The Queen was obliged to speak her answers. The Prince said he hoped this first would be the last disturbance his presence would ever occasion her. She then tried to recover, and so far conquered her tumult as to attempt joining in a general discourse from time to time. He paid his court successfully, I am told, to the sisters, who all determine to like him; and the Princess Royal is quite revived in her spirits again, now this tremendous opening sight is over.

You will be pleased, and my dearest Mr. Locke, at the style of my summons: 'tis so openly from the Queen herself. Indeed, she has behaved like an angel to me, from the trying time to her of my marriage with a Frenchman. "So odd, you know," as Lady Inchiquin said.

F. D'A.

Dr. Burney to Madame d'Arblay.

Wednesday night, November, 1796.

MY DEAR FANNY,—I must thank you for your prompt letter and Babiniana, though I am too tired and languid to say much. I have been writing melancholy heart-rending letters this day or two, which have oppressed me sadly; yet I am still more heartless and miserable in doing nothing. The author of the poem on the Spleen, says, "Fling but a stone, the giant dies;" but such stones as I have to fling will not do the business.

James and Charles dined here, and kept the monster at a little distance, but he was here again the moment they were gone. I try to read, and pronounce the words "without understanding one

of them," as Johnson said in reading my Dissertation on the Music of the Ancients.

The 'Monthly Review' has come in to-day, and it does not satisfy me, or raise my spirits, or anything but my indignation. James has read the remarks in it on 'Camilla,' and we are all dissatisfied. Perhaps a few of the verbal criticisms may be worth your attention in the second edition; but these have been picked out and displayed with no friendly view, and without necessity, in a work of such length and intrinsic sterling worth. *J'enrage! Morbleu!*

I thought when I began that I should not be able to write three lines, but this subject has been both a whip and a spur to me. God bless you, my dear Fanny! Pray, always remember me kindly and cordially to our dear Chevalier, and talk of me at least to the cherub. I want some employment that will interest me like my canons during the rheumatism, and make me forget myself and my sorrows; but I have not yet found such an opiate. Once more, God bless you, my ever dear Fanny!

C. B.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, November, 1796.

I HAD intended writing to my dearest father by a return of goods, but I find it impossible to defer the overflowings of my heart at his most kind and generous indignation with the Reviewer. What censure can ever so much hurt as such compensation can heal? And, in fact, the praise is so strong that, were it neatly put together, the writer might challenge my best enthusiasts to find it insufficient. The truth, however, is, that the criticisms come forward, and the panegyric is entangled, and so blended with blame as to lose almost all effect.

The Reviews, however, as they have not made, will not, I trust, mar me. 'Evelina' made its way all by itself; it was well spoken of, indeed, in all the Reviews, compared with general novels, but it was undistinguished by any quotation, and only put in the Monthly Catalogue, and only allowed a short single para-

graph. It was circulated only by the general public, till it reached, through that unbiased medium, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke, and thence it wanted no patron. Works of this kind are judged always by the many; works of science, history and philosophy, voyages and travels, and poetry, frequently owe their fate to the sentiments of the first critics who brand or extol them.

Miss Cambridge asked me, early, if I should not take some care about the Reviews? "No," I said, "none. There are two species of composition which may nearly brave them—politics and novels: for these will be sought and will be judged by the various multitude, not the fastidious few. With the latter, indeed, they may be aided or injured, by criticism, but it will not stop their being read, though it may prejudice their readers. They want no recommendation for being handed about but that of being new, and they frequently become established, or sink into oblivion, before that high literary tribunal has brought them to a trial."

She laughed at my composure; but, though I am a good deal chagrined, it is not broken. If I had begun by such a perusal I might, indeed, have been disturbed, but it has succeeded to so much solace and encouragement that it cannot penetrate deeply.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips.

Bookham, November 7, 1796.

YES, my beloved Susan safe landed at Dublin was indeed all-sufficient for some time; nor, indeed, could I even read any more for many minutes. That, and the single sentence at the end, "My Norbury is with me,"—completely overset me, though only with joy. After your actual safety, nothing could so much touch me, as the picture I instantly viewed of Norbury in your arms. Yet I shall hope for more detail hereafter.

The last letter I had from you addressed to myself shows me your own sentiment of the fatal event * which so speedily followed your departure, and which my dear father has himself announced to you, though probably the newspapers will anticipate his letter. I am very sorry, now, I did not write sooner; but

* The death of Dr. Burney's second wife.

while you were still in England, and travelling so slowly, I had always lurking ideas that disqualified me from writing to Ireland.

The minute I received, from Sally, by our dearest father's desire, the last tidings, I set out for Chelsea. I was much shocked by the news, long as it has been but natural to look forward to it. My better part spoke even before myself upon the propriety of my instant journey, and promised me a faithful nursing attendance during my absence. I went in a chaise, to lose no time; but the uncertainty how I might find my poor father made me arrive with a nervous seizure upon my voice that rendered it as husky as Mr. Rishton's.

While I settled with the postilion, Sally, James, Charlotte, and Marianne, came to me. Esther and Charles had been there the preceding day; they were sent to as soon as the event had happened. My dearest father received me with extreme kindness, but though far, far more calm and quiet than I could expect, he was much shaken, and often very faint. However, in the course of the evening, he suffered me to read to him various passages from various books, such as conversation introduced; and, as his nature is as pure from affectation as from falsehood, encouraged in himself, as well as permitted in us, whatever could lead to cheerfulness.

Let me not forget to record one thing that was truly generous in my poor mother's last voluntary exertions. She charged Sally and her maid both not to call my father when she appeared to be dying; and not disturb him if her death should happen in the night, nor to let him hear it till he arose at his usual time. I feel sensibly the kindness of this sparing consideration and true feeling.

Yet, not so would I be served! O never should I forgive the misjudged prudence that should rob me of one little instant of remaining life in one who was truly dear to me! Nevertheless, I shall not be surprised to have his first shock succeeded by a sorrow it did not excite, and I fear he will require much watching and vigilance to be kept as well as I have quitted him.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, November 14, '96.

I COVET much to hear that the melancholy task of ransacking examining, depositing, or demolishing regretful records is over. Sometimes I wish this search could be mixed with collecting for copying your numerous—and so many of them beautiful—manuscript poems. Some particular pursuit is absolutely necessary. How I wish we could engage in any conjointly! If Mr. Twining and two or three other such—(only, where are they to be found?)—would bear a part, I know nothing that might better interest my dearest father, nor in which he would more, and in a thousand ways, excel, than in superintending some periodical work.

Upon a second reading the 'Monthly Review' upon 'Camilla,' I am in far better humour with it, and willing to confess to the criticisms, if I may claim by that concession any right to the eulogies. They are stronger and more important, upon re-perusal, than I had imagined, in the panic of a first survey and an unprepared-for disappointment in anything like severity from so friendly an editor. The recommendation at the conclusion of the book, as a warning guide to youth, would recompense me, upon the least reflection, for whatever strictures might precede it. I hope my kind father has not suffered his generous—and to me most cordial—indignation against the reviewer to interfere with his intended answer to the affectionate letter of Dr. Griffiths.

I must now inform you of a grand event: Alex. has made his entrance into the polite circle. Last week he accompanied me in returning about the sixth visit for one of Lady Rothes. I left him in Mr. Locke's carriage, which I had borrowed for the occasion, till I was preparing to take leave, and then I owned I had a little beau in waiting. You will suppose he was immediately demanded.

The well, for water, seems impervious. I grow rather uneasy about it; it is now at near ninety feet depth. M. d'Arblay works all day long at his new garden and orchard, and only comes home to a cold spoiled dinner at tea-time. Baby and I

are just going to take a peep at him at his work, which various affairs of *ménage*, joined to frequent evenings at Norbury, to meet the excellent and most worthy Count de Lally Tolendal, have hitherto prevented.

Adieu, my dear, dear father!

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Mrs. Phillips.

Bookham, November 25, 1796.

NEVER was a sweeter letter written, my dearest Susanna, than that I have this moment read; and though my *quinze jours* are but half over, I cannot forbear answering it immediately, to tell you of my delight in all your accounts, especially of the Kiernan family, which is so peculiarly interesting to you. I was well prepared to love it from the fine branch I saw at Mickleham; pray make her remember me, and assure her she has a friend in England who, though but of a few hours' growth, thinks of her always with pleasure, and every sort of presentiment of good.

The anxiety I have been in to know how the weather agreed with you, in so trying a journey, makes what you say a relief, though, alas! anxiety must still live in such a season! I want to know more of Belcotton; a description of every room, when nothing else occurs more pressing, would much gratify me, by giving me a nearer view, in idea, of how and where my dearest Susan is seated, standing, or walking. The interview, as you describe it, with Mrs. Hill, brings fresh to me my tendency of loving that respectably singular and amiable character.

You will have heard that the Princesse d'Henin and M. de Lally have spent a few days at Norbury Park. We went every evening regularly to meet them, and they yet contrive to grow higher and higher in our best opinions and affections; they force that last word; none other is adequate to such regard as they excite.

M. de Lally read us a pleading for *émigrés* of all descriptions, to the people and government of France, for their re-instalment

in their native land, that exceeds in eloquence, argument, taste, feeling, and every power of oratory and truth united, anything I ever remember to have read. It is so affecting in many places, that I was almost ill from restraining my nearly convulsive emotions. My dear and honoured partner gives me, perhaps, an interest in such a subject beyond what is its mere natural due and effect, therefore I cannot be sure such will be its universal success; yet I shall be nothing less than surprised to live to see his statue erected in his own country, at the expense of his own restored exiles. 'Tis, indeed, a wonderful performance. And he was so easy, so gay, so unassuming, yet free from condescension, that I almost worshipped him. M. d'Arblay cut me off a bit of the coat in which he read his pleading, and I shall preserve it, labelled!

The Princess was all that was amiable and attractive, and she loves my Susanna so tenderly, that her voice was always caressing when she named her. She would go to Ireland, she repeatedly said, on purpose to see you, were her fortune less miserably cramped. The journey, voyage, time, difficulties, and sea-sickness, would be nothing for obstacles. You have made, there, that rare and exquisite acquisition—an ardent friend for life.

I have not heard very lately of my dearest father; all accounts speak of his being very much lower in spirits than when I left him. I sometimes am ready to return to him, for my whole heart yearns to devote itself to him; but the babe, and the babe's father—and there is no going *en famille* uninvited—and my dear father does not feel equal to making the invitation.

One of the Tichfield dear girls seems to be constantly with Sally, to aid the passing hours; but our poor father wants something more than cheerfulness and affection, though nothing without them could do; he wants some one to find out pursuits—to entice him into reading, by bringing books, or starting subjects; some one to lead him to talk of what he thinks, or to forget what he thinks of, by adroitly talking of what may catch other attention. Even where deep sorrow is impossible, a gloomy void

must rest in the total breaking up of such a long and such a last connexion.

I must always grieve at your absence at such a period. Our Esther has so much to do in her own family, and fears so much the cold of Chelsea, that she can be only of day and occasional use, and it is nights and mornings that call for the confidential companion that might best revive him. He is more amiable, more himself, if possible, than ever. God long preserve him to bless us all !

Our new house is stopped short in actual building, from the shortness of the days, &c., but the master surveyor has still much to settle there, and three workmen to aid preparing the ground for agricultural purposes. The foundation is laid, and on the 1st of March the little dwelling will begin to be run up. The well is just finished ; the water is a hundred and odd feet deep, and it costs near £22, which, this very morning, thank Heaven ! has been paid.

Your old acquaintance, Miss —, has been passing ten days in this neighbourhood. She is become very pleasingly formed in manners, wherever she wishes to oblige, and all her roughnesses and ruggednesses are worn off. I believe the mischief done by her education, and its wants, not cured, if curable, *au fond* ; but much amended to all, and apparently done away completely to many. What really rests is a habit of exclusively consulting just what she likes best, not what would be or prove best for others. She thinks, indeed, but little of anything except with reference to herself, and that gives her an air, and will give her a character, for inconstancy, that is in fact the mere result of seeking her own gratification alike in meeting or avoiding her connexions. If she saw this, she has understanding sufficient to work it out of her ; but she weighs nothing sufficiently to dive into her own self. She knows she is a very clever girl, and she is neither well contented with others, nor happy in herself, but where this is evidently acknowledged.

We spent an evening together at Norbury Park ; she was shown all Mr. William's pictures and drawings. I knew her expectations of an attention she had no chance of exciting, and

therefore devoted myself to looking them over with her; yet, though Mr. Locke himself led the way to see them, and explained several, and though Amelia addressed her with the utmost sweetness, and Mrs. Locke with perfect good breeding, I could not draw from her one word relative to the evening, or the family, except that she did not think she had heard Mr. William's voice once. A person so young, and with such good parts, that can take no pleasure but in personal distinction, which is all her visit can have wanted, will soon cut all real improvement short, by confining herself to such society alone as elevates herself. There she will always make a capital figure, for her conversation is sprightly and entertaining, and her heart and principles are both good: she has many excellent qualities, and various resources in herself; but she is good enough to make me lament that she is not modest enough to be yet better.

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, Nov. 29, 1796.

OUR cottage-building stops now, from the shortness of the days, till the beginning of March. The foundation is laid, and it will then be run up with great speed. The well, at length, is finished, and it is a hundred and odd feet deep. The water is said to be excellent, but M. d'Arblay has had it now stopped to prevent accidents from hazardous boys, who, when the field is empty of owners, will be amusing themselves there. He has just completed his grand plantations; part of which are in evergreens, part in firewood for future time, and part in an orchard.

But, my dearest sir, I think I would risk my new cottage against sixpence, that I have guessed the author of "The Pursuits of Literature." Is it not Mr. Mason? * The verses I think equal to anybody; those on Shakespeare, "His pen he dipt in mind," are demi-divine. And who else could so well interweave

* The author of this once celebrated but now forgotten book was Thomas James Mathias.

what concerns music?—could so well attack Dr. Parr for his severity against Dr. Hurd, who had to himself addressed his *Essay on the Marks of Imitation*?—Who be so interested, or so difficult to satisfy, about the exquisite Gray?—Who know so well how to appreciate works upon gardening?—Who, so singularly, be for *the sovereign—the government*, yet, palpably, not for George the Third, nor for William Pitt? And then, the lines which form his sort of epitaph seem for *him* (Mason) alone designed. How wickedly he has flogged all around him, and how cleverly!

But I am very angry about the excellent Marchioness of Buckingham. The fear of popery in these days seems to me most marvellous; the fears of infidelity seem a thousand times more rational. 'Tis, however, a very first-rate production. The hymns, in his open name, are most gratefully accepted by my excellent neighbour, Mr. Cooke.

We have not yet read *Le Vaillant*. We are not much struck with "*The Creole*:" it is too full of trite observations introduced sententiously. "*Clarentine*" is written with much better taste. We have just been lent "*Caleb Williams, or Things as they are*." Mr. Locke, who says its *design* is execrable, avers that one little word is omitted in its title, which should be thus—"or Things as they are NOT."

Adieu, most dear sir; I shall be very unquiet till I have some news of your health.

Most dutifully and affectionately,

Ever yours,

F. D'A.

Madame d'Arblay to Dr. Burney.

Bookham, December 16, 1796.

WHAT cruel and most unnecessary disturbance might I have been spared if accident had not twice stood my enemy! All's well that ends well, however; and I will forget the inquietude, and all else that is painful, to dwell upon the sweet meeting in store, and the sight that my eye's mind, equally with my mind's eye, presents to me continually of my innocent Alic restoring

by his playful spirits, the smiles of his dearest grandfather, whose heart, were it as hard as it is soft, could not resist what all mankind consent to find irresistible—the persuasive gaiety of happy childhood.

M. le Comte de Lally Tolendal, who has been on a visit to Norbury Park, says he can never forgive me the laugh I have brought against him by the scene of Sir Hugh on the birthday, 'tis so exactly the description of himself when an amiable child comes in his way. He left an only daughter in Paris, where she is now at school, under the superintendence of la Princesse de Poix, whose infirmities and constant illness have detained her in that wretched city during the whole Revolution, though under the compulsion of a pretended divorce from le Prince, who is in London. M. de Lally had just received, by a private hand, a letter from his daughter, now eleven years old, extremely pretty and touching, half in French, half in broken English, which language he has particularly ordered she may study, and enclosed a ribbon with her height and breadth. She tells him she has just learnt by heart his translation of Pope's "Universal Prayer," and she hopes; when he comes to fetch her, he will meet her upon the terrace where she walks with her companions, and know her at once from everybody.

I, too, thought the prose of the "Pursuits of Literature" too spirited and good for Mr. Mason, when compared with what I have seen of his general letters; but he has two styles, in prose as well as poetry, and I have seen compositions, rather than epistles, which he wrote formerly to Mrs. Delany, so full of satire, point, and epigrammatic severity and derision, upon those of their mutual acquaintance whom he confidentially named, that I feel not the least scruple for my opinion. In those letters with which that revered old friend intrusted me, when her eyesight failed for reading them herself, there were also many ludicrous sketches of certain persons, and caricatures as strong of the pencil as of the pen. They were written in his season of democracy, and my dear Mrs. Delany made me destroy all that were mischievous. The highest personages, with whom she was not then peculiarly, as afterwards, connected, were held

up to so much ridicule, that her early regard and esteem diminished as her loyalty increased; and immediately upon taking possession of the house given ~~her~~ at Windsor by the King, she struck the name of Mr. Mason from her will, in which she had bequeathed him her "Sacharissa," which he had particularly admired, and left it to me. I did not know this till she was no more, when Mrs. Agnew informed me of the period of the alteration.

My little man waits for your lessons to get on in elocution; he has made no further advance but that of calling out, as he saw our two watches hung on two opposite hooks over the chamber chimney-piece, "Watch, papa—watch, mamma;" so, though his first speech is English, the idiom is French. We agree this is to avoid any heartburning in his parents. He is at this moment so exquisitely enchanted with a little penny trumpet, and finding he can produce such harmony his own self, that he is blowing and laughing till he can hardly stand. If you could see his little swelling cheeks, you would not accuse yourself of a misnomer in calling him cherub. I try to impress him with an idea of pleasure in going to see grandpapa; but the short visit to Bookham is forgotten, and the permanent engraving remains, and all his concurrence consists in pointing up to the print over the chimney-piece, and giving it one of his concise little bows.

Are not people a little revived in the political world by this unexampled honour paid to Mr. Pitt? Mr. Locke has subscribed £3000.

How you rejoiced me by what you say of poor Mr. Burke! for I had seen the paragraph of his death with most exceeding great concern.

The Irish reports are, I trust, exaggerated; few things come quite plainly from Hibernia: yet what a time, in all respects, to transport thither, as you too well term it, our beloved Susan! She writes serenely, and Norbury seems to repay a world of sufferings: it is delightful to see her so satisfied there, at least; but they have all, she says, got the brogue.

Our building is to be resumed the 1st of March; it will then

soon be done, as it is only of lath and plaster, and the roof and wood-work are already prepared. My indefatigable superintendent goes every morning for two, three, or four hours to his field, to work at a sunk fence that is to protect his garden from our cow. I have sent Mrs. Boscawen, through Miss Cambridge, a history of our plan. The dwelling is destined by M. d'Arblay to be called Camilla Cottage.

F. D'A.

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Arblay, Frances (Burney) d'

Diary and letters of Madame
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